# BRITANNIA and EVE

1/-

MAY
1938

CARL SHREVE

NEGLEY FARSON
SYLVIA THOMPSON
C. PATRICK THOMPSON
NIGEL TANGYE
F. MATANIA R.I.

COMPLETE HOME and
FASHION SECTIONS

# The Joy of Early Holidays

## JUNE DAYS ARE LONGER!

**AUGUST**

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | 7 | 14 | 21 | 28 |
| 1 | 8 | 15 | 22 | 29 |
| | | | | 30 |
| | | | | 31 |

SUNRISE 5·22 AM
SUNSET 8·49 PM

SUNRISE 6·8 AM
SUNSET 7·53 PM

**JUNE**

| | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| | 5 | 12 | 19 | 26 |
| | 6 | 13 | 20 | 27 |
| | 7 | 14 | 21 | 28 |
| 1 | 8 | 15 | 22 | 29 |
| 2 | 9 | 16 | 23 | 30 |
| 3 | 10 | 17 | 24 | |
| 4 | 11 | 18 | 25 | |

SUNRISE 4·49 AM
SUNSET 9·6 PM

SUNRISE 4·46 AM
SUNSET 9·21 PM

JUNE 1st to 30th–
SUNRISE to SUNSET–$496\frac{1}{4}$ HOURS DAYLIGHT

AUGUST 1st to 30th–
SUNRISE to SUNSET–$438\frac{3}{4}$ HOURS DAYLIGHT

- These extra hours of sunshine are extra hours of health
- The countryside is never fresher than in June
- Why add to the overcrowding in the later summer?
- And why not take advantage of cheaper accommodation?
- Early travel is comfortable travel
- So try a June holiday this year!

### BEFORE YOU GO

Buy "Holiday Haunts 1938" containing Holiday Addresses, etc. (Price 6d.)

### HOW YOU GET THERE

"Monthly Return" Tickets by any train, any day, from all parts.

### WHEN YOU GET THERE

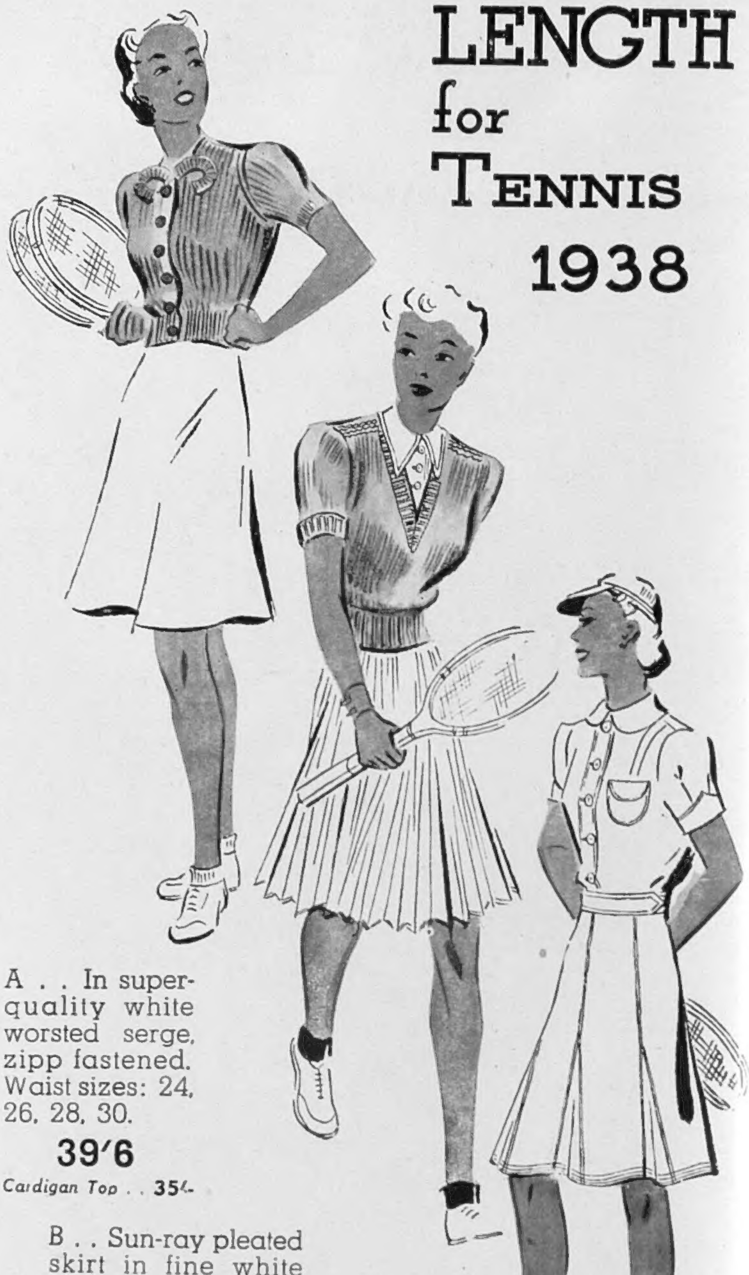
Cheap 1st & 3rd Class Weekly Holiday Season Tickets, issued from April 1st to October 31st, will enable you to see the best of your chosen holiday district.

All information will gladly be supplied by the Superintendent of the Line, Great Western Railway, Paddington Station, London, W.2, or can be obtained at any Railway Station or the usual Tourist Agencies

**GWR** FOR EARLIER HOLIDAYS!

---

# The New SKIRT LENGTH for TENNIS 1938



A . . In super-quality white worsted serge, zipp fastened. Waist sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30.

**39/6**

*Cardigan Top* . . 35/-

B . . Sun-ray pleated skirt in fine white material. . . . 3 sizes

**35/-**

*Jumper Top* . 35/-

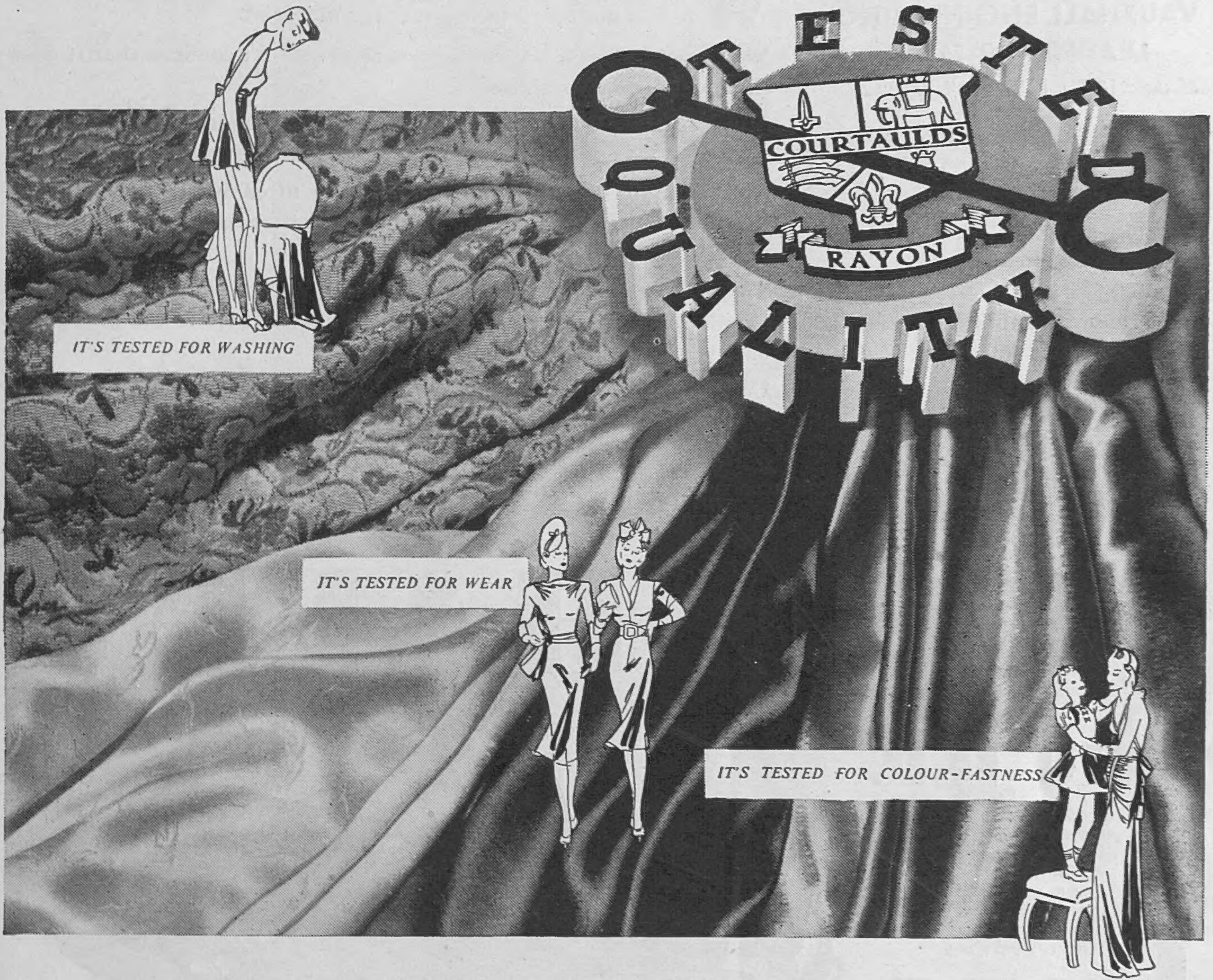
C . . Slightly flared skirt with reversed gores. . . Snug fitting to the hips. . . . . .
In white flannel . **25/-** In white linen . . **21/-**
Waist sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30
*Shirt Top* . . . 21/-

*ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF SPRING AND SUMMER SPORTS WEAR, POST FREE on REQUEST*

**Lillywhites LTD**
OF
PICCADILLY CIRCUS
*and at*
90-94 BROMPTON RD KNIGHTSBRIDGE

WILL IT WASH? WILL IT WEAR? WILL IT FADE?

# Goodbye to doubts when you see this new Courtaulds "Tested-Quality" mark on Rayons



You can tell merely by looking at a pretty little frock whether it has style, and whether that style is your style. But just how are you going to know whether it will wear . . . *and* wash . . . *and* keep its colour. *It's easy today.* There is a new symbol in the shops that answers all your doubts at one stroke—the new Courtaulds "Tested-Quality" mark.

This mark is your proof that garments or fabrics carrying it have been sample-tested—and we don't mean just "routine-inspected," but stringently tested by an unbiased authority. Washing tests by actual washing; dry-cleaning tests by actual dry-cleaning; tests for shrinking and stretching; tests for fading, tests for wear—at least seven and at most twenty-two tests, depending on the article. Now you know how important it is to look for this mark on underwear, outerwear, and soft furnishings—in fact whenever you buy rayons. It gives an emphatic answer to all your queries whether they will wash and wear and keep their colours.

*★ Courtaulds "Tested-Quality" Trade Mark appears only on those goods (made with Courtaulds rayon or spun rayon yarns) that have been subjected, on Courtaulds behalf by the Testing-House of the Retail Trading Standards Association, to a series of stringent tests against specifications laid down by Courtaulds Ltd., and have passed those tests.*

TESTED QUALITY COURTAULDS RAYON

SYMBOL OF TESTED-QUALITY FABRICS AND GARMENTS MADE WITH

**Courtaulds Rayon**

*INSTRUCTIONS WITH GARMENT TELL YOU WHETHER TO WASH OR DRY-CLEAN*

COURTAULDS LIMITED, 16 ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND, LONDON, E.C.1

# Bumps & Potholes VANISH . .

WHEN Vauxhall introduced independent front wheel springing it was unknown to the average motorist.

Now, nearly 80,000 Vauxhall owners praise it; confirm that it does change riding into gliding.

In a recent ballot to find the ideal car, independent front wheel springing was shown fourth on the final list of nineteen necessities.

All Vauxhalls—from £168 to £595—are fitted with the springing that makes bad roads good, good roads better and gives absolutely shock-free scientific steering.

Thanks to Vauxhall Engineering Leadership, this delightful comfort is only one of the many features that are available to the purchaser of any Vauxhall, from 10 h.p. to 25 h.p.

Unless you try a Vauxhall you are not being fair to yourself.

" ENGINEERING LEADERSHIP," a book of interest to all motorists, will be sent on request by Vauxhall Motors Ltd., Luton. Any Vauxhall dealer will provide an adequate trial run on any Vauxhall model and prove its petrol economy.

**VAUXHALL ENGINEERING LEADERSHIP GIVES**

*in the "10", "12", "14" and "25"*

**Remarkable Economy**
*(20% more m.p.g.)*

**Independent Springing**
*(changes riding into gliding)*

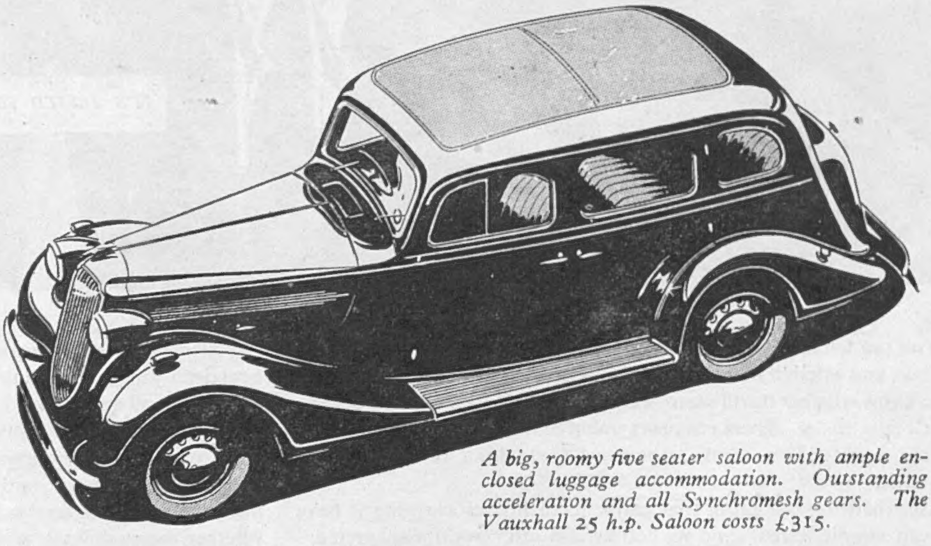
**Controlled Synchromesh**
*(you can't help making a good change)*

**No-Draught Ventilation**
*(fresh air without shivers)*

**Overhead Valves**
*(A Vauxhall feature for 16 years)*

**And many other features**
*most of which were pioneered by Vauxhall, some of which are still exclusive to Vauxhall.*

# VAUXHALL



*A big, roomy five seater saloon with ample enclosed luggage accommodation. Outstanding acceleration and all Synchromesh gears. The Vauxhall 25 h.p. Saloon costs £315.*

## 10 H.P.
**FOUR**

Britain's newest car. The world's most economical Ten. On a recent R.A.C. official trial★ the saloon did 43.4 m.p.g. Fine performance and lively acceleration. Independent Springing. Saloons from £168.

## 12 H.P.
**SIX**

For the owner who wants six-cylinder performance with four-cylinder running costs. Smooth; effortless; economical. Independent Springing. Saloon £215.

## 14 H.P.
**SIX**

Britain's most popular "Fourteen." Brilliant performance. Consistently improved and refined since it made motoring history. On a recent R.A.C. official trial★ the 14 h.p. saloon did 30.31 m.p.g. Independent Springing. De Luxe Saloon £225. Touring Saloon with built-in luggage boot £230.

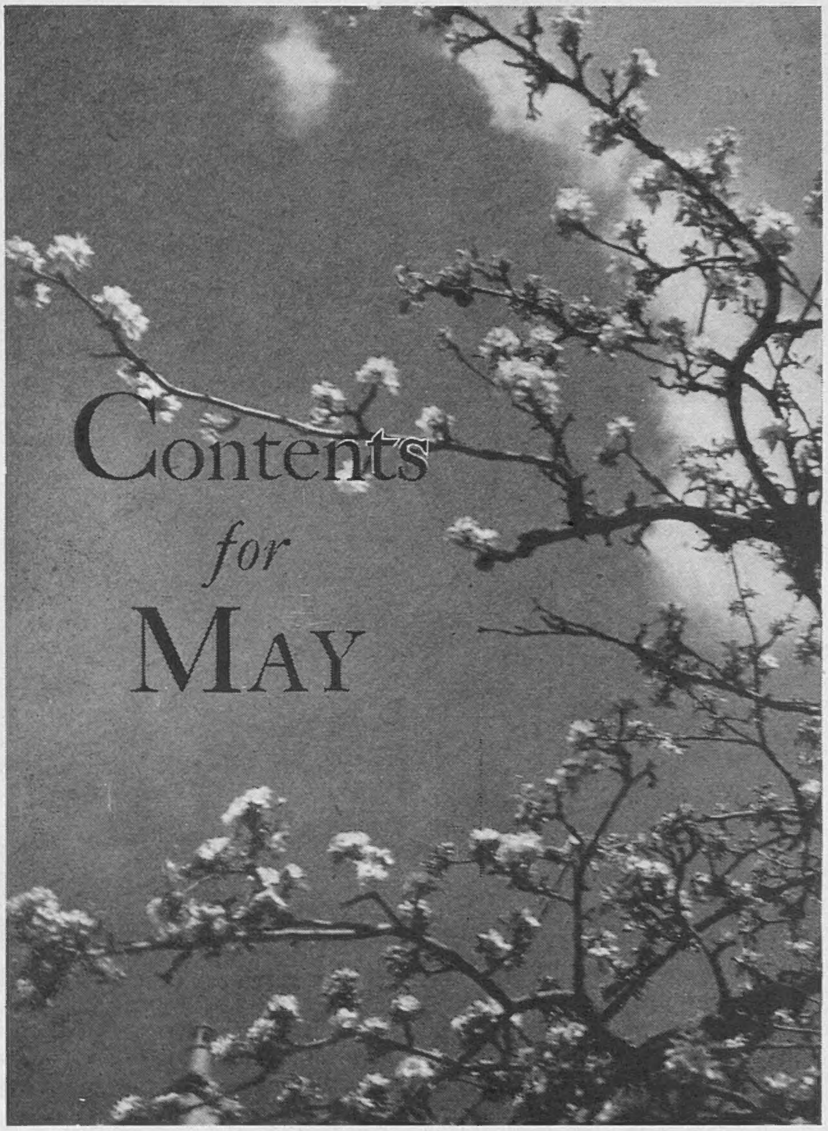
## 25 H.P.
**SIX**

Vauxhall's luxury car. Designed to meet world competition. 80 m.p.h. when you want it. On a recent R.A.C. official trial★ the 25 h.p. saloon did 22.48 m.p.g. Independent Springing. All Synchromesh gearbox. Hydraulic brakes. Built-in interior heater and defroster. Many other luxuries. Saloon with built-in luggage boot, £315.

*★Over 1,000 miles of public roads.*

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 16, No. 5. MAY, 1938



# Contents for MAY

## Cover Design

by *Carl Shreve*

## Articles

What's on Your Mind?
by *Negley Farson*
Illustrated by *Lowen*
12, 13 and 89

Four Thousand Women Count the Days:
by *B. L. Jacot*
18, 19 and 79

Eve Goes Synthetic:
by *C. Patrick Thompson*
Decoration by
*J. Nicolson A.R.E.*
22, 23 and 132

They Fall Through the Air . . .
by *Nigel Tangye*
34, 35 and 102

These Are Your Forests:
by *H. H. Johnston*
40, 41 and 74

Old Tales Re-told:
Roma versus Florencia
Written and Illustrated
by *F. Matania, R.I.*
43-46 and 100

Fur Sense:
by *Peter Langdale*
47 and 95

Can Women be Funny?
by *Margaret Chute*
48, 49 and 138

## Home Section

The Six Steps of Furnishing:
by *Winifred Lewis*
28, 29

Carpet Commentary 36, 37

Health and Beauty:
by *Chrysis*
Here is the Way to Perfect Relaxation 38 and 128
Do You Want to Reduce? 39 and 128

## Stories

Love Set Him Free:
by *Aird Galloway*
Illustrated by *Jack Faulks* 8–11 and 97

Night Over the Atlantic:
by *Pierre Gendron*
Illustrated by *Edward Osmond* 14–17 and 129

Eight Hours:
by *Quentin Reynolds*
Illustrated by *Peter McIntyre* 20–21 and 116

Shoe Leather:
by *Sylvia Thompson*
Illustrated by *Albert Bailey* 24–27 and 106

Harry Was a Friend:
by *Bryan Wallace*
Illustrated by *Kenneth Inns* 30–33 and 142

## Home Section

So Your Daughter is Going Feminine
by *Joan Woollcombe*
50, 51 and 148

Personally Speaking:
by *Jean Burnup* 52

Deportment 53 and 142

Interchangeable 54, 55

Fashions:
by *Jean Burnup* 56-61

What Shall we do After Dinner?
by *Audrey Wrangham* 62

Tennis Sweater 63

I'll Tell You All I Know:
by *Mary Young* 64

Now You Are On Your Own:
by *Louisa Kay*
65 and 100

Better Cooking:
by *A. H. Adair*
They're Young and Tender 66 and 150
Tossed in a Pan 67 and 150

Kitchen Page 68

Confidently Recommended 71

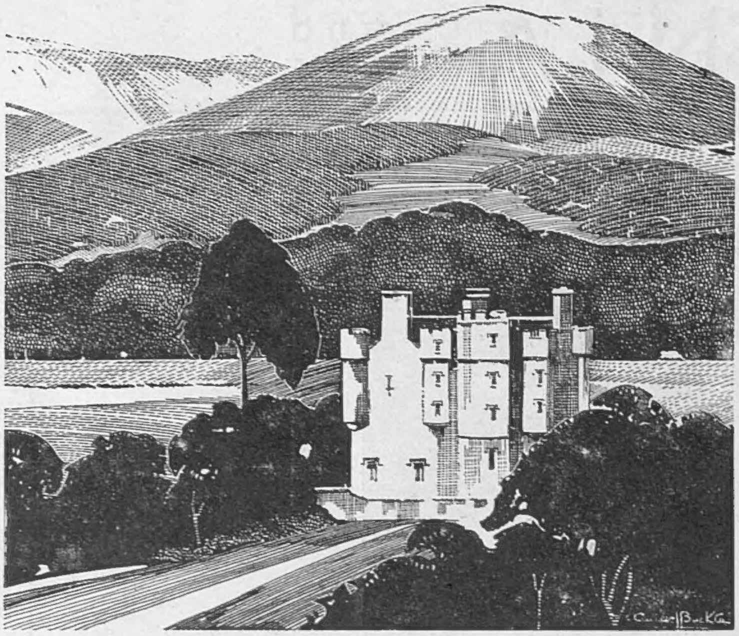
## General

A Little Play for May 7

Books:
by *Alan Seymour* 42 and 72

Motoring Section:
Conducted by *The Earl of Cardigan* 81, 83, 85 and 87

*All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 137. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.*



# The Scottish Highlands

GRAND mountain-tramps in sunshine and bracing air. Fishing or bathing—in the brawling stream, or the placid loch. Golf at gay coast-resorts. Crags for the rock-climber. A strenuous, fresh-air holiday . . .

But there is also (maybe you'd not suspected this ?) the immemorial peace of quiet byways and glens, for those whose year is spent in the din of cities. You can laze here, and let the strenuous side of life pass you by.

Use a cheap Monthly Return Ticket to visit Scotland. You have the choice of travelling back by East Coast, West Coast or Midland Routes with break of journey at any station.

In many parts of Scotland you can get " Weekly Holiday Season Tickets." Their price is from 8/- and with them you are free to travel by any train in a wide area for a week.

The following holiday guides are obtainable free from L M S or L·N·E·R offices and agencies: " *Scotland for the Holidays.*" "*Land of Scott and Burns.*" "*Clyde Coast and Loch Lomond.*" "*Through the Trossachs.*"

LMS "SCOTTISH APARTMENTS GUIDE" 3d.
L·N·E·R "THE HOLIDAY HANDBOOK" 6d.

MOTOR CARS *accompanied by one first-class or two third-class adult passengers are conveyed to include outward and homeward journeys at reduced rates*

VISIT THE
EMPIRE EXHIBITION, GLASGOW
MAY to OCTOBER

*STAY AT LMS OR L·N·E·R HOTELS*

**LMS • L·N·E·R**

*IT'S QUICKER BY RAIL!*

## *It's so important*

to you, the choice of a good comfortable corset. Not only for the present ease, elegance and figure control but also for the days to come. "A good corset is an investment not an extravagance."

Throughout the world, SCANDALE belts and corselets are recognized as the leading all-elastic net foundations and are recommended by health authorities for their perfect fit and support.

There are models for growing daughters, sports girls, for every woman; for those with very sensitive skins the new SCANDALE "MOINS QUE RIEN" of PURE SILK woven with fine net.

Special Display Week at
**JOHN LEWIS**
MAY 9-13 inclusive

**SCANDALE**

Free Illustrated Brochure on request.
John Lewis & Co. Ltd., Oxford Street, London, W.1.

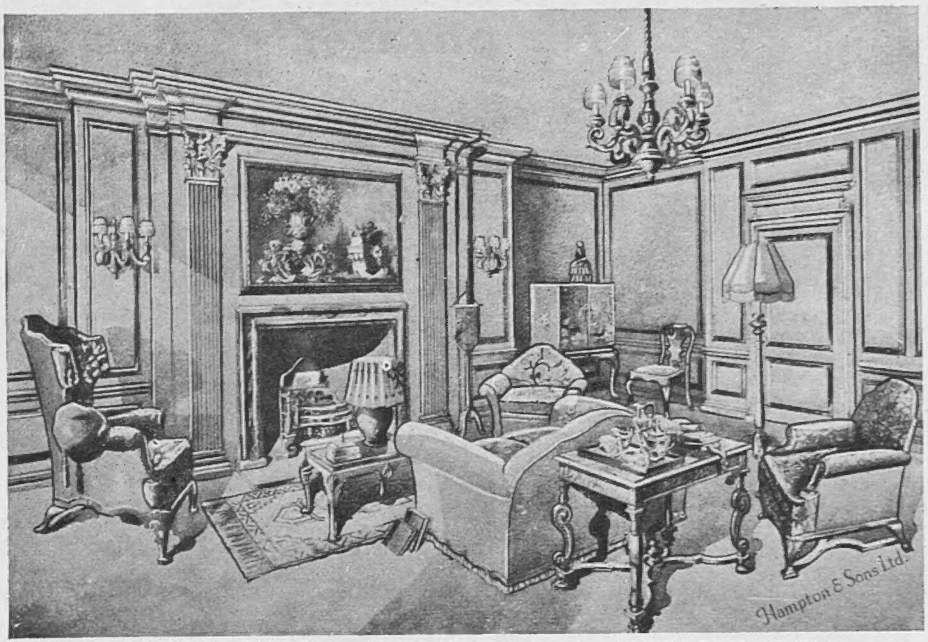
## Since the Reign of King George IV . . .

**Hamptons have been designing and carrying out schemes for the Decoration and Furnishing of substantial English homes—always in the best taste at the least outlay consistent with durable quality.**

**Now is an appropriate time for Spring Redecoration and Refurnishing, and Hamptons will, without fee or obligation, gladly send an expert to advise and estimate for the Decoration and complete Furnishing of an entire House or a single room.**

**Hamptons are constantly transforming rooms which the owners tell them have always been dull, cold and unaccountably depressing, into bright, cheerful, restful rooms in which it is a perpetual pleasure to be.**

*Please write for Hamptons New Book, I.F. 505, illustrating many of the latest productions and best values in Household Furnishings.*


Hampton & Sons Ltd.

*A DRAWING ROOM by HAMPTONS, in the GEORGIAN STYLE*

*Works and All Factories:*
**QUEEN'S ROAD**
**BATTERSEA**
**LONDON S.W.8**

# HAMPTONS
**Decorators · Furnishers**

**HAMPTON & SONS LTD.**
**PALL MALL EAST**
**LONDON S.W.1**
*Telephones: Whitehall 1020*

# NORWAY

## EUROPE'S QUIET CORNER

Remote from political and economic difficulties, Norway offers a quiet and peaceful holiday—quiet but far from dull.

With so much that is beautiful to see and so much that is excitingly unusual to do, every moment of a Norwegian holiday passes in joyous carefree happiness, enhanced by glorious sunshine, nearly 24 hours of daylight and air like champagne. Hotel accommodation is excellent. English is spoken everywhere.

INCLUSIVE TOURS
**16 days for £16 . 15 . 0**
with First Class Sea Travel

*En pension terms from 9/6 per day.*

BATHING
Sailing
WALKING
Fishing
GOLFING
Tennis
or just resting in the bright sunshine of a glorious holiday

Illustrated brochure from your Travel Agent or Norwegian State Railways, 21 Norway House, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1.

# WOODROW
PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1
(facing St. James's Street)

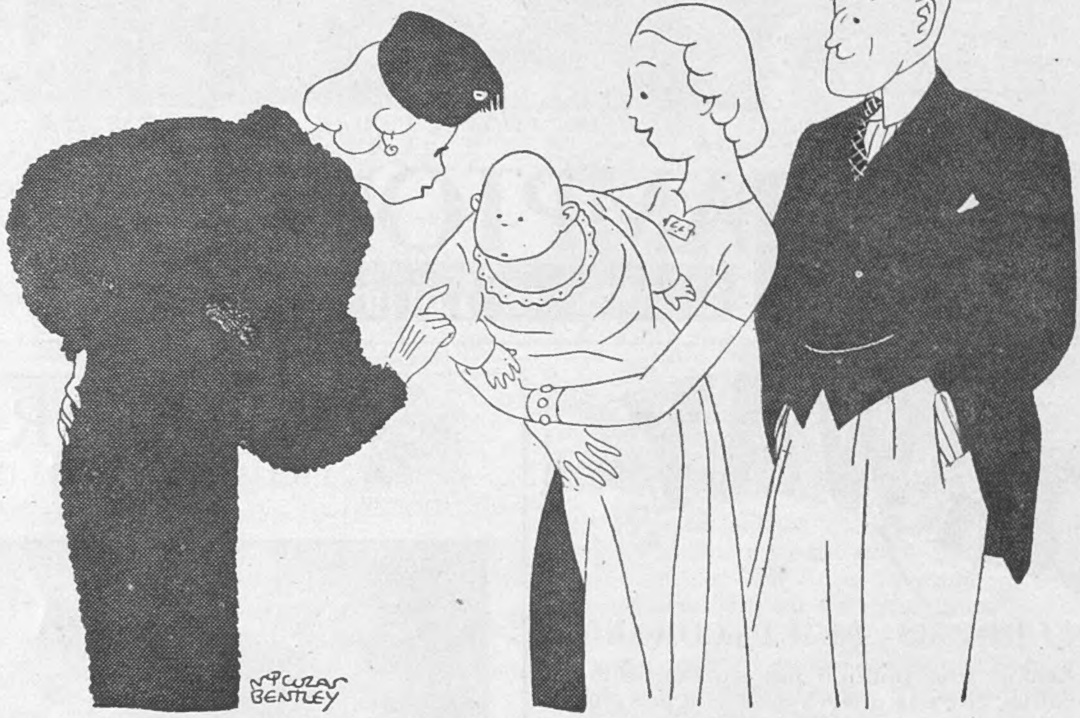
*By Appointment to The Late King George V*

**THE DALE B.E.**
**THE IDEAL SPORTS CAP**

In "Woodrow's" feather-weight felt with beautifully knitted wool inlet, giving elasticity and perfect comfort - - - 35/-
Stocked in all sizes, in Black, Navy, Midnight Blue, Amethyst, Brown, Filbert, Tan, Rust, Hunters Green, Wine, Foxglove, or any shade dyed to order.
Hand knitted Cravat to match - 9/6
Smart Airedale Scarf Pin - - - 5/6
*Catalogues on application. This hat can be obtained from all our agents*

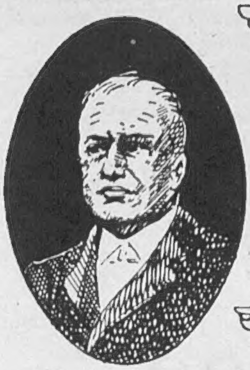
**Some phrases seldom ring true**

"Isn't he like his father"


Nicolas
BENTLEY

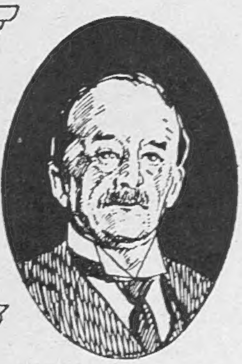
*but*

# YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL



Charles Frohman

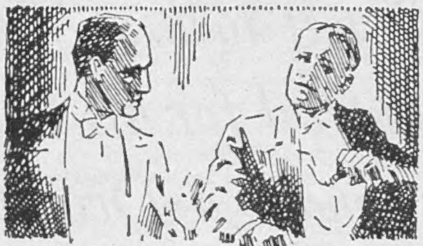
# A LITTLE PLAY FOR MAY



Sir James Barrie

## SIR JAMES BARRIE

Born 1860 Died 1937



### SCENE ONE

*April 28th 1915*

The lounge of the Lotus Club in New York. Two men, one broad and the other slight, are drinking highballs in a corner.

"Nice place you have here," says the big man.

"Amusing people, perhaps," corrects the other, who is host. "Quite an interesting section of New York. It's not quite the Lambs Club, which is for actors, yet not quite the Union. . . ."

"Do you know who that is over there, for instance?" goes on the host. "That's Charles Frohman."

"Who is he?"

"You don't know Charles Frohman! Why, he's one of the greatest theatrical men in the world!"

"Sure, now I know the name. I get a bit out of touch with things out in Oklahoma. What sort of plays does he produce?"

"All sorts. He is the man who brought Barrie to Broadway . . . here he is . . . good morning, Mr. Frohman."

"Good morning," replies Frohman, a quietly-dressed intellectual Jew, stopping at the table.

"This is Mr. Frohman," introduces the small man. "And this is Mr. Marcus van Renner, whose name perhaps you know. He's off to Europe in a few days."

"Really?" says Frohman, politely. "I may be doing the same. Perhaps we'll cross in the same ship. . . ." He passes on.

### SCENE TWO

*May 6th, 1915*

The smokeroom of a big Atlantic liner. It is night. The auction on the ship's run has just finished. Few people are dressed. But the atmosphere is rich.

Across the floor stamps Mr. Marcus van Renner.

"Good evening, Mr. Frohman," he bows. "I've been meaning to pay my respects all the trip, and I daresay you don't remember me. We met in the Lotus Club a week ago."

"Of course," says Frohman. "Do sit down."

"Have a cigar?" they both say at the same moment, and laugh.

"Been a good trip so far. I'm in oil. Going over for a war contract. You play safe if you're an American citizen. The British want you; so do the Germans, eh? You're in the play business . . . er, Barrie . . . er, Barrie?"

"That is correct. Barrie; he is the greatest of the play-wrights whom I have the honour to present. Do you know his work?"

"Oh, sure! Sure! Er, what now, Mr. Frohman, do you think is his best play," asks the oil-man, with clumsy artifice.

"His best? Hard to say," replies Frohman. "I'll tell you my favourite. It's *Peter Pan*. Not only do I love that play, sir, but it contains the greatest line that Barrie ever wrote."

"What was that?"

Frohman pauses. Twists his cigar.

"I'm only fifty-four; you, I'd say, are younger. I'm the same age as Barrie. And it's his birthday, day after to-morrow. The birthday of a great man. Let's forget it for the moment. Remember where we are!"

He laughs cryptically and together they walk out on to the darkened deck.

"Put that cigar out!" commands a brusque voice from the darkness.

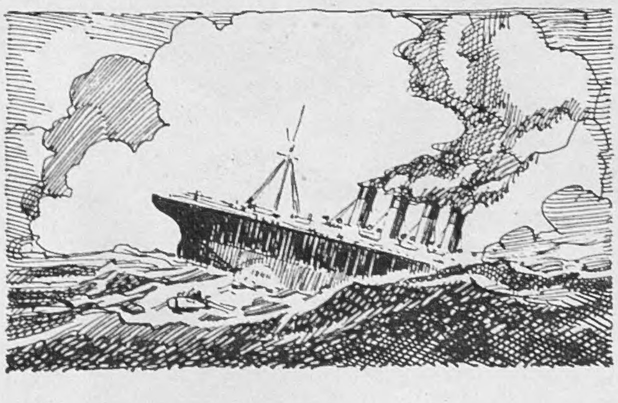
### SCENE THREE

*May 7th, 1915*

Boat deck of the same Atlantic liner the next day. Time: 2.33 p.m.

The deck is slanting, the sun is shining. Below, the green waters of the Irish Sea caress the *Lusitania's* torpedoed bulk. All the boats on this side of the deck are gone, but on the other, and higher, side they hang idly from their davits. There are cries everywhere.

Clinging to a railing, with a cigar in his mouth, is Charles Frohman, man of the theatre, man of honour, man of money. Jew and gentleman.



Next to him is Marcus van Renner, millionaire.

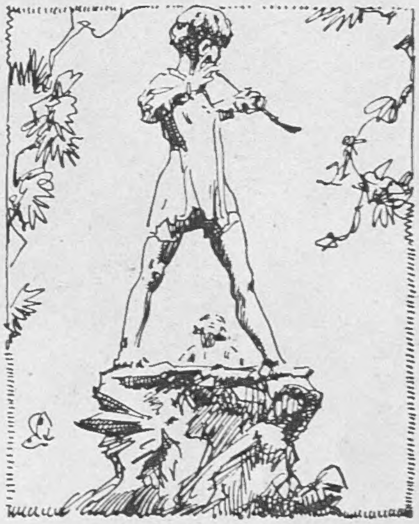
"Can you swim?" asks the millionaire.

"No," smiles Frohman.

"It's tough, eh?"

Frohman shrugs his shoulders.

"D'you remember yesterday—I told you of Barrie's greatest line? I'll tell it to you now."



"Yes?"

Another man, a military-looking Englishman joins them.

"Well, that line in *Peter Pan* is: 'To die will be an awfully big adventure.' I guess we're going to know just how big right now. . . ."

He limped slightly to the rail.

"Your leg hurt?"

"Yes," says Frohman.

"Cheer up!" says the Englishman. "If we must die, it's only for once!"

"Look out! Look out!" cries van Renner. "She's going! Oh, God!"

"Awfully big adventure boys!" laughs Frohman. "Remember!"

The deck turns, the water rises and down plunges the great liner with appalling swiftness.

*CURTAIN*

# Love Set Him Free

## *But it took a Man on trial for his Life to make a Decision*

### By Aird Galloway

"SHE lives," said Sister Marie, holding her breath tightly.

Doctor Renier's smile was tired. He shook his head slowly. "Her heart just beats!"

He reached to his desk for a cigarette. As he lit it and exhaled loudly through his thin nostrils, he saw Sister Marie walk, with the tip-toe tread of one who walks perpetually with crisis, out on to the red-tiled veranda where joyous life danced in the sun as it streamed its morning glory across the open windows of the Hospital of the Little Innocents of St. Francis.

Far down below her the cliffs of Pont-les-Pins stretched their straggling limbs into the blue enamel of the Mediterranean where the white and russet wings of the sailing craft spread slackly to a lazy breeze. Sister Marie sighed and clasped her fingers round the warm balustrade. She had seen so much death amid all this joyous loveliness . . . and now, in the quiet room at the far end of the balcony, where the trailing wistaria nodded its lilac plumes against the green shutters, the golden-haired Englishwoman lay with the Presence filling the cool shadows around her.

From a jutting shoulder of rock, where cypress and pine nudged each other and children romped on the green grass, came the drifting sound of an accordion, and a man's voice broke into song. Suddenly, like a tantalising echo, there came the tremulous laugh of a happy woman.

"It is cruel!" Sister Marie exclaimed, turning urgently into the room.

Doctor Pierre Renier, the house-surgeon, was rolling down his sleeves and loosening the straps of his white overall.

"She is so lovely," he said, nodding. "And so lonely." He regarded the kindly face before him. "We can do no more if the spirit is not there. But—you are tired, sister?" His sallow features brightened to a swift smile.

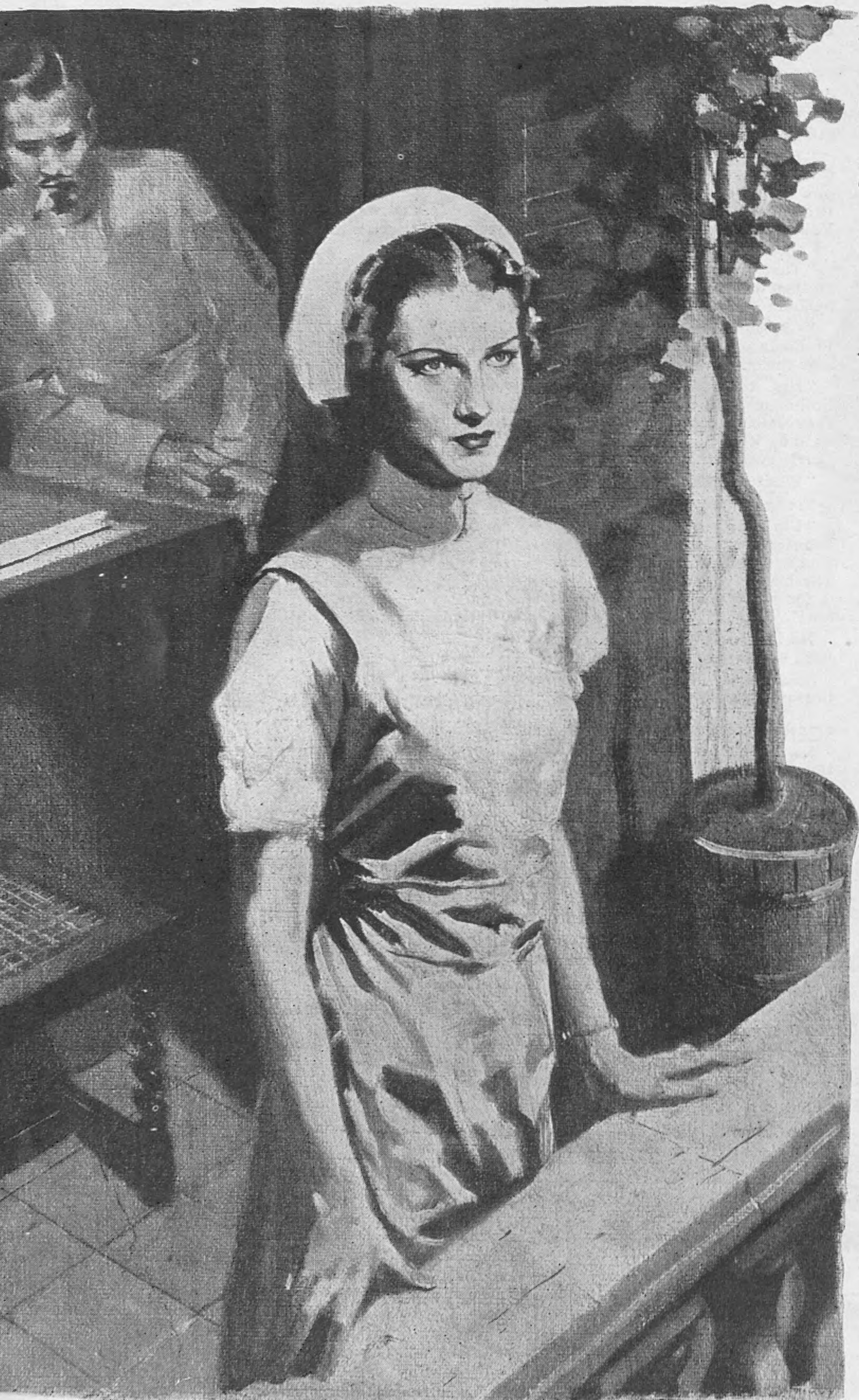
"No, no! It is nothing." Her colour heightened, and determination sharpened her eyes. She spoke quickly, excitement tautening her voice. "This morning I write to England! I will send the letter *par avion*. Each minute—it is so desperate."

"To England? But—why?"

"Last night—oh, for many hours I thought and thought of this stranger the gendarmes brought to us in the ambulance. She has been in the town not yet six months. She is unknown—yet so well known and so loved. . . ."

He shook his head. "You speak in riddles, Marie. You *are* fatigued!" And he grinned affectionately.

"No, no—listen!" She stepped nearer, pushing a straying strand of dark hair back into her cap. "Last night a tiny one, ragged, and from the Rue de l'Orient, came here. He wept so tragically, so bitterly. 'They have taken the Good Lady away,' he sobbed, cuffing the grief from his small nose. 'Please, when will she be restored? She was so kind and gentle, madame.' One of her *protégés* among the poor. . . ."



*HE saw Sister Marie walk out on to the red-tiled veranda where joyous life danced in the morning sun*

" But——"

" Then Madame Vogal, *concierge* of the pension where she has stayed since she came to Pont-les-Pins—she hurried here in her misery. ' Sacred Heart, is it true ? ' she asked. ' They have run her down with an imbecile automobile and a drunken chauffeur—but—she will live ? ' ' It is to be hoped so,' I told her. And then——"

" And then ? " Doctor Renier prompted softly, watching her shining eyes.

" And then this morning came an old flower-seller from the steps of the casino, hobbling with a bunch of her precious blooms. ' They have brought her here,' she snivelled miserably. ' May the good God preserve her and forgive the wretch who knocked her down. Please to give her these. She bought from me every day and was the good friend to so many of us.' "

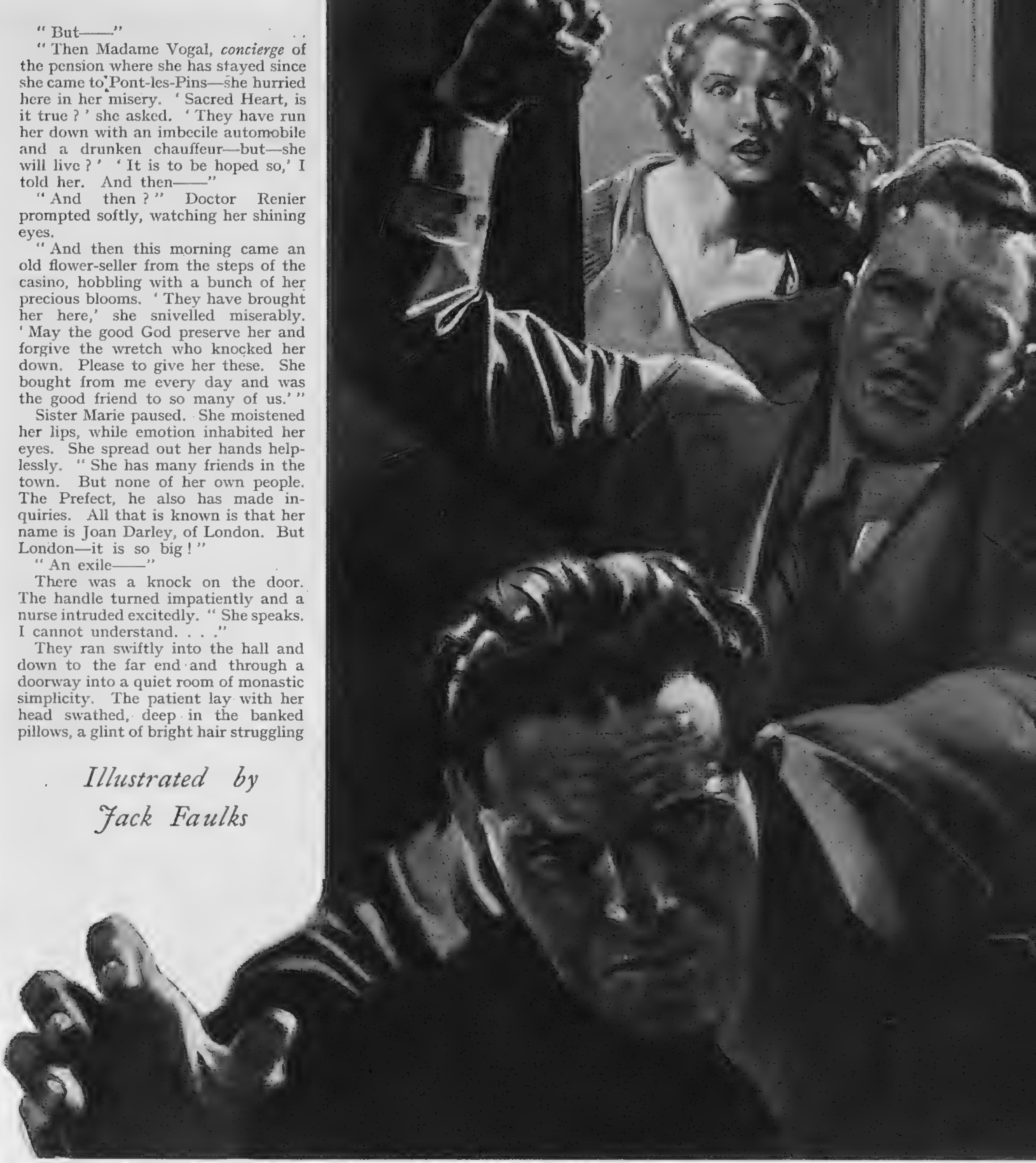
Sister Marie paused. She moistened her lips, while emotion inhabited her eyes. She spread out her hands helplessly. " She has many friends in the town. But none of her own people. The Prefect, he also has made inquiries. All that is known is that her name is Joan Darley, of London. But London—it is so big ! "

" An exile——"

There was a knock on the door. The handle turned impatiently and a nurse intruded excitedly. " She speaks. I cannot understand. . . ."

They ran swiftly into the hall and down to the far end and through a doorway into a quiet room of monastic simplicity. The patient lay with her head swathed, deep in the banked pillows, a glint of bright hair struggling from under the bandages, her face serene in its pale repose, its oval beauty like a sleeping-mask. She was motionless, silent.

*Illustrated by Jack Faulks*



" *He rushed past me in the hall before I could flick up the light-switch* "

" But—she *was* speaking ! " the nurse insisted anxiously.

" Mademoiselle ! " Doctor Renier urged softly, bending across the narrow bed and taking one of the hands from where it lay like a dead thing on the white cover.

Her eyelids lifted, fluttered, and lifted again, and the wandering sunlight illuminated the blue of her sight. A smile hovered wistfully on her lips. " Richard ! " she murmured, her voice faint with a great weariness.

" ' Richard ' ! " the doctor echoed. He looked up under his brows at Sister Marie.

" ' Richard ' ! " the nurse repeated hollowly. " That was one of the words she said before."

" ' Richard ' ! " Sister Marie muttered, clasping her fingers. Then she leaned forward, staring down, pleading, coaxing. . . . " Mademoiselle, we are here—your friends. Richard—who is he ? We send for him. This Richard—please ? "

The smile wavered and fled. The eyes slept. But the lips moved and speech trembled out on her gentle breath. " Richard—if you were only free ! " There was a pause and then a sigh. And the smile came back, hesitant. " If you were only free, dearest—but—Mr. Justice Brockster could never do that ! "

" Ah ! " Sister Marie stepped back, her face flushed hotly. " It is—now I know—I know——" and turning, she ran fleetly from the room, her linen rustling with agitation.

She was leaning over Doctor Renier's desk, a newspaper cutting in her hand, when he found her. She was trembling with excitement. " Look ! " and she held up the creased cutting. " My English—it is so paltry—but I think I know. This paper, it was in one of her pockets. Look, it is this Meester Justice Brockster," and she pointed to the photographic reproduction of a young-old face under a full-bottomed wig, a strong face with kindliness in the eyes but purposefulness on the lips ; he had the looks of an *aristo*, but no arrogance was there.

" But what does it mean ? " Doctor Renier asked, puzzled.

Sister Marie stabbed the photograph again and again with her pointing finger. " What does it mean ? " she cried. " Why, this man, this *maître—avocat*—no, no, he is *un juge*—this man has sent this Richard to prison, while she breaks her heart in exile for her lover——"

" But what can you do ? "

" Do ? " Sister Marie whirled round fiercely. " Do ? I write to this judge and tell him—everything. This lovely girl, she will die if her Richard is not set free. The English, they do not think of love as we do, *la grande raison*, but this judge looks kind. I will write to him—now ! "

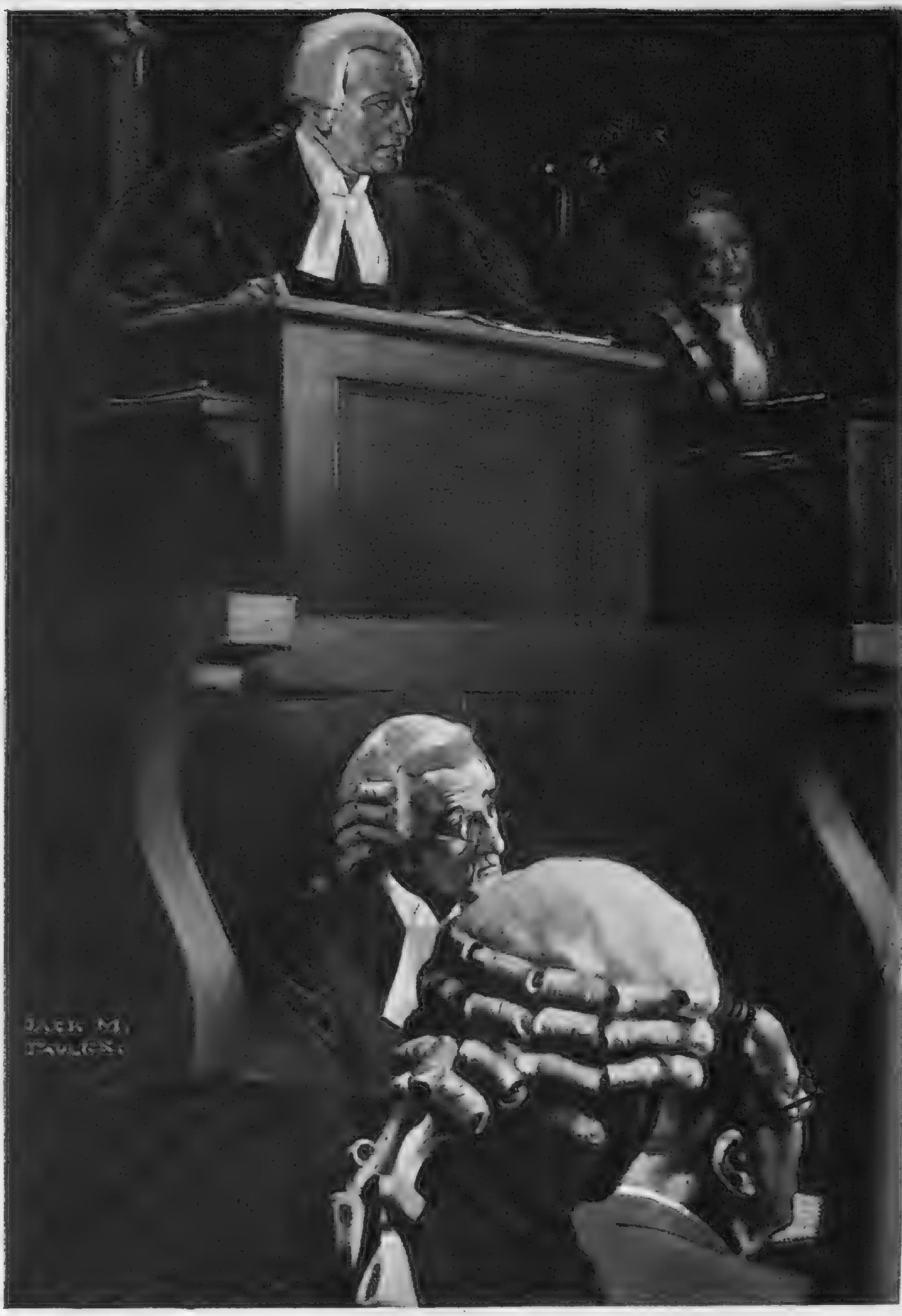
Doctor Renier shook his head. He was smiling. Then he chuckled. " You are very romantic, Marie. The English are not sentimental like us——"

Sister Marie, blushing furiously, pursed her lips. " I will write—to-day—this very minute," she assured him. And she ran from the room. . . .

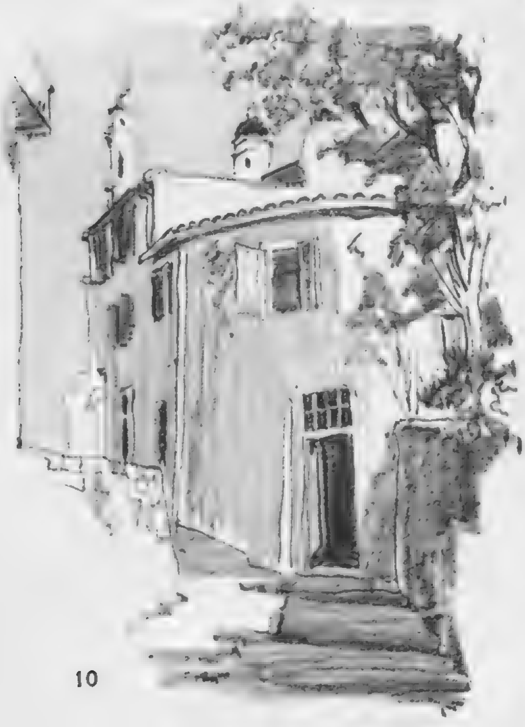
His Lordship sat forward on his chair of justice, fiddling with his hot wig and sipping water from the iced carafe at his elbow. He shifted uncomfortably and sniffed wearily at the pungent scent of the traditional sweet herbs strewn upon the dais.

He regarded his papers. . . . Ah, yes ; on this summer's noon, while the warm sunlight danced like butterflies on the walls and floor of the court, a man was on trial for his life because of a murderous thrust on a night of winter fog. . . . *Rex* v. *Porson*. . . . And there sat the man who was Porson, huddled in the dock below, his face thin and tense and so tragically familiar to those who knew that pale mask of incredulity those lonely ones were accustomed to wear. His hands were clasped tightly before him as he waited and listened and hoped and feared, and probably prayed inarticulately *quod avertat Deus*.

On a night of bewildering fog, Sir Giles Sefton, for the Crown, had been explaining—it happened on a night of fog in London. And now he was examining the witnesses. . . .



"*And she—my wife—*



The Judge sat back. He, too, was recalling a day of fog. For that was when his happiness had finally gone, leaving a lovely memory and a great, chill emptiness. Down in the depths of his pockets, under his enveloping robe, his right hand found a crushed paper and held it tightly in his warm fingers. It was a letter, written on dove-grey paper—a letter written in the tears of a good woman who pleaded with him to let Richard free because Joan was ill, Joan was very ill—Joan was calling for Richard as she lay in her sick helplessness in the Hospital of the Little Innocents of St. Francis, in far Pont-les-Pins.

Mr. Justice Brockster suppressed a shudder as he leaned farther back with his chin sunk on his breast. Dear God, that fate should have dictated it ! And this kindly Sister Marie thought that he was the judge who had taken away Richard's freedom and broken a woman's heart . . .

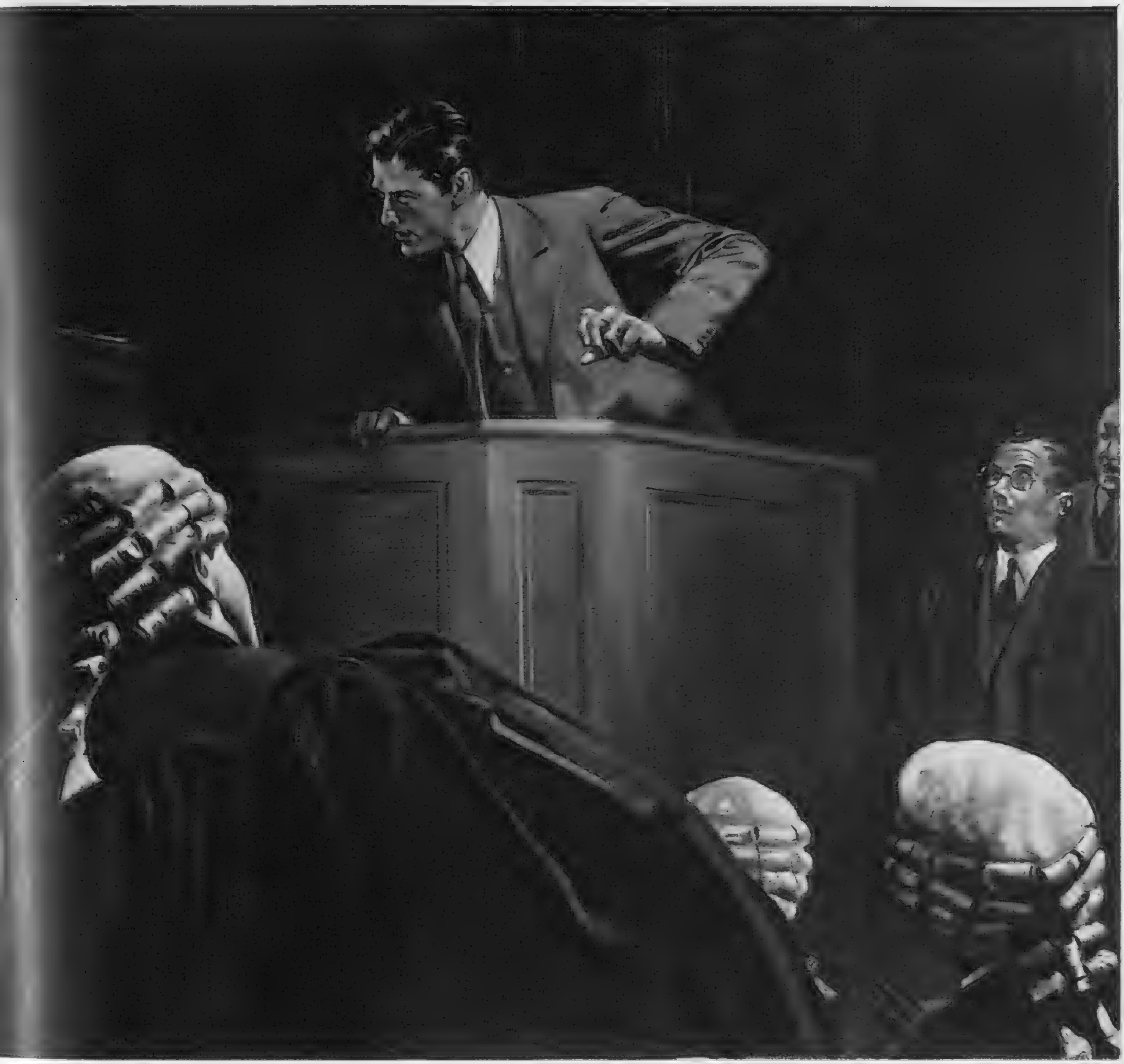
" It was what is known as a ' pea-souper ' ! "

" A—a what ? " the Judge stammered, looking up.

" A ' pea-souper,' m'lud. A particularly thick and blinding fog——"

" Yes—of course, yes." Mr. Justice Brockster nodded. His memory ran back again to that never-to-be-forgotten day of fog when he was standing with Joan beside the Continental boat-train, and she was putting a quick, generous hand to his cheek and whispering : " Our friendship is the loveliest thing that could ever have happened, Richard dear. Don't spoil it by throwing up your career, just when you are being mentioned as one of the new judges. It is so wonderful, Richard. At thirty-nine ! One of the youngest judges ever appointed. . . ."

He remembered staring into the honest blue of her eyes and seeing the love in them. His emotions were a terrible tangle



*she was dead. Lying in the hall. I didn't do it. As God's my witness, I didn't"*

and his vanity a restricting chain. "Don't leave me, Joan. Don't go away like this. I need you, dearest."

That smile of hers. "I must," she had told him again. "It is better. No breath of scandal must touch you—ever, my dear. I'd rather die than that. . . . Good-bye—everything has been so beautiful with you. Let's keep it so, Richard . . . bless you——"

And then she was gone. For ever! So jealous of his name, of his career, of his attainments. And there was no persuading her to remain near him.

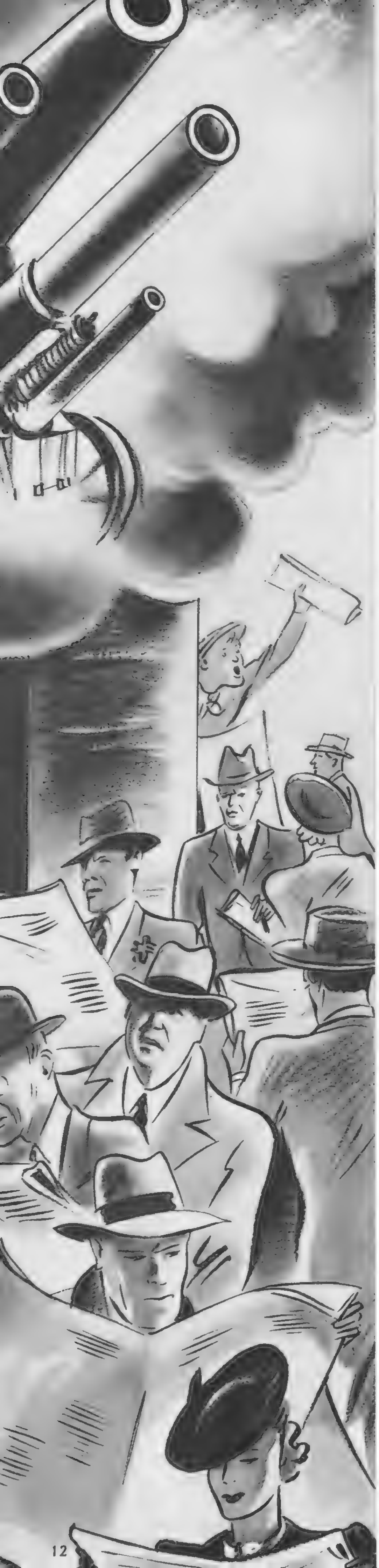
Elizabeth, his wife, had never known, never suspected. Not that she was incapable of suspicion. If she had guessed, even the most innocent moment would have been a hideous crime with her bitter vengeance seeking to destroy. Elizabeth would never have understood, with her poor, suspicious mind, her silly pride and her selfishness. She would never have had the charity to believe that his friendship with Joan Darley had been a lovely thing in its essential secrecy—a comfort and inspiration and shield, a fire at which to warm his whole being. So innocent, so pure a flame. Joan—dear Joan.

But she had gone, on that winter's day of gloom. A fortnight later he was the youngest judge and he was knighted—Sir Richard Brockster. Well, that pleased Elizabeth. Her prideful gratitude for the title she could now boast made him yearn the more for the simple honesty of Joan's selflessness. He had become "Mr. Justice," and Biles, little, pompous, immaculate Biles, his clerk, was puffing and strutting and exclaiming with swollen satisfaction: "We have gone far, we have. But we knew we would go far—didn't I, Sir Richard?"

His Lordship smiled wistfully and shuffled. His thoughts turned with his uneasy body and galloped back to the present and to the depositions . . . ah, yes; the defence was reserved. A complete denial. H-m! Clever devil, young Dabney. He liked him. He, too, would go far. Courteous, reasonable, knowing the value of a quiet utterance, the worth of a compassionate smile, the granting of a doubt. And the native humility of the man was his strength. But Sefton? He was apt to be so wearisome when one had become habituated to those excessive mannerisms, the bullying tone, that pugnacious thrust of tobacco-stained finger, the aggressive chin, the sardonic growl, the quick contempt, the too-facile language of the arms. . . . "I think, Sir Giles, the witness answered that question satisfactorily."

"Yes, m'lud, but as I was saying——"

His Lordship wriggled in his silk and leaned back again with a stifled sigh . . . Joan was ill. Joan was crying for him. Joan—so vital, so (*Continued on page* 97)



# What's On Your Mind?

**Negley Farson's** flair has been to report foreign lands from points as far away from their capitals as possible. For the first five years of the world slump he was the London correspondent for his paper. During this time he was successively the Vice-President and President of the American Association of Newspaper Correspondents, the largest association of newspaper men in any foreign capital. This article is cynical, controversial, unorthodox. After reading it, you should get much more information—and amusement—from the foreign news in your daily papers.

IN taking the lid off my own, and my brother correspondents', typewriters, I have no wish to expose us. On the contrary, I want to make you aware of some of the horror we feel, our ever-recurring dismay at some of the things we have to witness, the speeches we have to listen to, the statements we are obliged to cable without comment from men in high places who have the affairs of the world in their hands. " God help all of us ! " is the thought only too often in an intelligent journalist's mind when he sits down to begin his cable : " PRIME MINISTER X STATED TO-DAY . . ." Two things are said about the profession of a foreign newspaper correspondent : say the logical French, " It 's the finest profession in the world—as long as you get out of it." Say others, ourselves included : " The foreign newspaper man has a grand-stand seat for everything that is going on in life—as long as he keeps in his seat." It is when we leave our seat that the fun, more often the hell, begins. I think there are a few things wrong with the accepted technique of modern reporting on foreign affairs (which I hope to demonstrate) ; and, with the lid off his typewriter, here are some of the trials, occasional triumphs and tragedies of the man who funnels the world news to your breakfast table.

HERE 'S the end of a journalist who left his grand-stand seat. His fault was wit—a brilliance beyond his control. When Fleet Street editors saw his epigrams were also beyond their control, they fired him. When he had run the gamut of the London Press, he left England.

When I knew him he was editing an Indian-owned afternoon paper in Bombay. In the East, where time begins, instead of a mere column he had a full half-page to fill with local gossip every day. And he filled it ! He filled it so potently, removing the very intestines from Government officials all over India, that the paper's circulation jumped like the thermometer in hot weather. Fresh batches of victims every day rushed to buy the next afternoon paper to see whether they had been eviscerated again. The half-page became a full page. . . .

His technique was simple. It consisted, he maintained, in having the feet higher than the head. Reclining in this inverted position, with his feet on the top of his roll-top desk, he dictated verbal vitriol. His feat, to me, was all the more remarkable because usually I had breakfast with him, and his morning nibble, in an atmosphere like a steam-bath, was slabs of cold ham, or half a lobster, rolls, marmalade and a bottle or two of cold beer. He never varied it—but preferred lobsters if he could get them.

It was said that I looked like him, a statement that offended us both. It also nearly got my skull cracked. People who appreciated his wit even less than the harassed Civil Service officials were the frustrated British sergeants in charge of the native police. In a rumpus one day a friend of mine saw one of these white sergeants stalking me. He was bearing down, hopefully swinging his *lathi* in his hand.

" Who do you think you 're going to hit ? " asked my friend.

" That ———— X ! "

" Good lord, man, wait a minute—that 's not X ! "

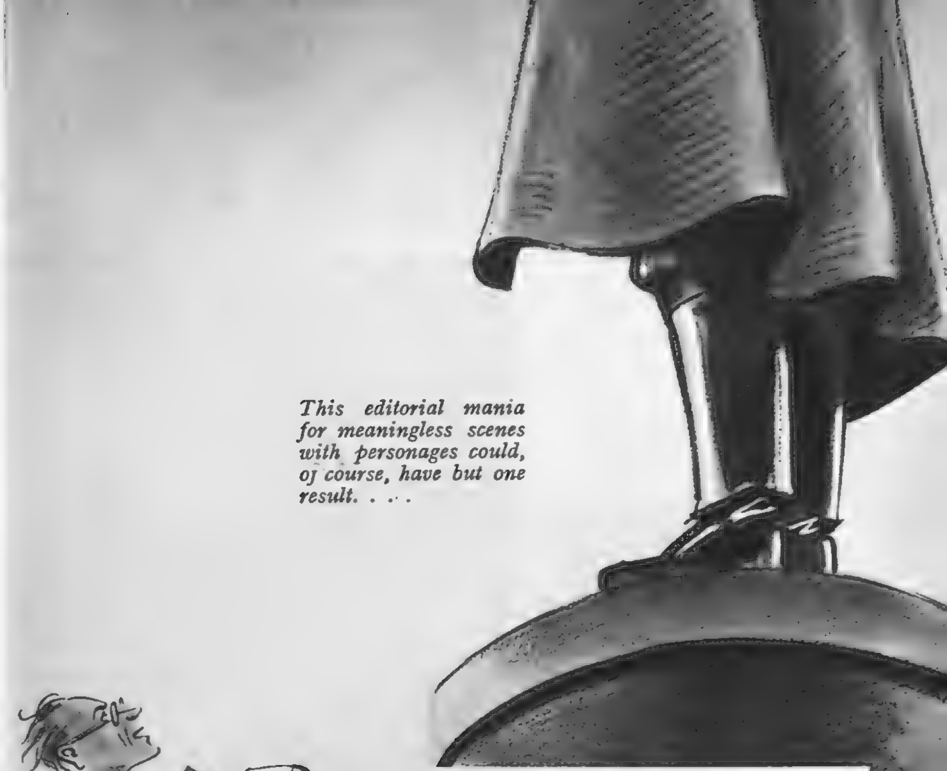
" Well, then it 's Scrutator, then——! "

Scrutator, of course, was X's name for his page of cuticle-removing comment. My friend tried to explain this.

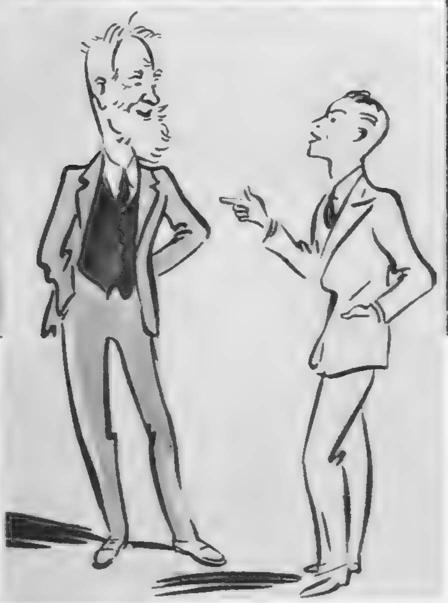
" Get out of my way ! " growled the sergeant impatiently. " 'E *looks* like 'im, anyway . . . so I 'm going to dot him ! "

Resemblance, it seems, could not be responsible for things worse than that.

*Illustrated by Lowen*



This editorial mania for meaningless scenes with personages could, of course, have but one result. . . .



H. R. Knickerbocker once asked G. Bernard Shaw if he had had an operation for monkey-glands.

UNFORTUNATELY, I related this episode to X the next morning during his lobster-beer breakfast. My friend "on the field" had persuaded the frustrated white sergeant to hit someone else. But X thought that spoiled the story. So that night in the Yacht Club I was handed X's page by half-a-dozen people, who also inquired derisively about my head.

"You see," said one, an official from whom X had removed most of his sensitive skin—"that man's more dangerous to his *friends* than he is to his enemies. We told you he'd let you down."

X, of course, was not even allowed to enter any of the *pukka* clubs in all India. His Indian owner was also afraid of him. His wit—which he could not control—finally became like the ink of the octopus. A defence screen of obscurity behind which he made his retreat.

"X called me up to-day," grinned this official. "Said he'd lost his passport . . . could we get him another one? I said we'd be damn glad to give him *two* passports . . . any number he liked."

I saw him long later on Fleet Street. "Hallo," he said, and shot a sharp arrow into me about an article I had just written. Brave, as he always was, he had gone straight back to the enemy country to try for another job. "But we're afraid to touch him," said an editor to me; "he's one of the most brilliant, likeable chaps I've ever known—but he's too damn clever."

In India I thought he was one of the loneliest men I had ever seen. In Fleet Street he was worse than that; he was a ghost. And so he died. . . .

X, I don't suppose, ever passed through the first two stages in the evolution of the *average* foreign journalist. These stages are marked; it is surprising, the number of perfectly good newspaper men who never get beyond the first one—it is appalling what very often happens to those, like X, who reach the top.

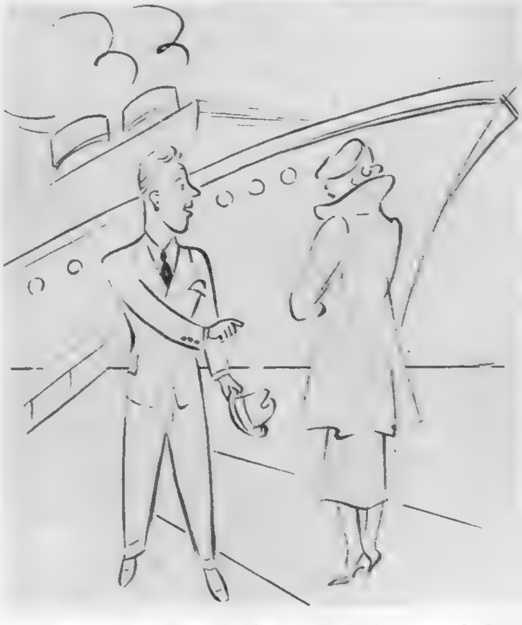
The strata can be called successively the Obescient Stage—the young newspaper man who cables back naïvely every word that the Great Foreign Personage has said. From the Treaty of Versailles to half-way through the world slump (if that has reached its middle yet?) we Americans did more harm with these fatuous interviews to the world's mind than all the hard-boiled Fascists of the "have-not" countries put together—as much harm as intelligent propagandists who were deliberately trying to throw a monkey-wrench into the world's works. Flushed with money, American editors sent hundreds of "Specials" to Europe with no other purpose than to get interviews with Names, Names, Names. . . .

For years Queen Marie of Roumania was a beautiful target. She could always be counted on to say something romantic or quotable that would make the front page. Infuriated by this competition of the "specials," usually females, a distinguished foreign journalist I know rushed half-way across Europe to have three minutes' talk with the Queen as she was sailing for the United States. "And do you know," he confessed, "the first question I heard myself asking her?—'Tell me, Your Majesty, what is your favourite coloured bath-soap?'"

"Mauve," replied the Queen.

And mauve bath-soap made the front page.

(*Continued on p.* 89)



*A distinguished foreign journalist I know rushed half-way across Europe to have three minutes' talk with Queen Marie of Roumania, and the first question he asked her was: "Tell me, Your Majesty, what is your favourite coloured bath-soap?"*

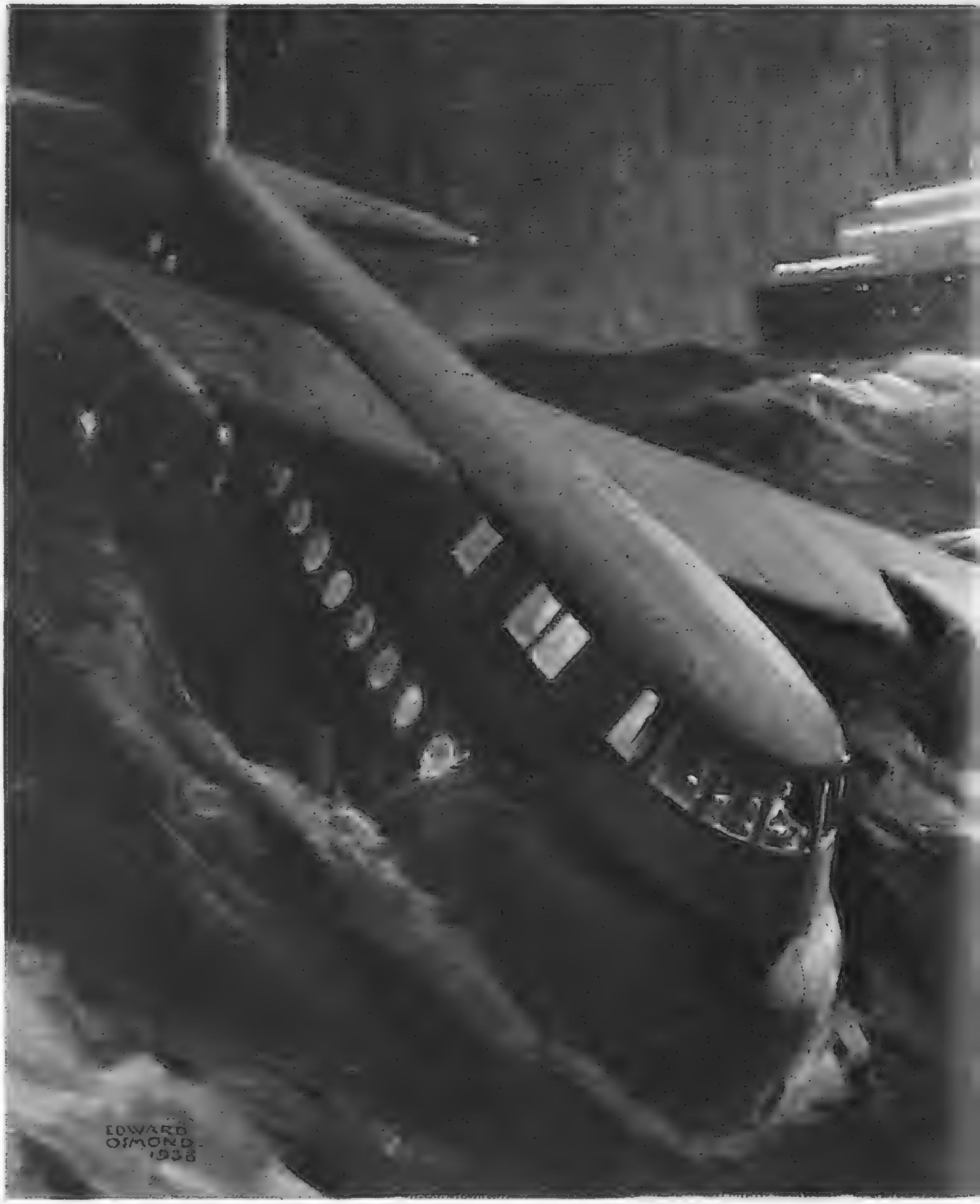
*Illustrated by*
*Edward Osmond*

# Night Over

KELLAND BREYMOUR'S expression changed none as he read the Air Ministry's forecast for weather over the Atlantic. It promised exceptionally unfavourable conditions for the return flight from England to America. But Kelland Breymour had one of those faces that seldom showed what he was thinking about; one of those lean, strong faces men of the air acquire only after years of flying in open cockpits, often in ships which to-day would be considered little more than motored kites. His clear, grey eyes had a steady, remote look which made him seem cold, even a bit callous. But thousands of hours in the air, barn-storming, stunt flying, testing ships, could make a man callous.

He stood, his tall, lank frame slouched carelessly in his trim, dark blue flying captain's uniform. He stood on the float attached to the pier at Southampton which had been loaned to Trans-Atlantic Air Lines, America, by the British Government for this test flight. He was supervising the loading of last-minute provisions aboard the great, high-winged, four-motored silver monoplane, " The New Yorker," that squatted on the water in the late afternoon mist like a giant gull poised for flight.

The passengers were, at his orders, already aboard, for they were not paying passengers but aeronautical engineers, technicians, and such, sent by the new line to give one final check-up on " The New Yorker " before she, and others like her to follow, were put into regular commercial trans-atlantic service. The trip over had been uneventful, even a little tiresome to such veterans of the air, except that there had been a general and slightly quickened pulse due to the novelty. " The New Yorker " was the last word in flying ships, with private cabins and real salons and a fine galley. She was more like a yacht than an aeroplane. She had made the eastward crossing in twenty hours, on schedule, without half-trying. The weather had been clear, ideal.



*Kel caught a glimpse of the " Britannia's " boat*
*" Britannia's " lights was following its floundering*

Yet this storm over the Atlantic had been gathering when they landed two days before. The Air Ministry now reported that it had broken in mid-ocean, and strongly advised postponement of the take-off until more favourable conditions prevailed. But Kelland Breymour had been picked by Sidney Whitefield, President and Manager of Operations of Trans-Atlantic Air Lines, America, to show the world that " The New Yorker " and her sister-ships were absolutely reliable, punctual, and comfortable in any kind of weather. That was Kel's job. He had performed many less desirable.

JOE LOEFFERING, his first officer and co-pilot, came down the plank from the pier to the float and handed him a small envelope. " Here 's a cable for you, Skipper," he said carelessly. " It came a while back, but I was winding up the routine paper stuff. Believe me, these English are sticklers for detail! But we 're clear now—at least, on paper." His jolly, round face went toward the great silver flying-boat squatting on the dark, swelling water, and his brown eyes moved upward into the thickening grey haze dubiously. " How about it, Skipper ? " His tone was serious.

Kel glanced at his watch. " We take-off — in four and a half minutes." Then he read the cable and his face darkened. His face actually showed anger, mounting.

" What 's up, Skipper ? " said Joe, concerned. He had never seen Kel so angry.

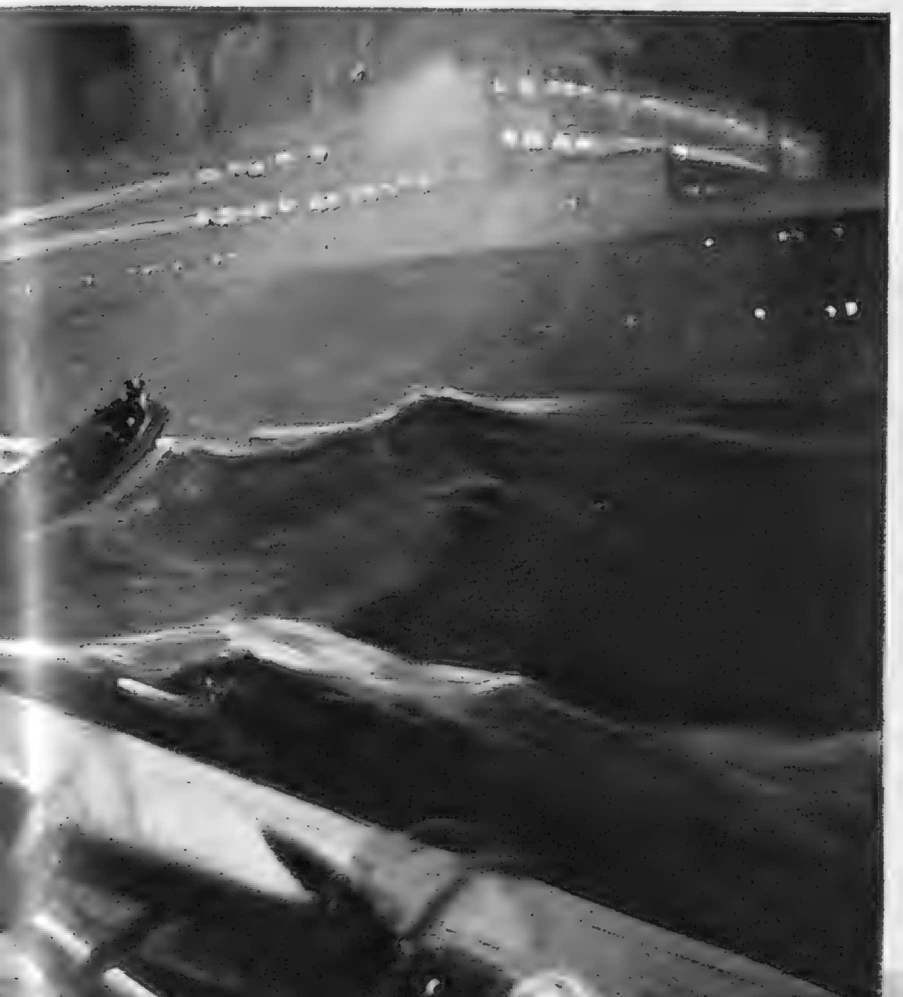
Kel didn't answer; merely handed Joe the cable.

# the Atlantic

*Kelland was brave but Lilly could never be happy with a man who didn't "value his neck."*

By

Pierre Gendron



*heading for them. One of the progress through that rough sea*

Joe read it aloud, slowly:

"TAKE ABOARD FOR NEW YORK TWO SPECIAL PASSENGERS HERMAN PETREE OF CALIFORNIA AND HIS FRIEND LILLY SUTTON STOP EXTEND THEM MY COMPLIMENTS AND EVERY COURTESY STOP IF NECESSARY HOLD PLANE FOR THEM
SIDNEY WHITEFIELD"

Joe looked at Kel, puzzled. "I don't see what burns you up so about that, Skipper. I can think of a lot worse things than having a load of Lilly Sutton to carry! She wins my vote as The Tops in screen actresses any day."

Kel yanked the cablegram from him.

"Did you get that about holding the ship?"

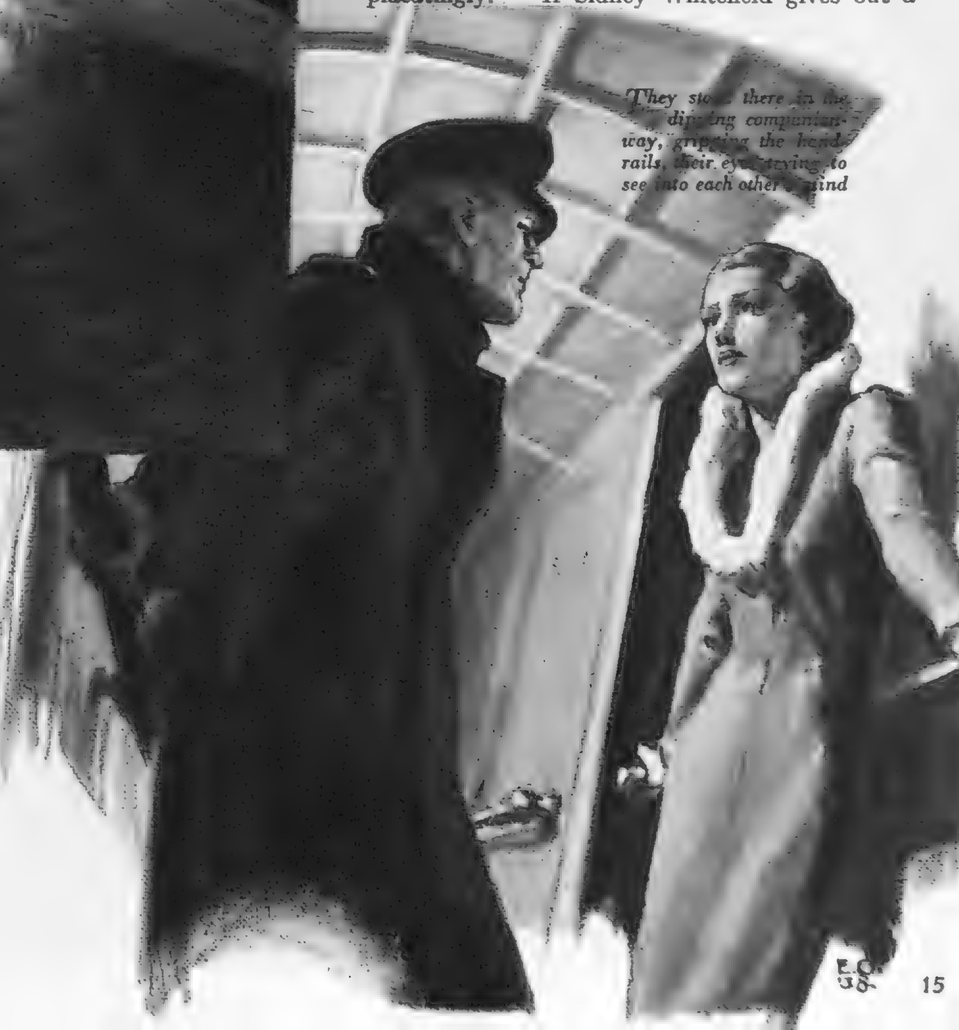
"I got it," said Joe, squirming under his superior's glare. "But it's Sidney Whitefield's line. If he wants to——"

"If it's going to be that kind of line," Kel said, "Whitefield can have it! I don't want any part of it."

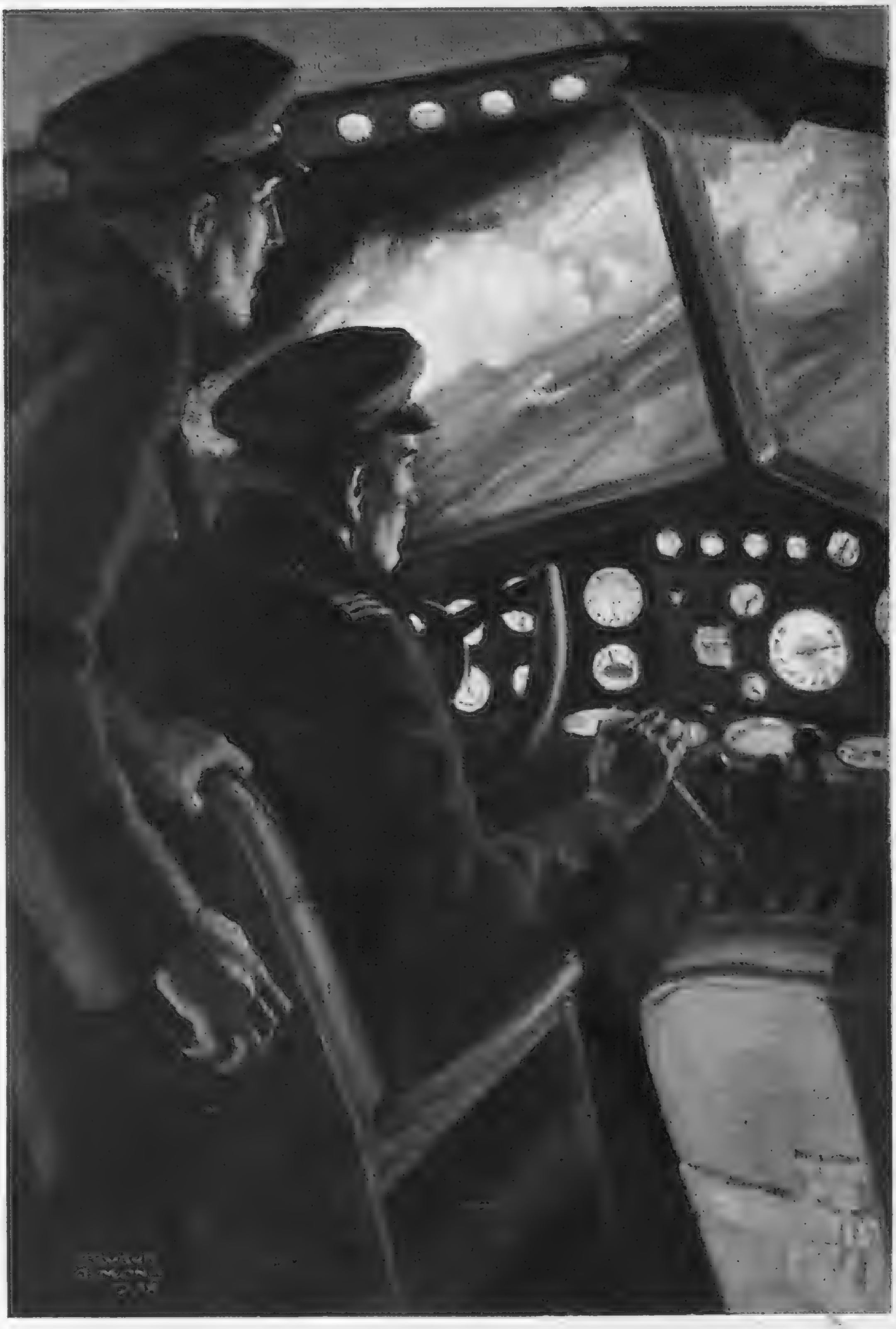
"What kind of line?" said Joe, frowning.

Kel's look said: "You couldn't be so dumb!" His voice said: "Skip it! For a purely scientific trip, with nothing—but absolutely nothing—to interfere with schedules, I might suggest this as The Top of Tops in examples."

"It's no skin off your nose, Skipper," said Joe placatingly. "If Sidney Whitefield gives out a



*They stood there in the dipping companionway, gripping the hand-rails, their eyes trying to see into each other's mind*



" *Watch it!" he shouted in warning. "It's going to break!"*

lot of Press publicity and pays for it, then doesn't live up to it, that 's his headache."

Kel straightened and squinted at his watch. " 'The New Yorker' takes-off," he said with finality, " in exactly three minutes twenty-eight seconds. Anybody not aboard then gets left. Regardless of whose head aches."

Joe looked at Kel appealingly. Kel was the finest pilot he had ever flown with, and the finest fellow. It was a real break for Kel to skipper " The New Yorker." It would make him the senior pilot of the line. It would give him a sort of prestige, the first commander of the first commercial Transatlantic line. But officially this was only a test flight. It wouldn't count as an appointment. And if Kel took a high hand, Sidney Whitefield would fire him. He would have to.

" We could make up any lost time," reminded Joe urgently. " Maybe they won't hold us up long. We——"

" We take-off," Kel said grimly, consulting his watch, " in exactly two minutes fifty-eight seconds. Be ready."

Joe looked at him once more with appeal. " Kel——"

" Be ready," Kel said flatly.

Joe said : " Yes, sir. . . ."

Those on the pier, the Press with cameras and others lucky enough to secure passes, were crowding, shifting for better positions. It was one minute to five. At five " The New Yorker " was scheduled to take-off. The float was deserted now except for the lean, broad-shouldered skipper. His handsome face told them nothing ; but his pacing did. He was anxious to be off.

A motor-horn honked insistently on the pier behind the spectators. They paid no attention. The captain of " The New Yorker " looked up towards them. It was then the crowd parted grudgingly, making way for a dark, excited man and a red-haired young woman, followed by a chauffeur staggering under luggage.

It was the red-haired young woman coming down the plank to the float Kel watched. He had not seen her in nearly three years—not since he had been stunt-flying for motion pictures in Hollywood. She hadn't changed much in appearance. She still looked as slim, as creamy-and-rose, as lovely—and as baffling.

It was the dark, excited man who was speaking to Kel on the float in a jerky, breathless voice : " Broke all speed laws, but we got here ! I 'm Herman Petree, of course. This is Miss Lilly Sutton."

Kel had not taken his eyes from her. Once, the last time he had seen her, she had said to him : " . . . I could never be happy with a man who places no value on his neck. If I ever marry, it will be a man I can depend upon, one who can take care of me as well as his own life insurance." Now she looked at him with steady, curious eyes. They were warm, hazel eyes, with an elusive twinkle behind them. They had changed none, apparently.

" Hallo," she said.

He answered as evenly : " Hallo."

Then he glanced at his watch. The ship's steward had taken their luggage. " If you 'll go aboard now," Kel said abruptly, " we 'll take-off—on time."

Before Kel followed them through the low cabin door, he took one more glance skyward. It looked plenty troublesome up there in the streaking greyness—plenty. Kel signalled " Go ! " to Joe in the pilot's compartment, then he went aboard and closed the cabin door.

" THE NEW YORKER," her four motors throbbing vibrantly, moved away from the float and into the roughening water with sure grace and manœuvred into position for the take-off. On the dot of five, with an accelerated roar, she left a white gash and lifted. A cheer followed her from the pier, but died almost as quickly as the great ship vanished in the swirling mists over the Atlantic. Ships of the air had taken off beautifully before under more favourable conditions and never been heard of. . . .

The captain's table in the compact green-and-white dining salon presented a curious spectacle at dinner to those air engineers and technicians aboard " The New Yorker." Kel's place was empty, and on the right of it was the lovely red-gold Lilly Sutton in a low black evening gown. On the left of the vacant chair sat the dark-haired man who produced Hollywood's best motion pictures. The two talked across the empty seat in taut undertones, and spoke to the air-engineers at the table with animated interest, assimilated. Herman Petree had a greenish pallor well known to men of the air.

Kel's empty chair was understandable. *The New Yorker* had run into dirty weather less than an hour out of Southampton. The weather had grown constantly worse. The great ship lifted and lunged unexpectedly. The dining-salon, in the stern, got the full brunt of the storm, occasionally whipping and often shivering. Herman Petree was the first to stand, gripping the table. He looked frightened. Lilly Sutton left the dining salon with him.

In the pilots' compartment everything was quiet. The instrument lights, visored low, illuminated two men's chins, set. Kel was still at the controls; Joe was still waiting, grimly. Outside was ferocious blackness, unguessable. Below, a turbulent Atlantic.

Somewhere behind those two set chins was Barry Thorne, the navigator, who had blown up once from nerves because Kel seemed to be trying out the whole sky.

"I'm not asking you to do the impossible," Kel had said. "I'm only asking you to do what we're all doing—our best."

The silence that had set in them was rigid, electric. Joe had tried to sit back in the co-pilot's seat but couldn't. The weather around them was brutal, excusably nerve-racking, yet that didn't explain Kel's quickness at the controls. Kel had never over-controlled before.

Joe looked at Kel once more, worried, and set the ship's clock back an hour, making it midnight again. Then he sat up recklessly. "Listen, Skipper, I'm not after your glory. You can fight this . . ." he nodded toward the blackness above the instrument board that was lashing the big plane about viciously, ". . . you can fight it all you want to, but you could fight it better on a cup of coffee and a stretch of your muscles."

Kel looked at Joe then as if from a distance and seemed to come out of it. "Okay, Joe," he said. "Okay, take over."

KEL started aft, stiffly, through the deserted forward midnight-blue salon and down the cabin companion-way. The door to cabin number seven opened, and she stopped in it, sharply. Her hands went to the door frame and she stood there rigidly. She was in a coral negligée with a standing feathery collar. Her fine eyes on Kel were reproachful, her chin lifted. The last time he had seen her thus defiant she had been on the defensive. It was when she had said to Kel: ". . . I could never be happy with a man who places no value on his neck."

A movement beyond her in the cabin on the bed drew Kel's attention. It was Herman Petree in a wine-coloured, silk dressing robe. His knees were drawn up near his chest and he seemed to be writhing in agony.

Kel looked down at Lilly once more. His voice came as from the past, with scorn. "Apparently you're happy now." Her eyes remained on him steadily. "I was just about to send for you—for the third time. It's an appendicitis attack. He thinks he's dying."

Kel held his gaze on her a moment longer, then he moved her arm and went in.

He stood over Herman Petree, bracing himself by a hand against the swaying wall. Somewhere behind him was Lilly. The small cabin lifted, dropped away, dizzily. Kel said to the writhing figure on the bed: "What's the matter?"

Two terrified dark eyes looked up at him out of pallor, angered. "How many times must the captain of an air-liner be sent for in extreme emergency? I've a good mind to have you fired."

Kel grinned down at him. "Why don't you?"

The whole body contorted under the wine-coloured robe; turned over. It might have been pain or rage. "You don't think I can do it?"

Kel's grin broadened. "Does it matter?"

The dark eyes glaring up at him hardened. "Where's the *Britannia?*"

Kel started a little at that, curiously. "The *Britannia* happens to be relaying our wireless right now. Why?"

"My doctor is aboard her. Dr. Karl Hoffmann of Vienna. I consulted him in Europe. He knows my case. This attack . . ." Herman Petree cramped tightly ". . . may be—fatal. Wireless Hoffmann. Ask him what to do."

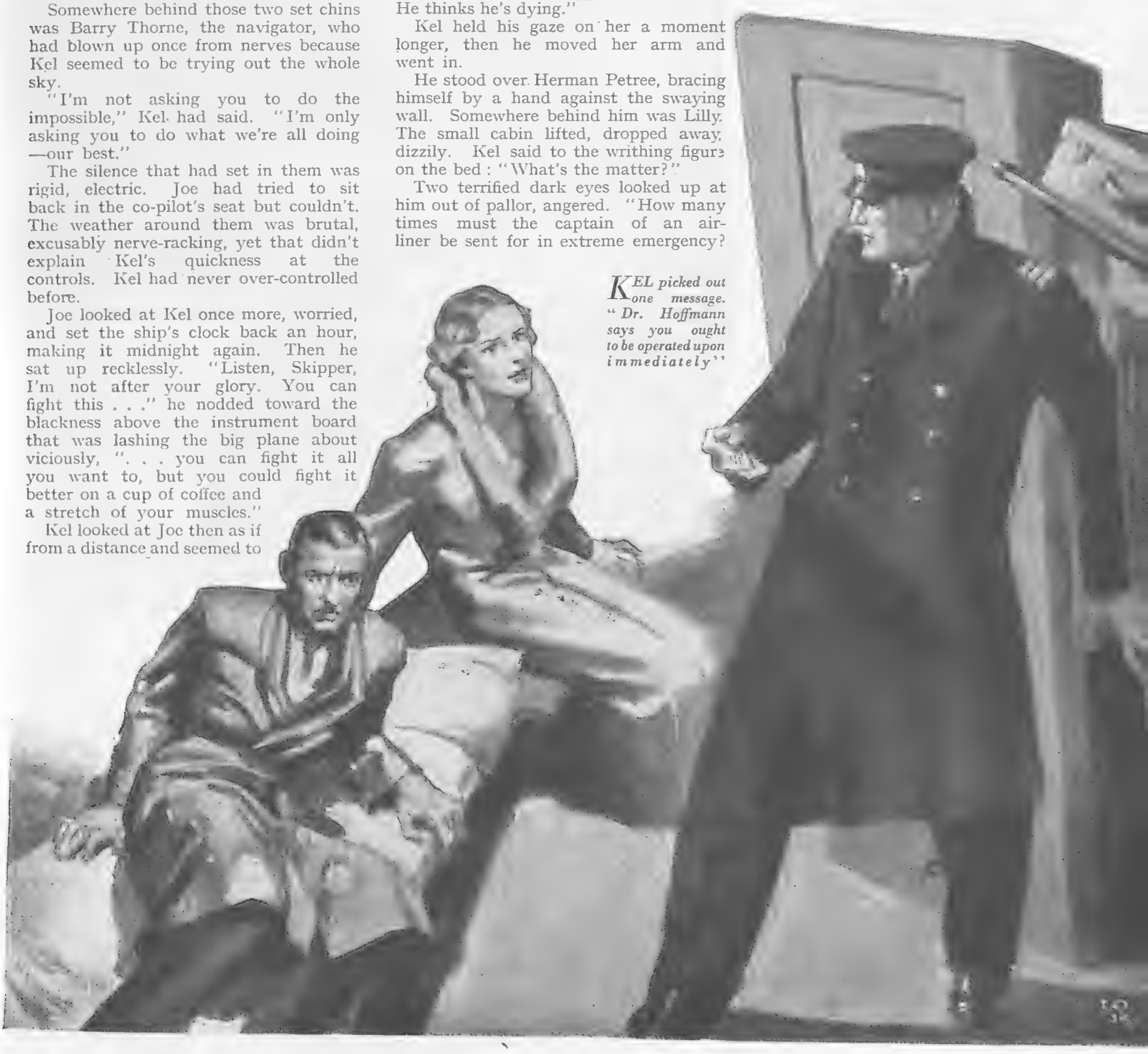
"What could he do?"

"Ask him, you fool! Ask him!" the grey lips shouted. "Wireless him—or I'll have Sidney Whitefield fire you!"

The cabin lifted slowly around them, quivered.

"Do," said Kel. *(Continued on page 129)*

*KEL picked out one message. "Dr. Hoffmann says you ought to be operated upon immediately"*



# Four Thousand Women

THE judge finishes speaking and the tension in the court breaks. The murmur of talk begins to swell about you, but before you have time to realize just what the judge has been saying to you to make all these people stare at you—a woman—as if you were some strange animal in a cage, a police matron touches your elbow. Perhaps you have not been able to convince yourself that all this is true. Perhaps it seems like some fantastic dream that you should have seen the jury retire, that you should have been brought back to hear their verdict, that you should have heard that terrible word *GUILTY* spoken into the expectant hush.

Perhaps. But with that tap on your elbow you now have to face facts. You, a British woman, have been sent to gaol. A women's prison in England is going to be your life for months, perhaps years ahead, and you have perhaps read stories of French penal establishments, Devil's Island, chain gangs in the United States, the rigours of German disciplinary prisons. What are they going to do to you in an English gaol?

You stumble down the steps and someone pushes you into a cell beneath the court, where you are locked for a while. You are still in the street clothes in which you surrendered to your bail. Two different matrons shortly appear and you are shepherded carefully down a passage. A policeman unlocks a door with a big key out of the bunch hanging from his belt by a chain, and you see a black motor van waiting in the court yard, backed up against the door. You step in. The matrons follow. The door slams and someone locks it.

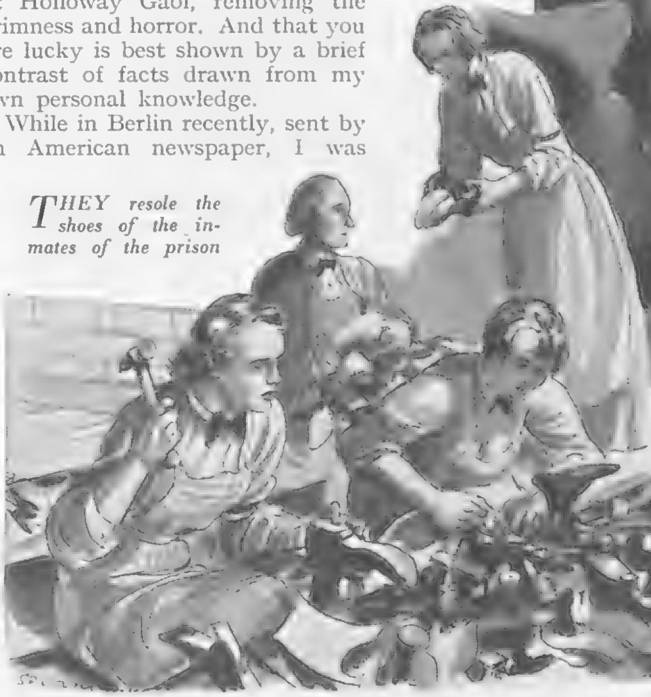
The matron sitting next to you looks a homely, pleasant woman and she catches your eye and smiles. "Where are we going?" you manage. "Holloway, dearie," she tells you. "You look worn out, but don't worry any more now. They'll look after you, and it isn't so bad as it seems."

THE van stops and you hear heavy gates unbarred. Then the van drives on, stops, backs, and the door is unlocked. This is another courtyard in a building with grey turrets and towers, built like a castle on a sunny hill. With the matrons you pass into a little linoleum covered room and a prison officer—a woman—writes particulars about you in a book. You go into another room to change into prison clothes—grey and not unlike a kitchen maid's with the neat checkered apron, and an attendant gives you a bright red tie. She explains that as a first conviction you are in a special class—Star Class—and that the tie is a badge ensuring that you do not mix with other convicts. You return to the room to sign a sheet recording your possessions, which have been taken from you and stored. Your fingerprints are taken. A woman dressed in a blue uniform nothing like the warder's uniform you may have imagined takes you to your cell, and probably you are locked in pending a medical examination.

You have arrived. You are in prison. You will have plenty of time for thinking about things now. Are you going to be able to bear this? The answer for an Englishwoman in an English prison—especially Holloway Prison—soon arrives. You have much to hope for and nothing to fear. If you are one of the 4,338 women convicted and received into English prisons for the last officially recorded year, you are lucky once more to be English. A great deal of sound progressive work has been done in the last ten years at Holloway Gaol, removing the grimness and horror. And that you are lucky is best shown by a brief contrast of facts drawn from my own personal knowledge.

While in Berlin recently, sent by an American newspaper, I was taken round a prison for the purpose of an article. Down a corridor in the women's wing we passed a cell where a young and very good-looking woman was sitting on a bare bench staring at the bare brick walls. "Political," the trooper mentioned and we passed on. Before I left Berlin later in the week that girl had had her head struck off with an axe.

*The entrance*

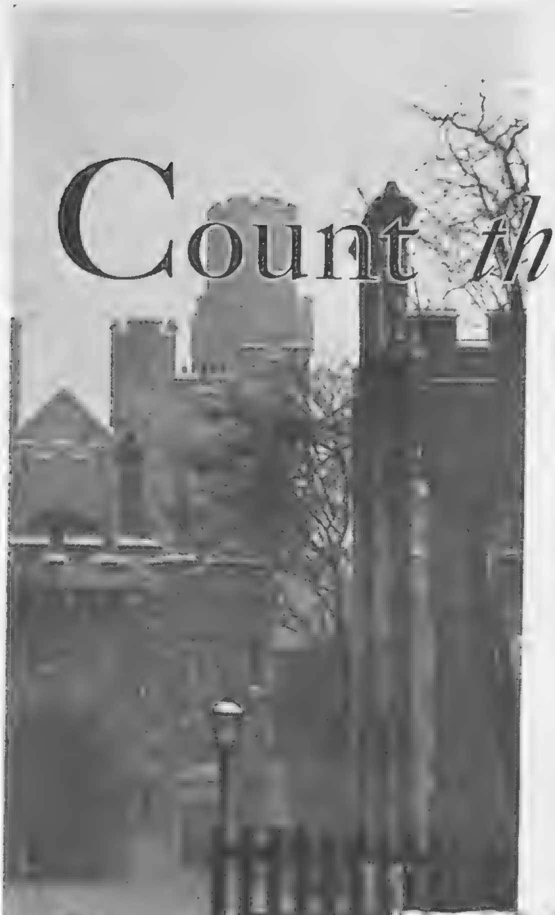

*THEY resole the shoes of the inmates of the prison*

I was thinking of that German girl when one of the principal officers of Holloway Prison, Miss Hall, was conducting me over the prison. We had just stopped to talk with a group of old women at work at embroidery round the stove of a common room furnished with rugs, chairs, curtains, a sofa, and a canary in a gay cage. "When one of our old convicts," she told me, "was released after serving her sentence, she walked down the road from the prison gates and smashed a window. She was arrested and brought back eventually, and her only anxiety seemed to be that she might not get back her old cell."

It is a fact that has to be officially reckoned with that some of the convicts who have served long terms of penal servitude in Holloway are distressed when their sentences come to an end and they have to leave. The alternative for these old women is in most cases the workhouse, and since a convict has a room to herself to sleep in, good food, and humane working conditions it is not difficult to understand this tendency.

THE prison is built like a star. In the wings that house the cells these rise in four storeys round a well, access from floor to floor being by means of circular staircases. At each stage the well is screened by wire netting to prevent accidents, and long corridors stretch along either side. Between three and four hundred women are imprisoned at Holloway and with this material to draw on it is not surprising that the prison is spotlessly clean. Each cell has a soft bed showing an immaculate sheet and pillowslip. The linen is for decorative purposes only. It is taken off the bed at night, and, indeed, I found that the 'sheet' was a mere slip some three feet by two feet, tucked under the blankets. Nevertheless one elderly convict—who it seemed had the key to her own cell in a bunch at her waist—unlocked her cell to show me a room that was among the brightest I

# Count *the* Days



gates to Holloway

B. L. Jacot, *who wrote about the Chain Gangs and helped to expose the scandal besmirching American Gaols, describes in this article the life of Women Convicts in Holloway Gaol, following a visit made to compare conditions in English prisons with those abroad . . .*

have ever seen. Compared to that cell in an English prison the room I once occupied at a famous English university is a garret.

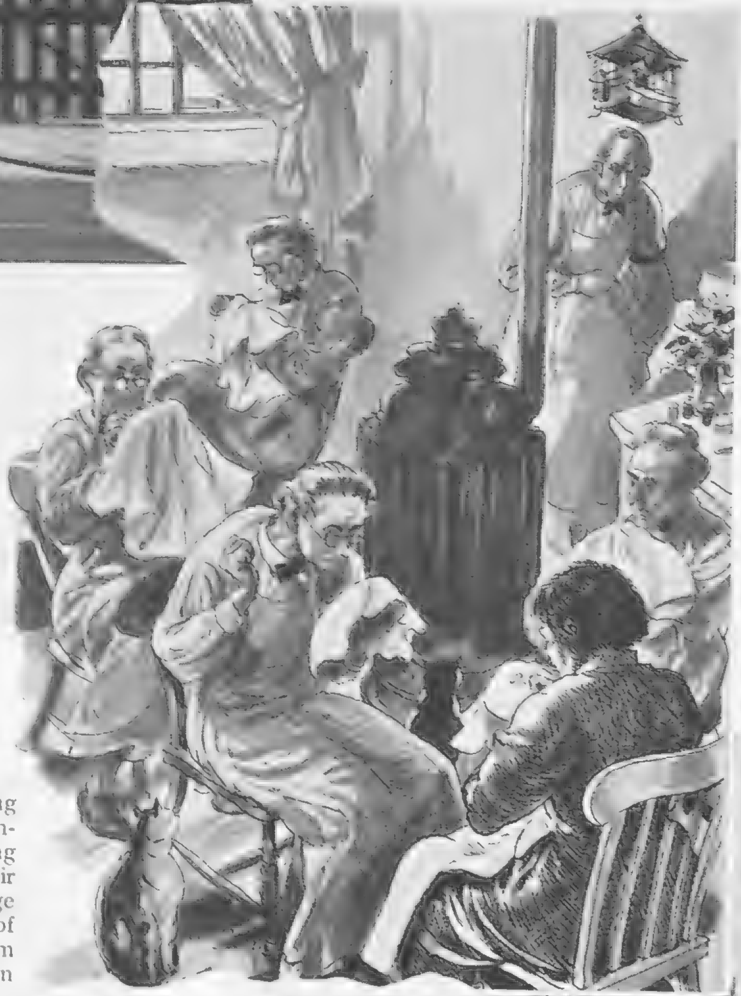
This woman, it was explained by Miss Hall, was one of a small band of Trusteds—that is to say a convict who has earned the privilege of working without any supervision. A red band marked her arm, and I was later to see others walking round the prison, unlocking doors, going methodically about their tasks. The privilege is rarely abused, and of recent years the system has been extended in Honour Parties—groups of about ten prisoners who work without direct supervision in special rooms. An extension that also works well in practice.

A mat covers the floor of the cell next the bed, and although other rugs are not allowed in the rules squares of carpet seemed to have found their way into most of the cells I looked into. The prison officials do not see these little luxuries officially. Each cell has a chair, table, and small washstand with the complete civilized equipment of tooth brush, nail brush, face flannel, dentifrice, etc., and by actual count over two-thirds of the cells had flowers in vases. These, too, come from friends "outside," and if this contravention of the strict rules need any justification I think that it finds it in the unwritten law among the prisoners that these flowers are placed outside the cell on the landing while the inmates are away at work so that others can "get a look" at their flowers.

Each convict is allowed six "pictures" in her cell, but this official allowance is generally exceeded. I saw during my visit that morning more pictures of Robert Taylor than I have seen in a normal month elsewhere. Jack Holt ran him a close second, and every now and then W. C. Fields persistently cropped up—the older ladies' choice, perhaps.

The woman convict's work is largely determined by the medical officers. There are three classifications. The huge, well-conducted laundry comes under the class for heavy work and is very popular. The work turned out is the equal of commercial laundry work, and the women take a great pride in the quality of their labour. The biggest employer of convict labour is the double-storeyed block where batteries of electrically-operated sewing machines give a good working imitation of mass production. The girls make socks (with machinery) and shirts and pyjamas for their colleagues at Pentonville, nearby, and for Borstal boys. Post Office contracts are filled here, too. The convicts work seven, or eight hours a day for five days a week, and it is difficult to believe, as you look round, that you are, in fact, in a prison.

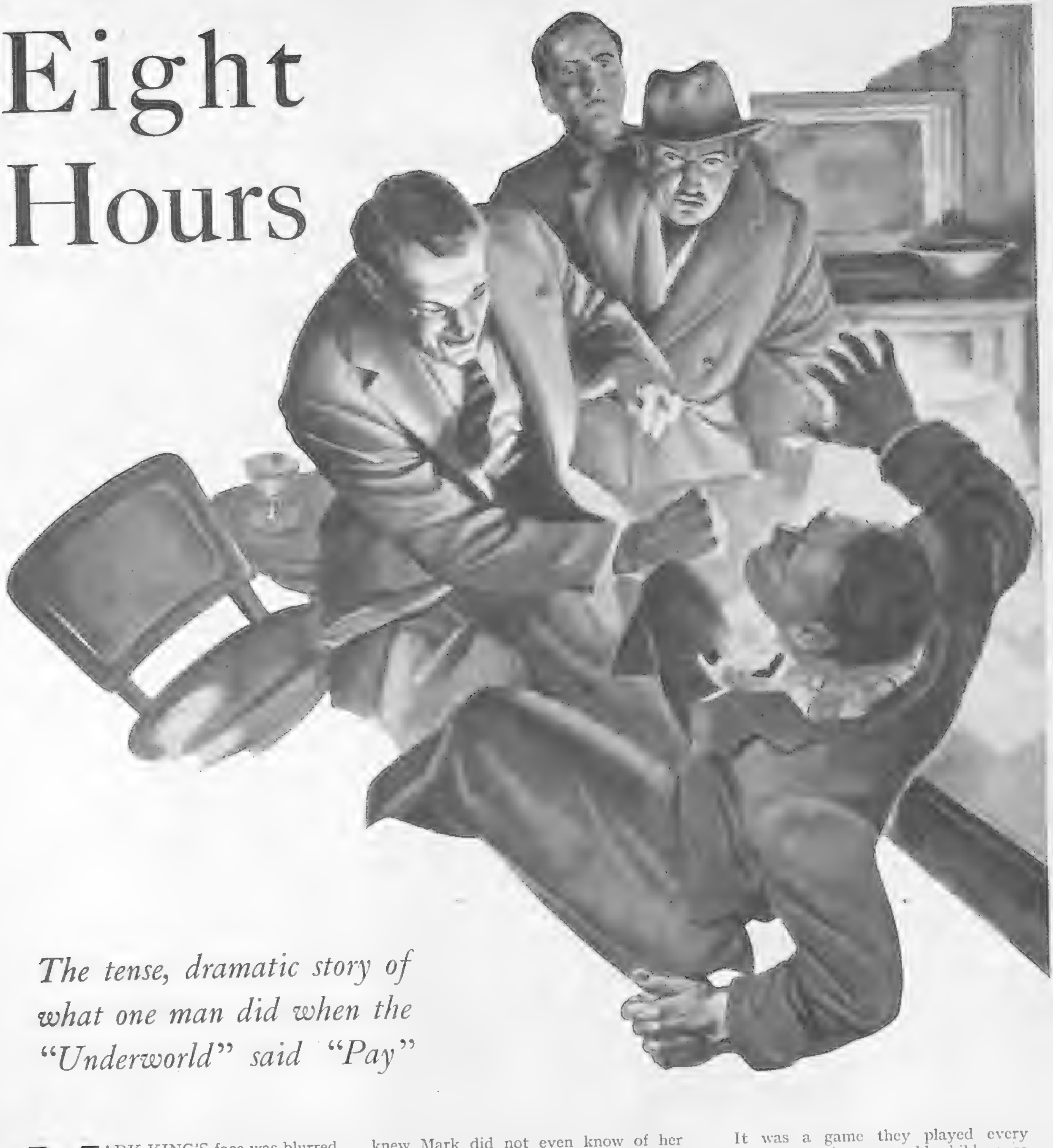
Other work is done in the kitchens and gardens. Women resole the shoes of the inmates of the prison, and there must be legions who polish and scrub the prison into its state of (*Continued on page* 79)



*WORKING at their knitting, surrounded by their pets—they might have been any six old ladies in a boarding house*

*ANOTHER view of the prison. With turrets and towers it looks like a castle on a sunny hill*

# Eight Hours



*The tense, dramatic story of what one man did when the "Underworld" said "Pay"*

MARK KING'S face was blurred with softness and tenderness as he leaned over the crib. His eyes, which could be cold and black and flecked with green glints of anger, were twinkling now and his mouth, which could be tight-lipped and bloodless, was laughing.

"Daddy's got to go to work, Janie. Daddy's got to work to buy Janie presents," he coaxed. Reluctantly the child released her arms from about his neck. On the opposite side of the crib Dora King looked at her husband. Like him she was tall and dark but her eyes could never be black or cold. They were soft eyes and as they looked at him there was confidence and happiness and something else peering from them. He belonged to her, although hundreds who knew Mark did not even know of her existence. True he left her each night at eleven, but he returned to her each morning and only she knew that he didn't really live; he didn't give anything of himself to anyone during those long hours of the night. He seemed to. He knew a thousand people by their first name and many called him friend, but Dora knew that his world was bounded by herself and their three-year-old child. It was that proud knowledge that also showed in her eyes.

"Now Janie," he said to her sleepy face, "close your eyes and when you open them daddy will be here."

"You promise, daddy." She looked at him confident of his answer.

"Daddy promises," he said solemnly, and she closed her eyes.

It was a game they played every night. Why three-year-old children so often wake at eleven at night is a mystery no one can solve. Why they drop off to sleep to wake again at six is another mystery. But they do. So each night at eleven when he left for the club Mark King said good night to his child and each morning when she woke at six, he was there.

He and Dora walked out of the room. Wordless, yet in perfect understanding they walked to the door. He kept his smiling gaze on her dark hair which tried to be sleek but which now was rebelling so that wisps of curls crept out from behind her ears.

"I love your hair when it's mussed just a little bit," he said softly, stroking it.

He looked at the softness of her face

## By

## Quentin Reynolds

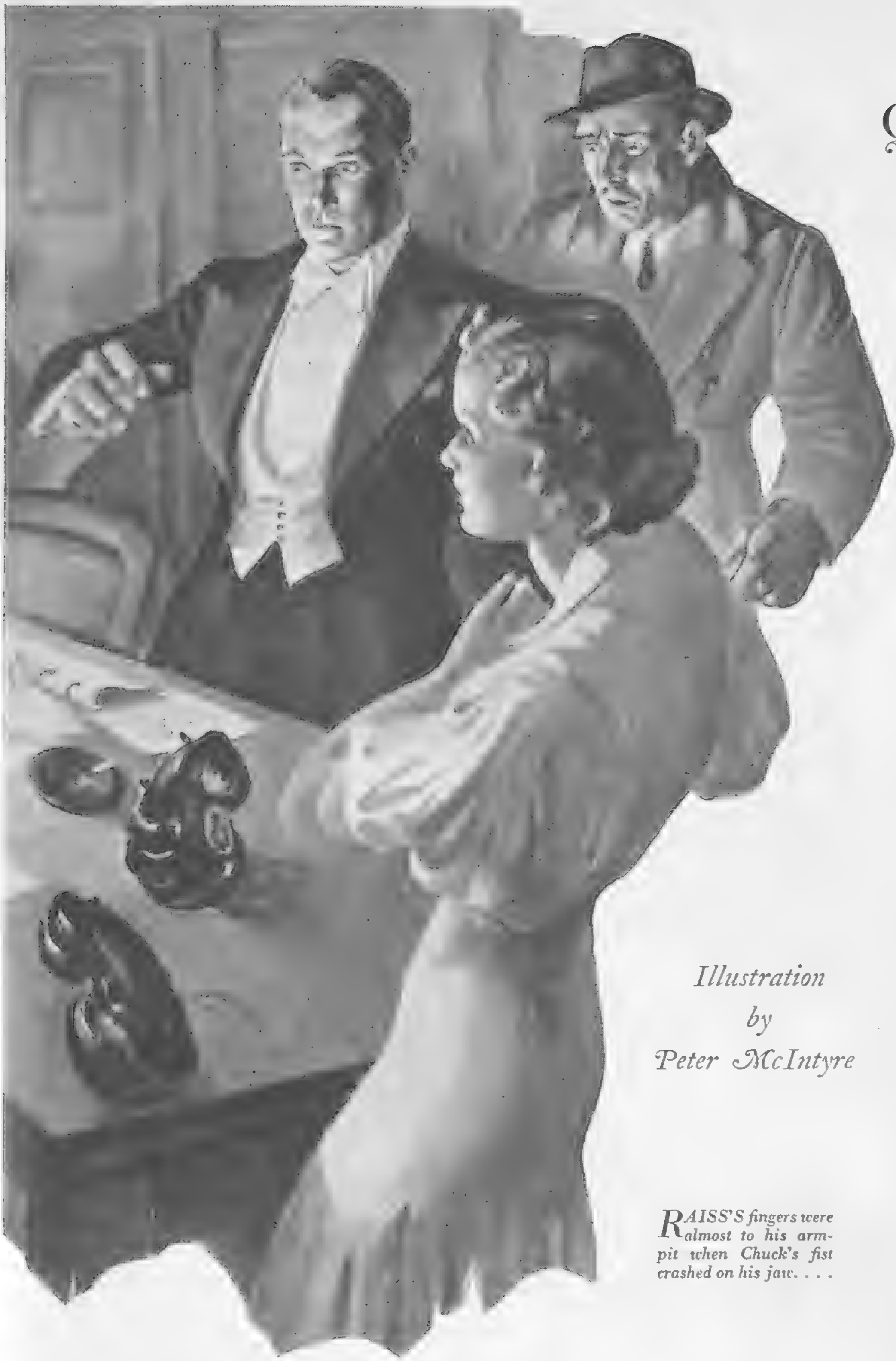


*Illustration by Peter McIntyre*

*RAISS'S fingers were almost to his armpit when Chuck's fist crashed on his jaw. . . .*

and he lifted her chin with a finger. Her eyes looked smiling into his.

"In about eight hours my darling I'll be back. When I come in remember to remind me."

She put her slim hands up and held his face between them. She could feel the hardness of and the strength of his face.

"Remind you of what?" she asked.

"Remind me to tell you how beautiful you are and how lucky I am," he whispered. "Remind me to tell how I love you and of how I will always love you."

"However will I remember to remind you, darling?" Neither wanted to end this moment.

"When I go, my love, walk out on the terrace and count the stars," he said softly. "I'll think of you twice to-night for every star you count. And look at the moon closely, my Dora, and you'll see it smiling at you. You'll see."

She swayed against him and she said: "Go away from me. If you don't go now I won't let you go at all."

He smiled and then he opened the door. He looked straight into her eyes and he said: "I love you better than anything in the world."

She returned his look gravely and said solemnly: "I know you do. And I love you the same way. We're the only ones."

"We're the only ones, my darling." He kissed her lightly and opened the door.

RIDING down in the elevator he tried hard to get her out of his mind. He tried to banish the careless curls that crept from behind her ears. He tried to become the Mark King he would have to be to-night; the Mark King he had to be every night. Gradually the soft laughing look went out of his eyes, The corners of his mouth lost their smile and his lips were straight now. He stepped from the elevator and nodded curtly to the doorman's: "Good evening, Mr. King," and then he called: "Chuck."

From out of the shadows flanking the entrance to the apartment house a short, stocky figure appeared. This was Chuck Barry who for fifteen years had acted as bodyguard for King. Chuck's face was round, expressionless, and his arms were short but on occasions they could move with incredible quickness.

"How are things at the club, Chuck?" Mark asked.

"Big crowd, boss."

Mark nodded. "Let's go then."

He and Chuck walked to the long, dark sedan that was parked at the curb. A huge man grinned toothlessly and opened the door. Big Mack had been Mark's chauffeur for many years and he, Chuck and Mark formed a strange trio.

"Hello, boss." Big Mack's grin never left him. Many years before a bullet had twisted Big Mack's mouth into a perpetual grin.

He motioned Chuck to get into the back with him and the huge car rolled silently down Park Avenue. Chuck kept talking, telling of things that had happened at the club earlier that evening. Mark was only half listening. Through Chuck's words he kept seeing Dora as she had looked to-night; as she had looked four years before when he and she were married. Thoughts kept creeping into his consciousness, flashes of panorama that came and went.

He had been born in a small Kansas town but he had been born with the look of eagles in his eye and such a look was not satisfied with what it saw in a small Kansas town. Two years of college were enough for him and then there was the war and after the war a different kind of war; a war for existence. Running rum on small uncertain boats led to ownership of one and then two boats. Then he had begun in a small way by buying an interest in a speakeasy. It grew in popularity and soon he opened another. Then repeal and he risked everything on one throw of the dice. He built a night club and he spent a hundred thousand dollars to furnish it. His old patrons and hundreds of new ones flocked to it.

"Boss, you ain't been hearing me." Chuck's voice was reproachful. "I said what are you going to do about Spivildi?"

"Spivildi?" Mark brought his thoughts back abruptly. "What about him?"

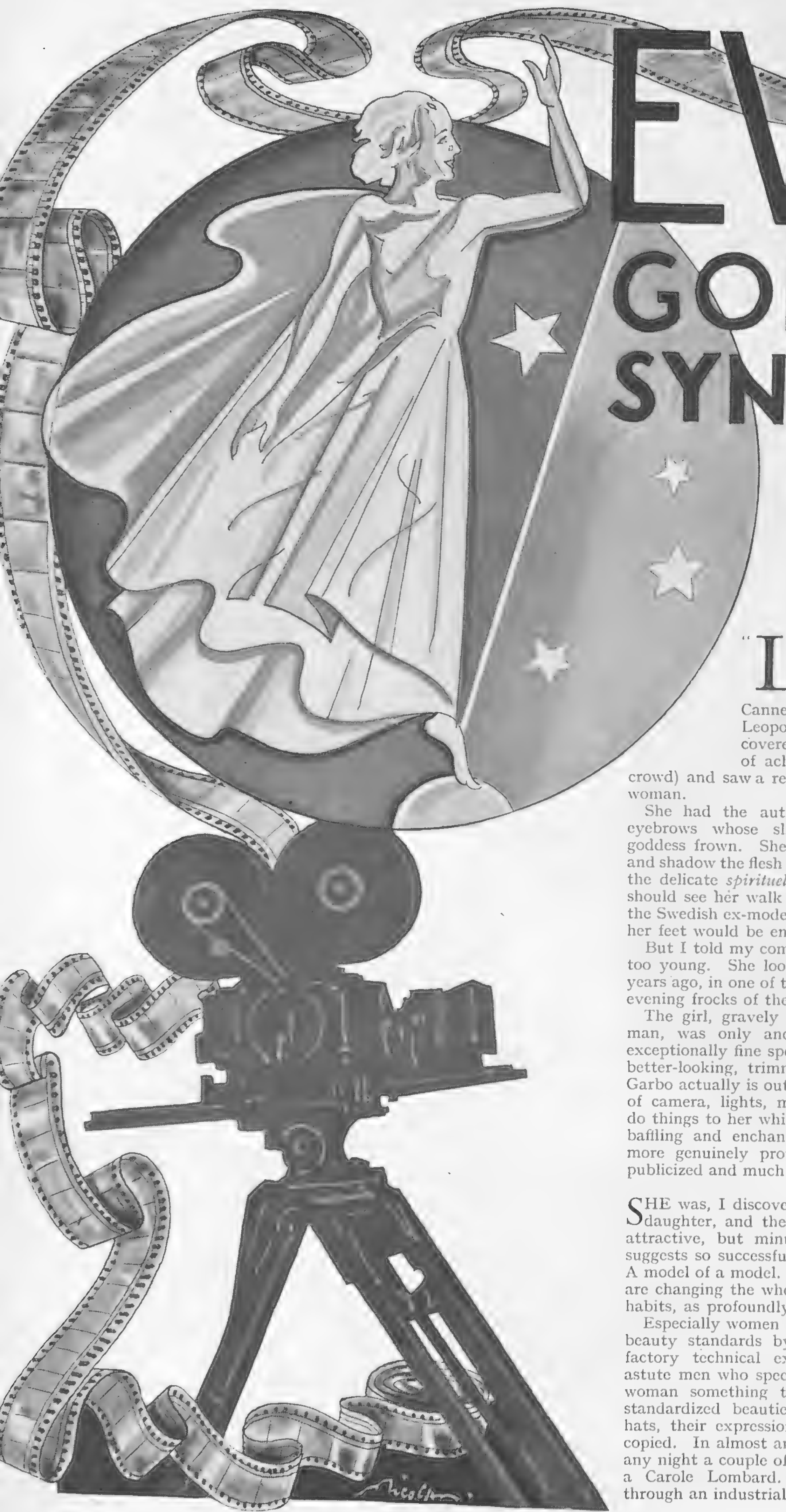
"Boss, I been telling you," Chuck explained patiently. "Joe Spivildi was in again early to-night. He wants to know why we don't use more of his Scotch."

"Glen Ayr Scotch? It's no good. We never get a call for it," Mark frowned.

"He's coming in to-night, boss," Chuck said. "You can't laugh him off. Mario Calvo and Johnny Raiss are in with him."

Mark's eyes

(*Continued on page* 116)



# EVE GOES SYNTHETIC

### by C·PATRICK THOMPSON

"LOOK, isn't that Garbo?"

I looked across the restaurant (it was the background—flattering interior of the Carlton restaurant at Cannes: Garbo was supposed to be with Leopold Stokowski at Rapallo, but, discovered, she might have played the old trick of achieving anonymity by mixing with a crowd) and saw a really lovely and excitant-looking young woman.

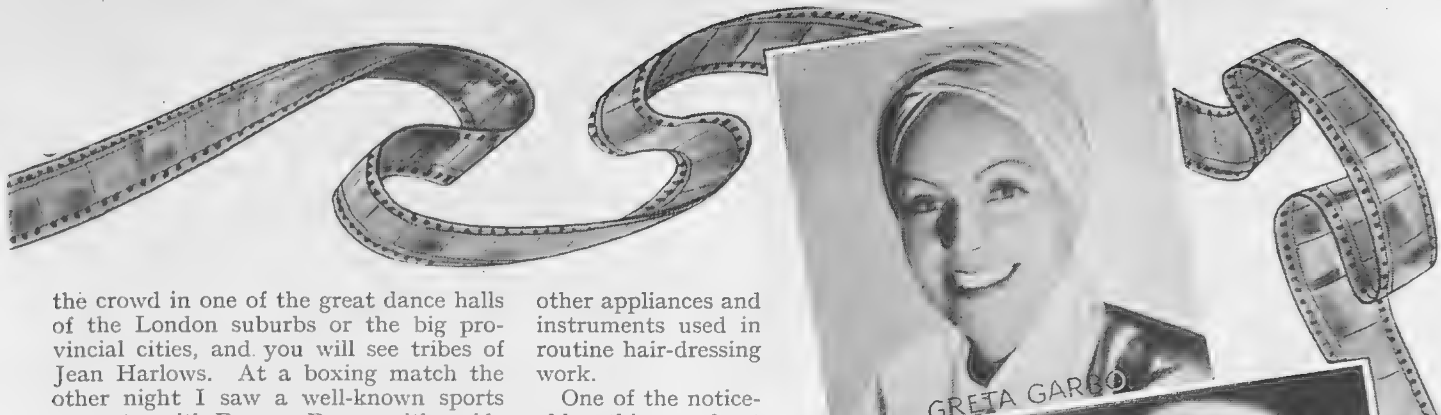
She had the authentic Garbo hair-mop, the arched eyebrows whose slightest contraction could suggest a goddess frown. She had the high cheekbones which thin and shadow the flesh beneath to the jawbone line, conveying the delicate *spirituelle* touch. I knew that if she rose I should see her walk with the back-sway which hall-marks the Swedish ex-model; and I would have made a bet that her feet would be encased in long shoes with low heels.

But I told my companion that was not Garbo. She was too young. She looked as Garbo might have looked ten years ago, in one of the more sophisticated and streamlined evening frocks of the winter of 1938.

The girl, gravely eating with a grey-haired, still-faced man, was only another synthetic Garbo, although an exceptionally fine specimen. In truth, she was very much better-looking, trimmer and slimmer, than the authentic Garbo actually is out of the film factory where the wizards of camera, lights, make-up, dress and hair-manipulation do things to her which show her to the world as a woman baffling and enchanting, a strange and beautiful female more genuinely provocative of dreams than the over-publicized and much too fleshy Mona Lisa.

SHE was, I discovered next day, a Danish industrialist's daughter, and the man with her was her father. Very attractive, but minus any of that depth which Garbo suggests so successfully (she may have it: I don't know). A model of a model. She reminded me again that the films are changing the whole aspect of our world and of human habits, as profoundly as the automobile has done.

Especially women are being moulded in externals and in beauty standards by the synthetic creations of the film factory technical experts and psychologists, peculiarly astute men who specialize in giving the average man and woman something that life denies. Imitations of these standardized beauties are multiplying. Their hair and hats, their expressions and their tricks, are studied and copied. In almost any London ballroom one can pick out any night a couple of Crawfords, several Jean Arthurs and a Carole Lombard. Take a Saturday afternoon walk through an industrial district, or drop in and look over the



the crowd in one of the great dance halls of the London suburbs or the big provincial cities, and you will see tribes of Jean Harlows. At a boxing match the other night I saw a well-known sports promoter with Frances Day on either side of him—except that neither of the ash-blondes was Miss Frances Day: they were obviously sisters, perhaps twins, who had evidently decided that they were Frances Day types (or possibly that Frances Day was their type, and had just chanced to hall-mark herself first).

Sociologists are beginning to pay attention to this phenomenon, one of the most striking of our age. Scientists are investigating it. Chemists are entangled in its web. Business men of all sorts have been long studying it and exploiting the rich vein it opens out. Even the dictators are occupying themselves with it as a matter of high policy. For this is not a silly-season craze. It has a profound significance, and if you dig under the merely decorative strata you find yourself among the roots of life itself.

I DISCUSSED this last month with an economist—he functions for a great chemical combine—who keeps check on what he calls "human trends." He does it by prolonging curves on an enormous chart which covers one whole wall in his white, daylight-lamp-lit, air-conditioned office. Some of the lines that cross it look like an outline of the Himalayas. Some start high and steadily work down; others start low and continue their course in an upward direction. On that graph one could see at a glance the fluctuating fortunes of great industries based on the necessities and luxuries of human life. It did not need a very close study to see that the person who said: "Give me the luxuries of life, and you can have all the necessities" was not, after all, a bizarre and exceptional character.

One saw that the dressing and adornment of the female of the species had gradually developed and expanded to a point where it represented the third greatest industry. A red curve moving up over the years like the trajectory of a low-driven golf ball, represented the sales of basic chemicals used in cosmetic and hair dye manufacture. A blue line, also climbing, told the tale of women's increasing interest in, and care of, their hair, through sales of sundry electrical and other appliances and instruments used in routine hair-dressing work.

One of the noticeable things about these latter curves was that, like air-borne traffic and armaments, they moved inexorably on an up curve which had no relation to the general trade curves. The latter fluctuated, and, since September, 1937, had turned down. But all the figures relating to air travel were moving *up* in the great slump period, when everything else was moving *down*: and it was the same with these articles and substances relating to Eve's adornment and embellishment.

This week it is a statistical certainty that over a million lipsticks will be sold to the thirteen million females between the ages of fifteen and sixty who live in this island. It is also a statistical certainty that during 1938 the sales of the eight thousand different kinds of beauty preparations now marketed will exceed £50,000,000.

The American consumption is much larger. Last year thirty million trans-Atlantic females over the age of twenty-one spent rather more than £1,000,000 a day on cosmetics alone. Hair tending, from permanents and peroxide to shampoo-and-set, approximated £90,000,000. The bill for hair-dye preparations was £7,000,000—the blonding vogue would account for that. Nearly twenty-five million boxes of rouge were sold—the American woman uses rouge much more freely than the British woman.

The insatiable demand for artifice and ever more artifice, for improvements on Nature's job, has grown to a point where it sustains a large part of the bread-and-butter life of our machine civilization. Nature shaped the female leg to attract the male. But line and curve are no longer enough. Sheen and lustre must be added. Hence the silk-hose fortunes, and the £100,000,000 Courtaulds enterprise. A well-shaped feminine foot has long been recognized as one of the world's most beautiful objects. Now, even the owners of such feet—and they are legion—are not content with them. They glove them in gleaming patent or thin kid, satin, or one of a range of synthetic materials, cut in various intriguing designs. They

(*Continued on page* 132)

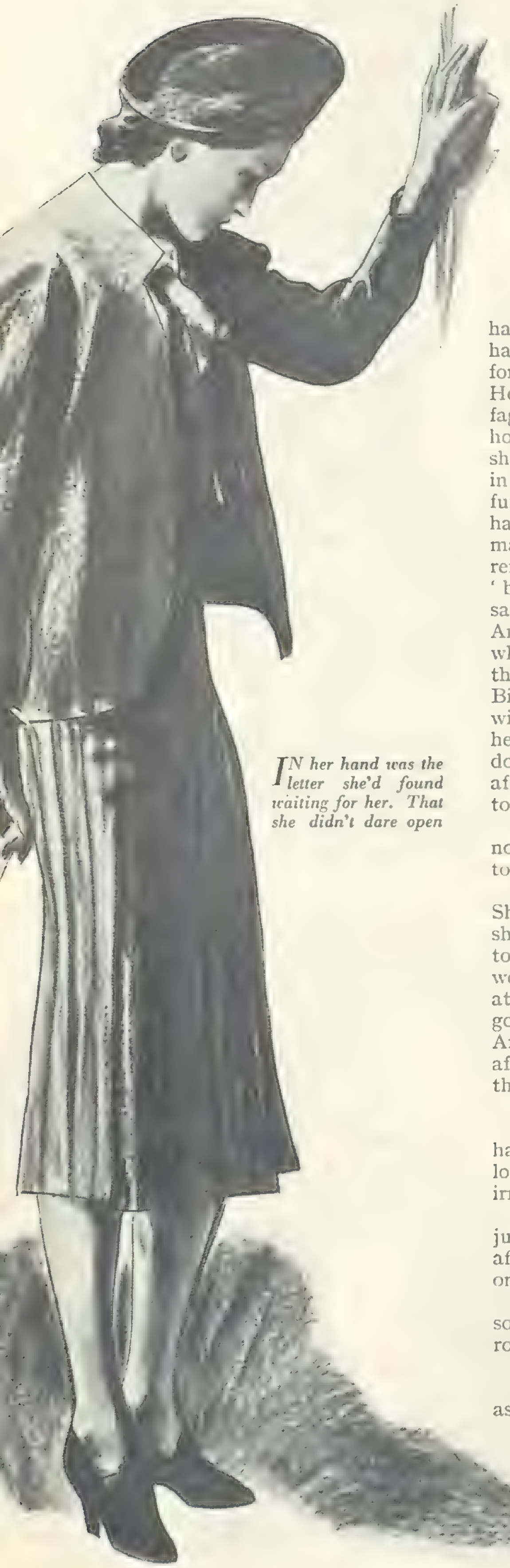
MARLENE DIETRICH
JOAN CRAWFORD
CAROLE LOMBARD
POMPADOUR
DU BARRY

Decoration by J. Nicolson, A.R.E.

# Shoe Leather

## *Necessity heeds no call but Mother's Love—Laura chooses, but Maternal instinct ruled the Hour*

### By Sylvia Thompson



*IN her hand was the letter she'd found waiting for her. That she didn't dare open*

LAURA saw his car draw up by the curb below.

It was an unusual car for the neighbourhood, and, even as he stepped out, a cluster of little boys seemed to emerge out of the pavement to investigate the shining coachwork and the gleaming lamps.

Laura turned from the window. She had just got in from work. And in her hand was the letter she'd found waiting for her. That she didn't dare open. . . . Hell. . . . And she was tired out and fagged already and she'd known, somehow, she'd find it waiting for her when she got back. . . . She knew what was in it. . . . If she didn't pay up those furniture premiums they'd come and take half the stuff in the house. Crazy . . . mad, crazy ever to have started it. She remembered then old Annie saying, 'better to have two chairs and one saucepan of our own than'. . . . Well, Annie was nearly always right. And where'd she have been without her, these last years . . . since she divorced Bill. Annie was a good sort, staying on without any salary, even contributing her own bit to the housekeeping and doing every single thing . . . looking after the child, so she, Laura, could get to work.

There was Edward ringing the bell now! Annie must be putting the child to bed. . . .

Laura went across the narrow lobby. She glanced at herself in the glass as she passed. Ten hours she had had to-day! Ten hours sales and mannequin work—with half an hour for a sandwich at lunch-time—didn't make you feel too good. . . . And those two South American women had stayed on and on, after closing time, making her put on those same dresses over and over again. . . .

"Hello, Edward!"

In the dim light of the lobby his face had an out-of-door healthiness. He looked altogether too healthy, she thought irritably.

"How are you, Laura?" he said, just as he always did, smiling with real affection, his blue, steady gaze resting on her face.

She said, trying to make her voice sound cordial: "Thank you for the roses. They're very nice."

"Not as nice as I should have liked."

"Lots of little blooms are just as lovely as a few *large* ones."

He nodded, and said simply, "That's quite true."

Either he never noticed her little teasing, ironical remarks; or he didn't realize their meaning. She wondered if anything ever annoyed him. Was his eternal good-nature a part of his lack of imagination? She dropped down into an armchair. She shivered, feeling tired and chilly.

He gave her a cigarette and lit it for her. After looking at her gravely for a moment, he took his coat off and laid it over her knees. Then, without any sign of self-consciousness at being in his shirt sleeves, he sat down on a chair opposite her. He said, "I know you're tired, dear. So I'm not going to waste your time. What I've come to say is that I want to marry you. . . . You know how very much I love you. And I'm very fond of Marigold. You know that too. . . ."

He hesitated. He went on looking into her eyes with his grave and steady look. But his colour deepened as he went on. "Don't waste time telling me that you don't love me. I know you don't. You're twenty-seven and I'm forty-five, and an ordinary sort of fellow! And—not very amusing either. I—I know that. All I can hope is that you . . ." here he hesitated again, seemed lost for a word, and then, rather uncomfortably took a phrase that didn't satisfy him, but was the only one he could find. "All I can hope is that you . . . might need me. I . . . I should like that. I've loved you ever since I first saw you, nine years ago—before your marriage. When I came back from California last year, and I heard that you . . ." he stopped.

She helped him quickly and a little brutally. "When you heard I'd divorced a rotter and hadn't a single penny!"

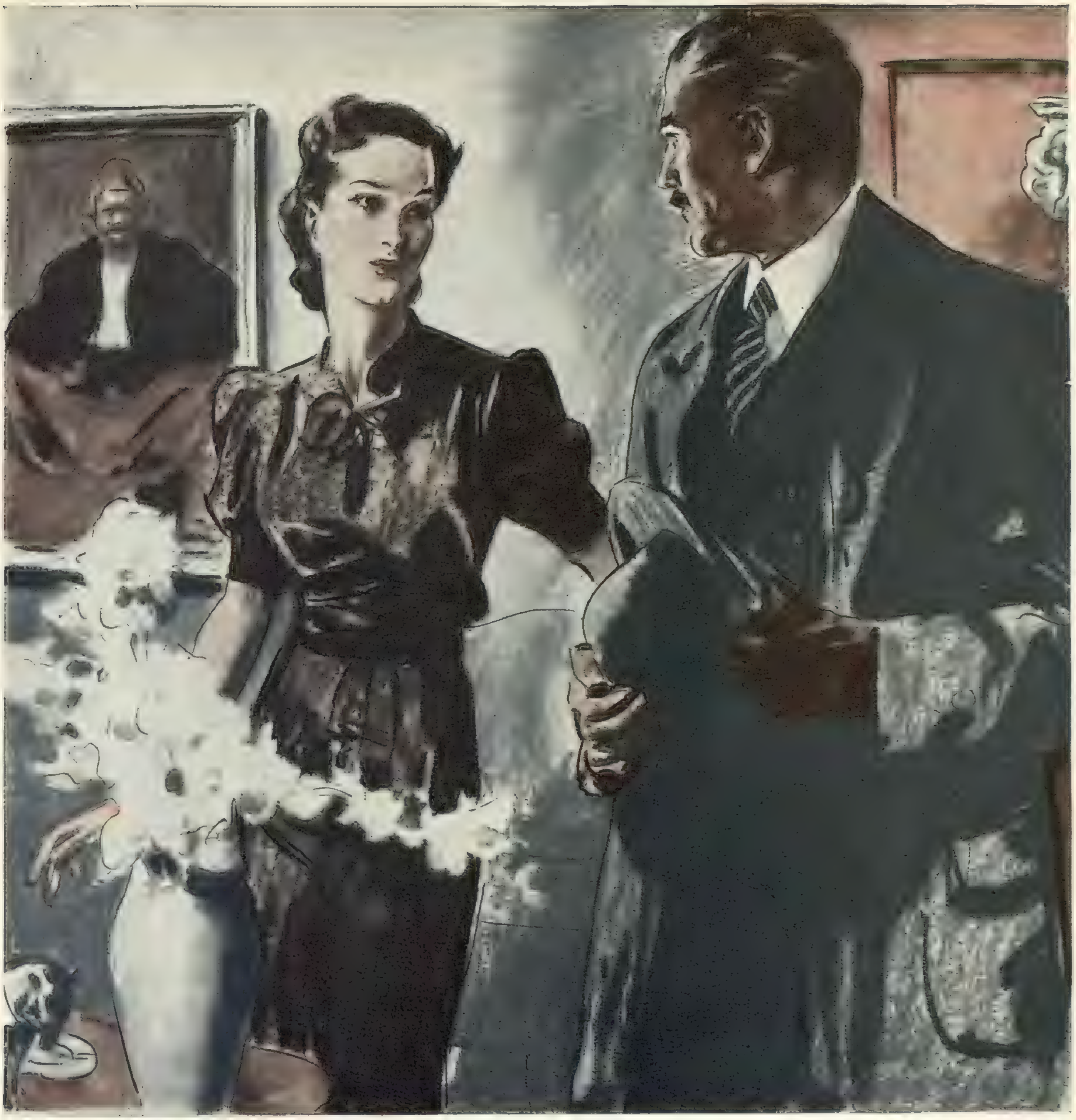
He bent his head and stared at the carpet, "Yes, my dear. . . . And that you were keeping the child by working."

"So that's why you want to marry me? You're . . . sorry for me." She said this partly teasing, partly to hide the fact that she was a little touched by his gravity and simplicity.

He looked at her again and said, "If it was just that, Laura, there'd be lots of ways I could show my being sorry. But I'm asking you to marry me because I love you. . . ."

"All the same," she thought, "only Edward would choose to sit and make his proposal in pale blue shirt sleeves and that waistcoat, which, when he sat down, stretched across in fat folds because it was too tight for him." "But," she said, now that her nerves were calmed

*Illustrated by Albert Bailey*



*IT was Edward; solid, pink-faced; with that same affectionate smile, the same grave glance*

by the cigarette, and his jacket tucked round her had made her feel warmer, " But, Edward, you know I really like my job. I do really. It's fun. And I see different people . . . and I . . . I have my independence . . . I can come and go as I please . . . I can bring Marigold up as I like . . . and Annie looks after us beautifully. . . . So you see . . . well, what I mean is that I think it's perfectly sweet of you. . . . But I . . ."

He interrupted gently.

" I know. You want to say just that you don't love me, and you don't need me. Isn't that about the size of it? "

She protested, really sorry, for he was a dear; and loyal and nice and reliable; and *all* things sensible girls wanted husbands to be. . . . And *rich* too . . . awfully rich, which made it all the more foolish . . . but . . .

" But, Edward, you see I . . . I wouldn't marry *anyone*, just because I needed them ! "

" I know that dear." He looked at her for a long quiet moment.

" He has quite a double chin," she thought, noticing it for the first time.

Then he said, " I daresay you'd better forget . . . anyway, I'll . . . promise to try. . . ." He got up.

" Edward . . . I've already *told* you I'm . . . I'm quite happy as I am. I love to be independent."

He bent down, and for a second, with a clumsy touch, laid his hand on her shoulder.

" I know, my dear. And I know too, that if you were to fancy anyone to . . . to love again, it would be a young fellow. . . ." She wondered if he knew of her seeing Paul Langtry so often. He seemed to say rather to himself than to her, "All women are apt to be romantic." To her directly he said, "I . . . I'd thought about you for such a long time, Laura. . . . But always knowing you wouldn't care. . . . And I'd never have dreamed of coming to-day, only. . . . Only . . . well. . . . Nothing much . . ." he said.

She stared, puzzled, irritated. He had an unimaginative man's way of being at a loss for words.

"Only *what*?" she insisted.

He shook his head and repeated, "Nothing much."

WHEN Edward had gone, Laura went into the child's room. She found Annie was drying Marigold's curls with that tenderness of gesture and curtness of speech that were typical of Annie.

And Marigold was protesting with the dramatic language and radiant smiles that were typical of Marigold.

"Keep still, you oughter be spanked," said Annie, taking up each curl as if it had been a flower or a new-hatched chicken, and drying it as if she were polishing a soap bubble.

"You're scalping me, Annie-e-e!" Marigold chuckled "Oh, mother!" She jumped up, Annie protesting.

"Never still for a moment, the little scamp!"

Marigold threw her arms round her mother's neck.

"Oh, mother, such news! I've been chosen to do a dance at the school party next week! The flower dance that we've been learning all this term. And I was picked from all the others!!! *Isn't* that exciting?" Her cheeks were flushed. Her brown eyes shone.

"Darling, I am glad."

"You come here and get that head of yours dry or you'll catch you're death of cold and be under the ground long before there's any party! nor dance either!"

Marigold shuffled back, pulling her blue dressing gown round her, and looking out of the corner of her eye at Laura.

"I don't know what ever's come over the child this last five weeks," said Annie, ". . . there now, my lamb, sit you down and don't get over-excited, *see*, you little scamp! . . ." Annie spoke to Laura again, but kept on rubbing and drying, while Marigold, imprisoned in the chair, danced with her feet to an inaudible tune. ". . . Yes, this last four or five weeks, ever since she started staying on for her mid-day dinner at school—there's no doubt that rush home and then back there again in such a hurry was too much for her, just as you thought, M'am. Must have over-taxed her strength! . . . She looks *ever* so much stronger too—there's no doubt it's worth the expense for the meals, M'am." She glanced down at the child's rosy cheeks—Laura looked too, with even more relief than Annie felt. For what the doctor said at Christmas had worried her about Marigold—that she was too thin, that she was over-taxing her strength—and then that cough she'd had—and couldn't throw off—was a thing to be careful about. . . .

Laura had worried about this all the first part of the spring, too. It had struck her that it would tax the child's strength less to stay at school all day—and she tried out this new plan, since the half term, although it meant the extra expense. And even Annie didn't know how far behind those premiums were getting. But certainly, Laura hadn't hoped that this plan would make such a difference. . . . She wondered whether the quality of the food the child was getting at school could be *so* much better? She though this with a kind of shame. . . . And yet didn't she and Annie eat simply enough, so that Marigold should have all their milk, and butter, and extra cream for the cereal . . . and a good fat broiled chicken on Sundays? . . . she asked, thinking indeed that the child looked fatter too, and that frightening little cough had gone.

"Do they give you very good dinners at school, Marigold?"

Marigold's eyes seemed to get even brighter and browner; she chuckled, and then exploded with laughter. "I should say they *do*!"

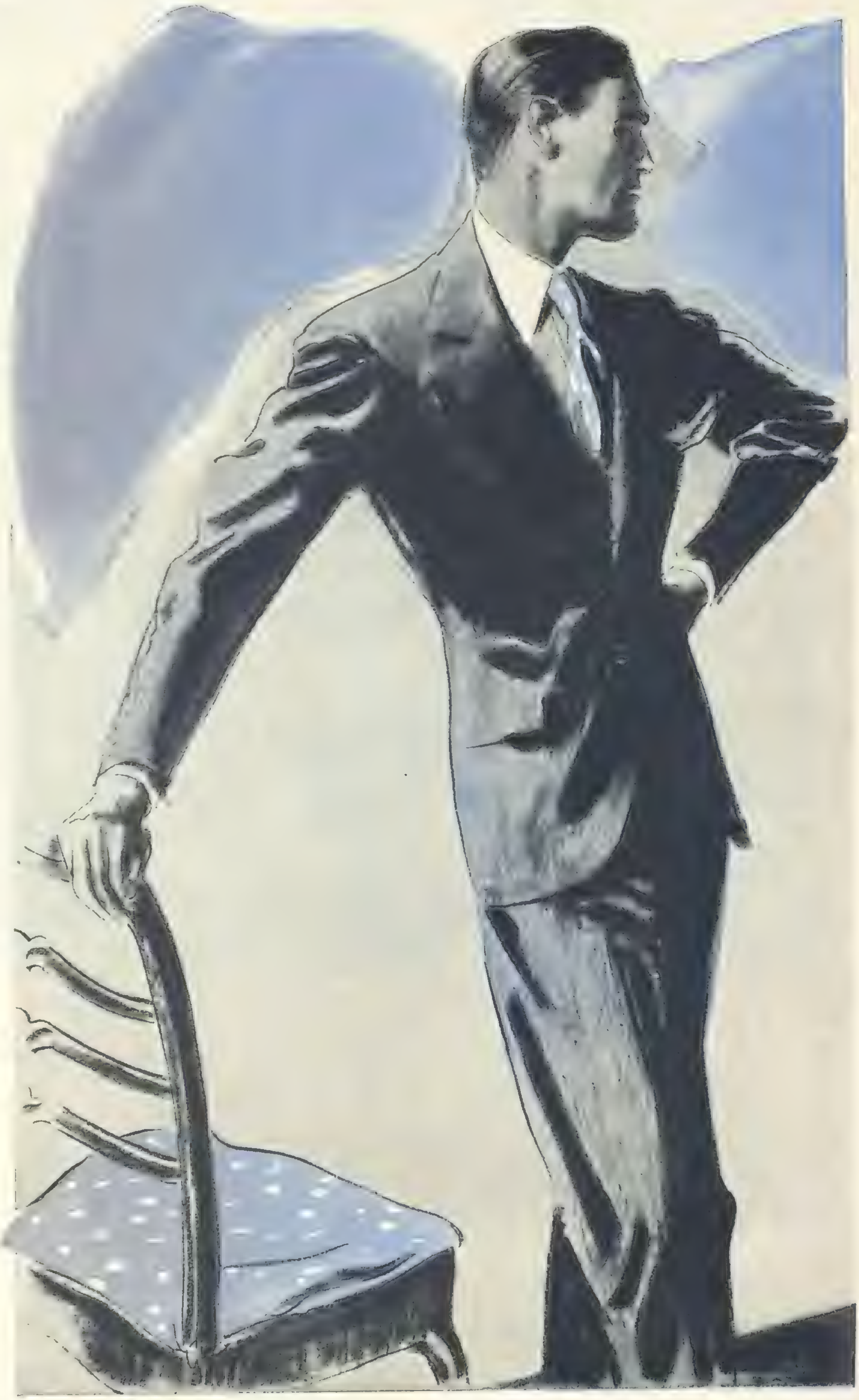
At last Annie laid down the towel. "There," she said.

"Ah!" gasped Marigold, relieved.

"Now for the brushing," said Annie.

"Oh!" groaned Marigold, rolling her eyes.

"And when I've done with *you*, young lady," said Annie, "and you're tucked up, yer mother's going straight to bed, and is going to have her dinner there. A more peaky-piny face, and more draggle-tailed look," she said severely to Laura, "I never saw on anyone!



***FOR the first time she saw eyes, a slight but stubborn***

*Pretty!* Why, only a *blind* man would look twice at you this evening! They work you too hard and there's the long and short of it. . . . But you go to bed early to-night, and no trapesing out to restaurants, or my name's not Annie, and I'm not a Christian!"

ANNIE ran Laura's bath, put out a fresh nightdress, her pink satin-quilted bed jacket (a left-over from the first prosperous, unhappy years of her married life), and brought in the vase of roses from the sitting room and put it beside the bed.

When Laura was tucked in, she brought in on a tray her special creamed chicken.

"Chicken, Annie?" said Laura. "How extravagant!"

"There's extravagance *and* extravagance," said Annie, pursing up her underlip and looking at Laura with a severe sapphire-blue gaze. She set the tray on Laura's knees. "Who was it came to see ye this evening, M'am?"

"Mr. Williamson, Annie."

"Did he?" She seemed to consider deeply. Laura began to eat her chicken. "*Well,*" said Annie, at last; she shut one eye and opened it again; yet without the least appearance of winking. "Well," Annie considered again. "He's a deep one," she added.

Laura smiled at the idea of poor Edward with his pink face and serious gaze, and hopelessly literal mind, being 'deep.' Annie was unmoved.

"Deep he is," she repeated. "And a nice gentleman if ever there was one. Pity you don't make up your mind to marry him and be done with it," she said, severe again.

"How's the chicken?"

"Grand," said Laura. "Perfectly delicious. And Mr. Williamson *isn't.*"

Annie folded her arms. She had known Laura for twenty years; she'd been her mother's cook and gone to Miss Laura when she married. Laura knew this folding of Annie's large and brawny arms. She tried to look as if she didn't. She smiled with a certain bravado. And nibbled her toast.

"Gentlemen isn't creamed chicken," said Annie. "They aren't s'posed to be 'delicious'! Their call is to be decent and loving and honest, and what a woman can put her trust in."

"I couldn't put my trust in someone with a waistcoat too tight and double chin!"

"Double chins are better than double dealing," said Annie. "Anyway . . . I'd have thought you'd have your fill of a 'delicious' man. . . . Lovey-dovey eyelashes and tipsy most nights and running around after that girl at the dry-cleaning place!" Annie drew her breath. "An' you be careful—M'am," she inserted the 'M'am' as a sign, not of respect, but of severity, "that you don't find that another gentleman we know of isn't very much better—*Delicious,* indeed!"

"But, Annie," said Laura. "Can you *really* imagine me, with my life still in front of me, settling down with that good-natured clod?—You probably *can!* Because all you care is to see all the bills being paid regularly, and enough cream in the ice-box for Marigold and me to bathe in!—And anyway," asserted Laura, "the 'other young man' that you keep hinting about, happens to be just as *good,* and *very* nearly as rich. So *if* I were to have him, there's be *just* as much cream—and no double chins!!!"

Annie had one of her long, bright staring reflections before she said, "Double chins is only a matter of time. We all come to 'em. . . . Even the handsomest of us! *Incidentally, he* sent some flowers for you to-day!"

"Who did?"

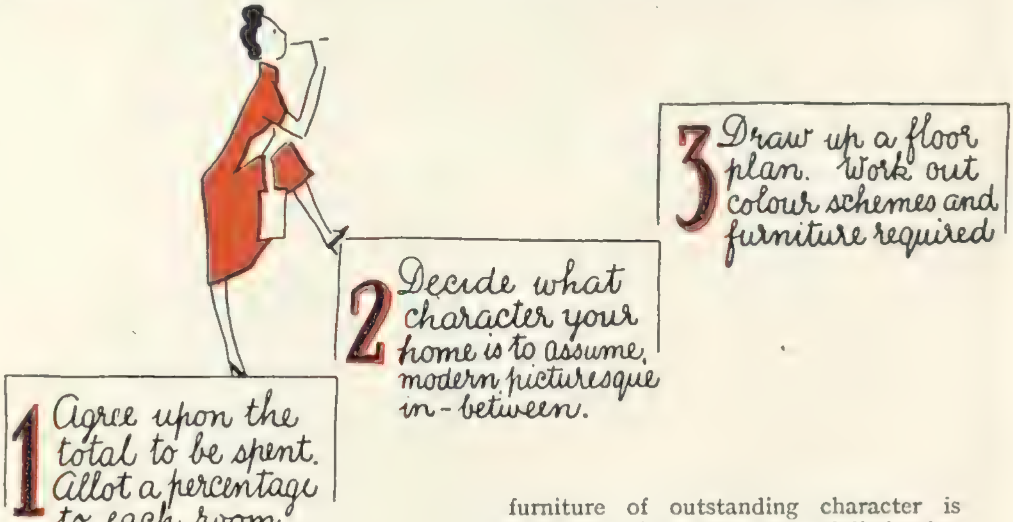
"*Him,*" said Annie, stubbornly. She always tried to avoid mentioning Paul Lantry's name. "Purple *orchids!*"

"What did you do with them?" (*Continued on page 106*)

*a glint of anger in his hardening of his mouth*

# THE 6

Perfect simplicity expressing originality and grace make this an interesting room to study. Colouring grouping and furnishing speak of infinite care and taste in the choosing. The walls are off-white, the upholstery rich brown and the rug is striped in fawn, pale brown and deep yellow. Designed by Mrs. Stuart Covell


1 Agree upon the total to be spent. Allot a percentage to each room.
2 Decide what character your home is to assume, modern, picturesque in-between.
3 Draw up a floor plan. Work out colour schemes and furniture required

To the inexperienced, furnishing a home presents a formidable, though a delightful task. Queries crowd in upon them. What are the first steps? What is a reasonable price to pay for this or that? Where is economy justified and where unwise? Above all, what are the subtleties which invest a houseful of furniture with the qualities of a home?

Some women have an inborn talent for home-making, but the average woman begins with no special knowledge. On this account a little guidance must be welcome, so I have tried here to show the progressive stages of furnishing a home.

With so wide a subject it is impossible to do other than generalize. Individual needs and circumstances differ widely and, realising this, I present this feature for what it is worth with a cordial invitation to readers to send us their individual problems. If you are contemplating or in the process of making a home and your peace of mind is disturbed by any problem, we shall be happy to use our expert knowledge to assist you. Send your queries to me, c/o The Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 32 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. However large or small your problem we can handle it.

**Stage 1** Agree upon the total to be spent upon furnishing and equipment. Allot a sum of money to each room on the following percentage basis: dining-room 20%, sitting-room 28%, first bedroom 28%, second bedroom 10%, kitchen 8% (furnishing only), bathroom 2%, hall and landing 4%.

In drawing up the balance sheet keep furnishing separate from equipment and luxuries such as china, glass, silver. In the case of those about to marry many of these items will be provided gratis.

Be very thorough in compiling the lists of your requirements. Nothing upsets a budget so much as finding that certain essentials have to be provided after the money has been laid out. Above all, stick to your schedule. Don't be tempted to spend more than you've budgeted on the sitting-room in the hope of chipping it off the kitchen. It never works.

**Stage 2** With the balance sheet before you, decide what character you wish your home to assume. Is it to be emphatically modern, picturesque or an "in between"? Let the decision be ruled as much by the character of the premises as by your personal tastes.

Though you adore carved oak and Jacobean effects renounce them if you are living in a small modern flat. In all cases where space is limited plump for simple, graceful forms and no eccentricities. Simplicity is not necessarily "modern."

If the furniture is of good design and fine workmanship a room may be barely furnished and still beautiful. A lot of cheap extraneous decoration will cost as much in the end as one or two fine pieces which "stand alone." One piece of furniture of outstanding character is sufficient to impart beauty and distinction to a room if other furnishings are intelligently combined with it.

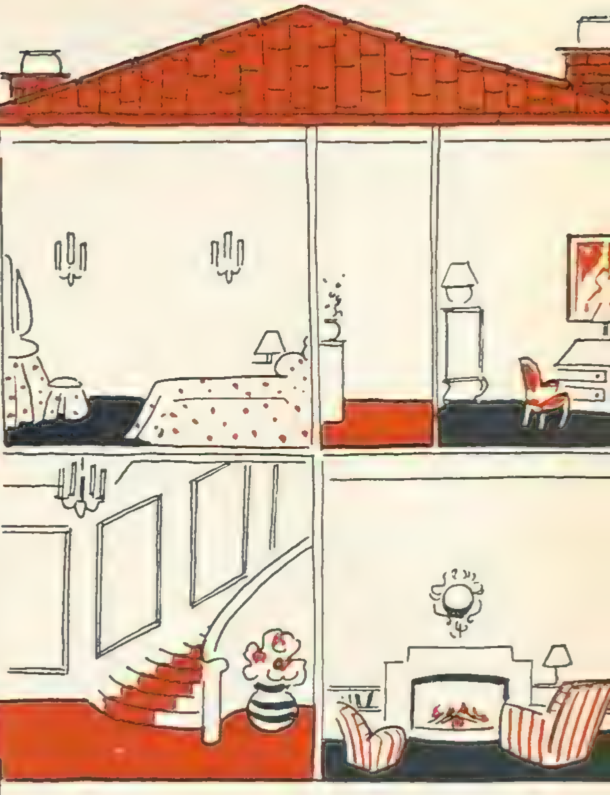
**Stage 3** Draw up a floor plan of the house. Work out colour schemes for each room. Begin with the backgrounds (walls, ceilings, floors). Use these as you might a canvas upon which to paint effects. Choose warm colours for cold aspects. Few rooms in this country can do without a warming tint. A two-colour scheme is safe, but a three or four is more exciting. Give a zip to pastel effects with a staccato note of colour.

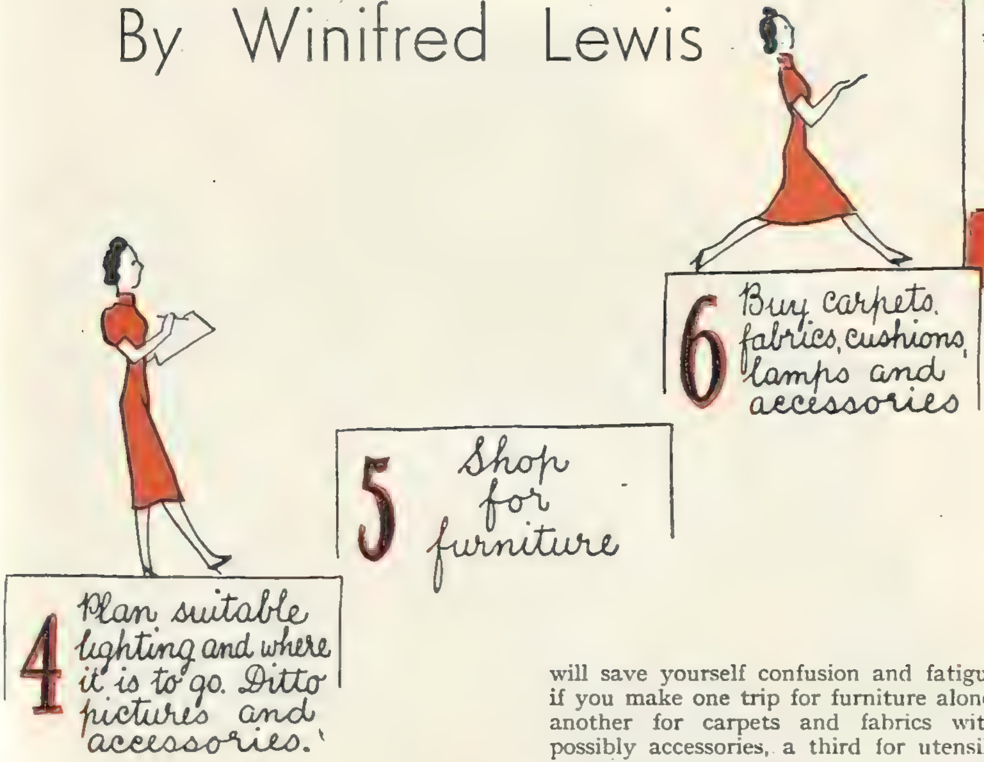
If the house is small related backgrounds will enhance spaciousness. This does not imply monotony. By using the same family of colours for backgrounds different effects can be obtained whilst keeping a harmonious undertone.

Next sketch in the furniture on your plan. Decide what pieces are required for each room and where they are to go.

# STEPS OF FURNISHING

### By Winifred Lewis




6 Buy carpets, fabrics, cushions, lamps and accessories
5 Shop for furniture
4 Plan suitable lighting and where it is to go. Ditto pictures and accessories.

Take careful measurements of the space available. Each piece should fit perfectly into its alloted space. Vary heights and shapes to produce a balanced ensemble.

Fix upon the type of lighting most suitable to the character and the size of each room and how it is to be disposed. Consider pictures and accessories, their nature and display in relation to the whole. Mark each item on your plan, and leave nothing to chance. Having completed your plans resist the temptation to change your effects, to drag in extraneous objects.

When choosing colour schemes get samples of fabrics and paint and experiment. Don't merely visualize colour harmonies. It takes an expert to anticipate effects. Remember also that artificial lighting has a marked effect upon colour and often destroys its charm. White lighting on white walls is bleak. Blue invariably turns muddy under electric lighting. Experiment with tinted shades so that colour effects are enhanced by night light.

## Stage 4

Buy your furniture. With the clearest understanding of what is required and how much you can spend on it go forth to shop. Keep your shopping expeditions watertight. You will save yourself confusion and fatigue if you make one trip for furniture alone, another for carpets and fabrics with possibly accessories, a third for utensils and practical equipment. In any case choose the furniture first. It will have some bearing upon the type of fabrics and carpets chosen.

Take your floor plan and all measurements with you. Choose furniture with these before you. If you know exactly the dimensions of the recess beside the sitting-room fireplace it is easy to choose a bookcase or a bureau that will look as though it were specially made for it. To buy furniture, willy-nilly taking a chance as to how it fits into its surroundings is asking for an unbalanced and unrestful home.

## Stage 5

While shopping for furniture—and other things for that matter—keep your plan before you. Don't be diverted from it by persuasive salesmen. The things he tempts you with may be individually charming and still hopelessly wrong for your purpose. Co-ordination is everything.

Examine furniture closely. Backs and hidden parts should be as perfectly finished as all visible parts. Peep at drawer linings and examine the manner in which doors are hinged. Be suspicious of elaborate decoration and freak finishes. These make excellent screens for poor materials and shoddy craftsmanship. Do go to a first-class dealer. His stock embraces the inexpensive as well as the costly and at both ends of the scale you can trust him.

If the house is small reject suites and choose odd pieces, beautiful in themselves, that fit the space available. Uniformity is not a virtue.

Three-piece suites are frequently too ungainly for the small room. A settee and two armchairs of different shape can be equally comfortable and give variety and often a greater feeling of spaciousness to the room. The coverings can match.

## Stage 6

Buy carpets, fabrics, cushions, lamps and other accessories. Choose the best quality carpet your budget will permit for the sitting-room and stairs where traffic is heaviest. Bedroom carpets having lighter treatment can be cheaper if necessary.

For plain carpeting 6s. 6d. a yard is a fair to average price. 8s. 6d. to 9s. 6d. will last a lifetime. Carpet squares vary according to size and origin. Ten pounds is a fair price for the average room and can be expected to give seven or eight years wear. A twenty to thirty pound carpet will last indefinitely with reasonable care.

Plain fitted carpet makes a room seem larger. If you object to plain surfaces choose a small, all-over, self-coloured pattern for the small room. Sprawling patterns are quite definitely taboo except in spacious surroundings and lofty rooms. In all cases keep the floor darker in colouring than the walls.

Choose fabrics that combine well with the character of the room and which are suitable in weight and style to the function they have to perform. Don't reject glamorous-looking silks because they seem impracticable. Many modern artificial silks are fragile in appearance, but tough in use. Glazed chintz is perfect for curtains and bedrooms but, where hard wear is involved, not so suitable for loose covers.

# Harry Was

"HEY, steward! Another bottle of whisky!" The little man with the bulging boiled shirt called petulantly across the empty smoking saloon. His companion, a lanky, cynical sheep farmer from New South Wales swayed comfortably as the S.S. *Orana* took the slight swell in the Gulf of Lyons. They were four days out from London. First stop Colombo, destination Sydney.

The little man tried to imprison his shirt by buttoning his dinner jacket, but it escaped again and he gave it up.

"Yes," he said, "it's been my first trip to the old country."

"Funny we didn't meet," said the farmer. "Heard you were there. Had a letter from Fanny—you know, Bill's wife. Haven't seen you since you moved up to Sydney. What's that—three years?"

"Four," replied the little man. "The year my boy had measles."

"That's right. Strange how we lost track. You in Sydney, me on the farm. How's business?"

"Fine. Shipped twelve thousand carcases last year. Made a packet. That's why I came over."

"Hear you're on the town council now?"

The little man smirked. "You can't deny, Joe, I've been successful." With a sudden remembrance of his position he tried to stuff back his shirt. It protested with a crack.

The steward put a new bottle of whisky on the table and retired mournfully to his pantry. It was two o'clock in the morning and he knew from long experience that they were going to make a night of it. He'd give 'em half an hour. If they hadn't packed up by then he'd push off.

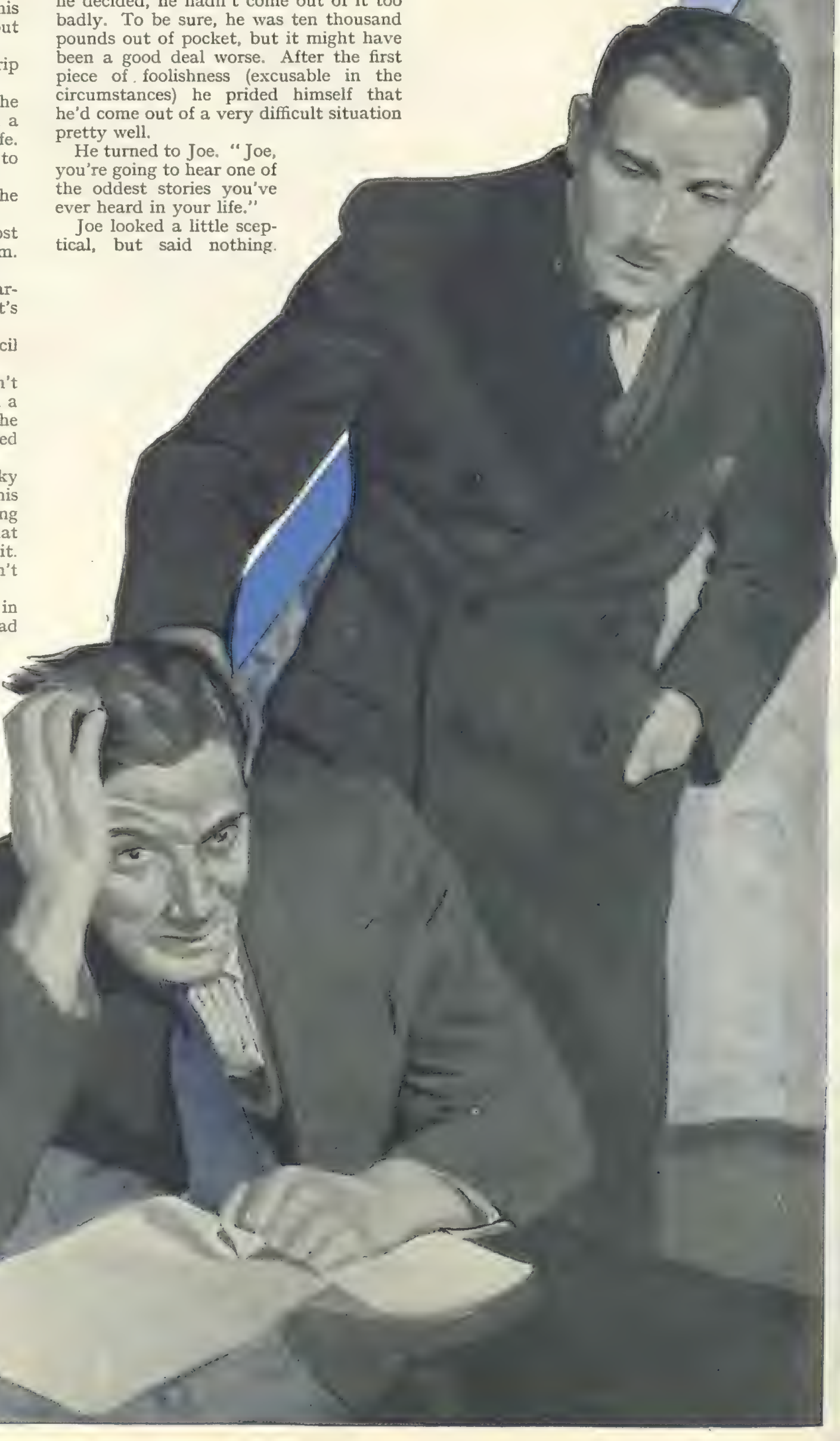
"What kind of time did you have in London?" asked the farmer, who had rather come to life since the appearance of the bottle of whisky.

The little man hesitated, looking at his companion. With an ostentatious gesture, the little man leant over to feel for coins in his trouser pocket. The steward quickened his step.

The tip disposed of, the little man also leaned back. Now that he was out of London and on his way home he could see the whole of the story in its true perspective. All in all, he decided, he hadn't come out of it too badly. To be sure, he was ten thousand pounds out of pocket, but it might have been a good deal worse. After the first piece of foolishness (excusable in the circumstances) he prided himself that he'd come out of a very difficult situation pretty well.

He turned to Joe. "Joe, you're going to hear one of the oddest stories you've ever heard in your life."

Joe looked a little sceptical, but said nothing.



*Illustrated by Kenneth Inns*

# A Friend

## *There's no Fool like the Successful Fool*

### By Bryan Wallace

"Now, you know me well enough to know that I'm pretty wide," continued the little man.

Again Joe kept silent, but there was something in his eye which seemed to doubt. The little man, coming from behind his glass of whisky, got a flash of it, but it was gone so quickly that he couldn't be sure.

The little man, whose name was John (he thought of himself as Honest John), having slaked his immediate thirst, went on.

"It all began when I got on the boat at Sydney," he started, "this same boat. The family came down to the dock and most of the people from the office. We had quite a time. They'd given me a dinner at the Rotary Club the night before, and a lot of the boys were down to see me off. Old Binks, I don't know whether you know him, he's something in oil, was so tight he nearly fell into the dock. Anyhow, we started—three hours late; these dam' boats never seem to start on time, and I went down to the bar for a drink. In here, in fact. I sat at that table over there." He pointed to a table on the other side of the saloon with a look that suggested that sooner or later the chair would be suitably decorated with a silver plate.

Joe hardly turned his eyes, and the little man felt a momentary pang of annoyance. If he was going to tell Joe this story, the least he could do was to show some interest.

"Well," he continued tartly, "I ordered a whisky and soda, and I'd hardly sat down when a feller came and sat at the same table. The place was full, you see. He didn't say anything for a bit, but I could feel him looking at me. He was a nice-looking feller about forty-five. I guessed some kind of English business man. Well, after a bit, he turned to me and——"

"He knew who you were?" interrupted Joe.

"Yes—how do you know?"

"He knew about your business and knew how you were doing," persisted Joe.

"As a matter of fact, you're right, but you're barking up the wrong tree, Joe. Harry—Harry Wealdon, that was his name—is one of the finest fellers I've ever met. You're going to hear how he got me out of one of the worst jams I've ever been in. You're trying to hint, Joe, that he was a confidence man; well, not only does the story I'm going to tell you prove that you're wrong, but I flatter myself that I can tell a confidence man when I see one."

THE sceptical look in Joe's eyes forced John to go on. "Now, Joe, I've met con-men, plenty of 'em. Diamond men, oil men, just-had-a-fortune men, and I know the lot. Harry was as straight as a die. He'd been selling insurance in the East and was on his way home. He's a fine feller. I've got every confidence in him."

*WHEN he got there Pinder seemed to be worse. He started talking about suicide*

Joe smiled faintly, but the little man ignored it. "Anyhow," he went on, "we got very chummy on board. It was amazing how much he knew about the cold meat business. That reminds me; there was one thing that proves he was on the level. We used to play poker every night—I can't remember one night when he won."

"Did *you* win?" asked Joe.

"Well, as a matter of fact, now you come to ask, I didn't. There was another feller did most of the winning, a friend of his. Anyhow, that's beside the point. Harry and I got very friendly; in fact, when I decided to come overland from Marseilles through Paris, Harry changed his mind and came, too. I'll tell you about what we did in Paris some other time. Been there?"

Joe nodded.

"Some city, eh? Harry knew his stuff, too. We went to a place in—er—I forget where it was. You ought to have seen the girls. My boy's coming to England next year; no overland trip for *him*!"

"Harry had been there before?"

"He's been everywhere—knew everyone. The only disappointment I had was that most of his friends were abroad, so I didn't meet any of 'em. He promised to introduce me to Lord Ferby, but a friend of his—Lord Ferby's, I mean—said that Ferby was in America. It wasn't until the last day I saw in a newspaper that Lord Ferby had been in England all the time. It was the first time I saw Harry really annoyed."

"I'm sure he was," said Joe gravely.

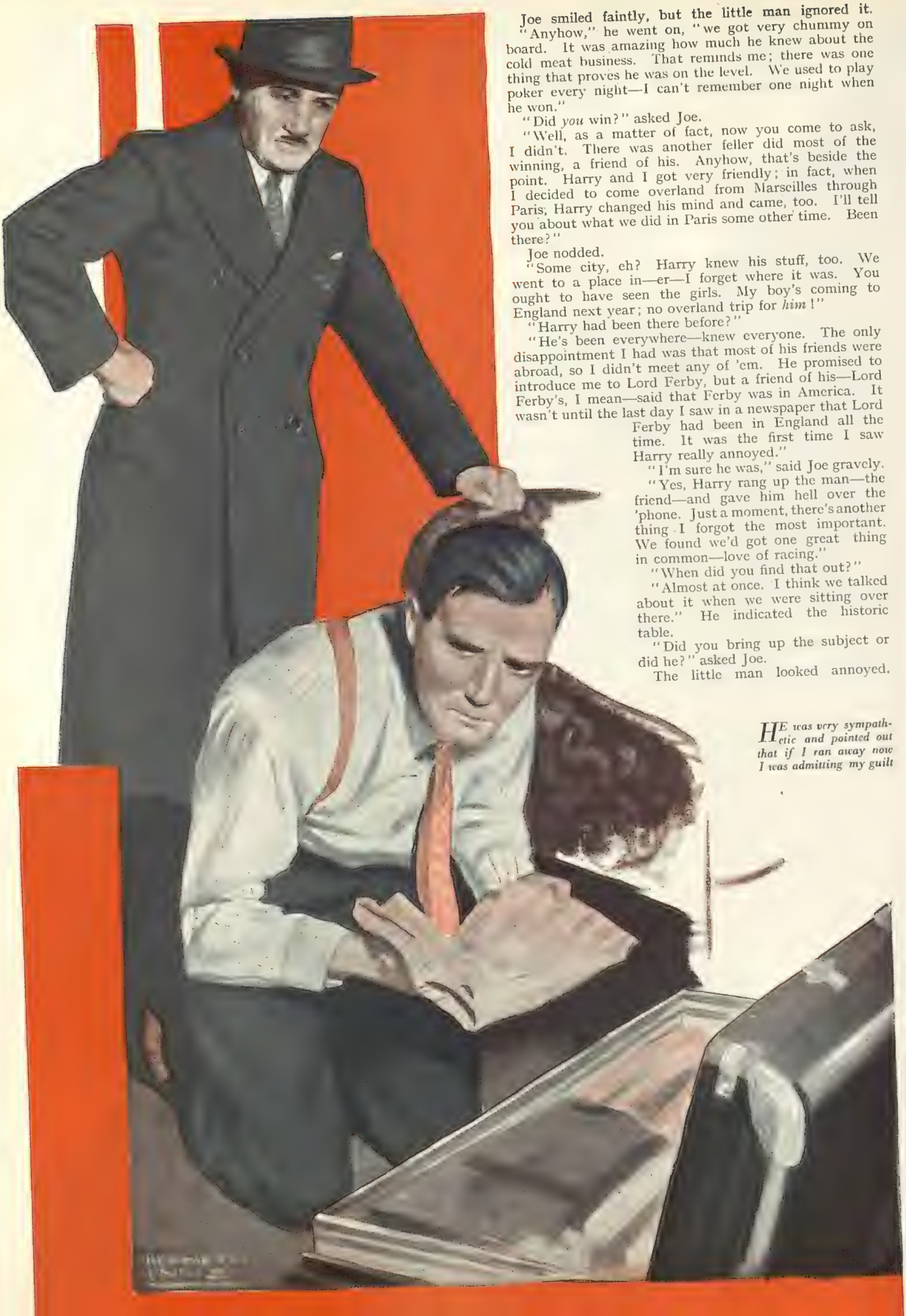
"Yes, Harry rang up the man—the friend—and gave him hell over the 'phone. Just a moment, there's another thing I forgot the most important. We found we'd got one great thing in common—love of racing."

"When did you find that out?"

"Almost at once. I think we talked about it when we were sitting over there." He indicated the historic table.

"Did you bring up the subject or did he?" asked Joe.

The little man looked annoyed.



*HE was very sympathetic and pointed out that if I ran away now I was admitting my guilt*

"How d'you expect me to know after all this time?" he demanded. "*I* did, I expect. I've told you before, you're barking up the wrong tree. Harry's all right. I'll stake my life on that. He couldn't know his friend was a crook, and he warned me against it, anyhow."

"Warned you against what?" asked Joe.

The little man began to remember that there was a thing he used to hate about Joe—this habit of asking fool questions.

"I'm coming to that," he said irritably. "Let me tell my own story in my own way. We got to London. As I said, everybody was out of town—but you can't blame *that* on Harry."

"I'm not blaming Harry for anything," replied Joe mildly, "he seems to me to be a very clever chap."

John looked at his friend sharply, but unable to fathom the exact meaning of that remark, went on.

"He did introduce me to several of his friends, mainly racing men, and one of them was a feller called Pinder. He was manager of K. C. Laindons, the bookmakers. . . ."

"*K. C.?*" enquired Joe. "But the proper Laindons are just Laindons and Co."

"That's where you make a mistake," the little man said triumphantly. "If you look it up in the telephone book, you'll find *two* Laindons. Harry explained it all to me. K. C. Laindons are the *real* Laindons, the other just trades on its name."

"They accepted my bets," protested Joe.

"There you are!" cried the little man, beside himself with honest conviction. "They just accept sucker bets!"

"*I* won," replied Joe.

"So did I," countered John.

For a moment, Joe looked surprised.

"You see," he continued, "it was all on the level. Anyhow, they'd got their name in the telephone book in heavy type—so you can see they were a big firm."

"If you've got a telephone in a cow-shed you can have it in heavy type."

"Their office was in the *City*."

"D'you ever go there?"

"Why should I?" asked the little man crossly. "When I could telephone? As I was saying, Harry introduced me to this manager, Pinder. Unfortunately, Harry didn't know him very well. I say 'unfortunately' because if he had, none of this would have happened. You know, when I first met Pinder I didn't like him. He was a small, rat-like man. Generally, I go by my first impressions; but this time I seem to have forgotten 'em. I'm a pretty good judge of character, Joe, and now I know everything I thought about that man was right. He took Harry in, too. Harry thought he was quite a nice chap. Well, after I'd met this man Pinder I naturally used to put all my bets through K. C. Laindons. Harry and I used to go racing quite a bit—Hurst Park, Kempton, Epsom, and places. I won a little, but not much. What really fooled me about Pinder was one day, when I'd got my telegram off too late—I'd been jawing with Harry—he paid up as though I'd been on time."

"Quite a philanthropist," commented Joe dryly.

"Just good business," retorted John, "I was a good customer. Well, one day I was waiting for Harry in the long bar of the Troc, when who should walk in but Pinder. As soon as I saw him, I knew something was wrong. He looked absolutely beat. We had a couple of drinks together and he told me what had happened. He'd been gambling on margin on the New York market—you can lose a packet that way, Joe. He was cleaned out. I tell you, he started sobbing right there in the Troc. It was terrible. You see, his wife was going to have a baby."

"Twins?" enquired Joe.

"How the devil do I know? It was a long time ahead, but she was going to have one. You know, Joe, for a moment I didn't know what to do, but as luck would have it, at that moment Harry arrived. He knew where Pinder lived, so we took him to his flat. . . ."

"His own flat?" enquired Joe, with his irritating thirst for information.

"No, one of those rented ones in Piccadilly. When we got there, Pinder seemed to be worse. He started talking about suicide . . ."

"Where was his wife?"

"Will you stop asking questions? I don't know where she was—I never met her. Does it matter where she was?"

"Maybe she was having the child."

The little man gave Joe a look, and went on.

"Well, we talked him out of that and left him. Harry was very worried; Pinder was a temperamental kind of chap and he was afraid of what he might do. Well, neither Harry nor I saw Pinder for a couple of days, but I heard through his office that he was in bed. . . ."

"Laindons?"

"*K. C.* Laindons. I thought of ringing him up, but you know how these things slip your mind. About three days later Harry and I went to Alexandra Park—it was a Saturday. When we got back I asked Harry in to my hotel for a drink, but he was busy so I went in alone. The first person I saw was Pinder—he looked like a dead man. He asked me if I could see him, so we ordered drinks and went up to my room."

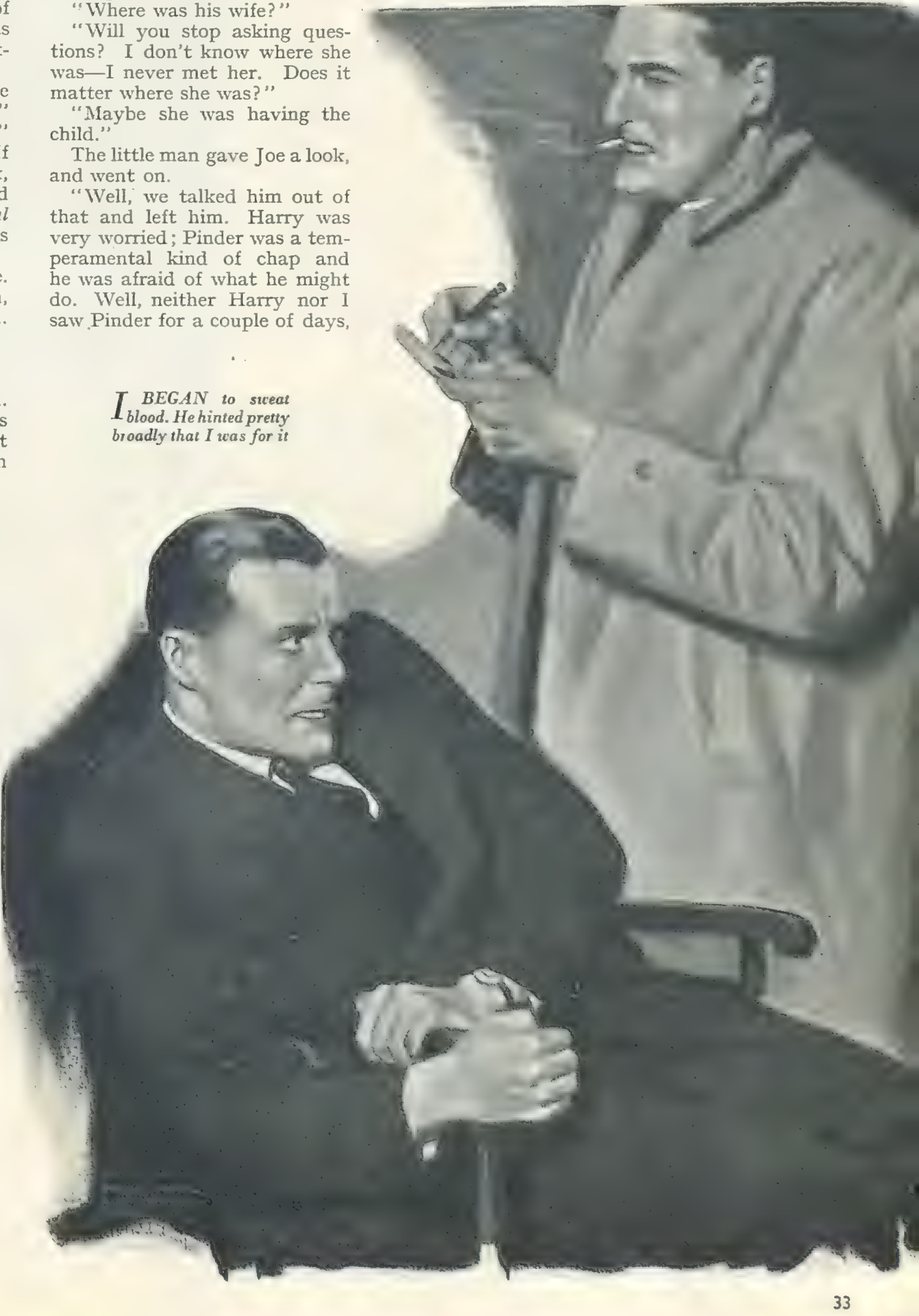
For a few seconds John was silent, so Joe prompted him.

"What happened then?"

Again he hesitated.

"This is the bit," he explained rather diffidently, "that's a little difficult to tell. Now I come to look back on it, I don't know why the hell I did it. At the time, I was so sorry

(*Continued on page 142*)



*I BEGAN to sweat blood. He hinted pretty broadly that I was for it*

# They Fall Through

## The dramatic story of the Pioneers who have made the "Lifebuoy" for airmen

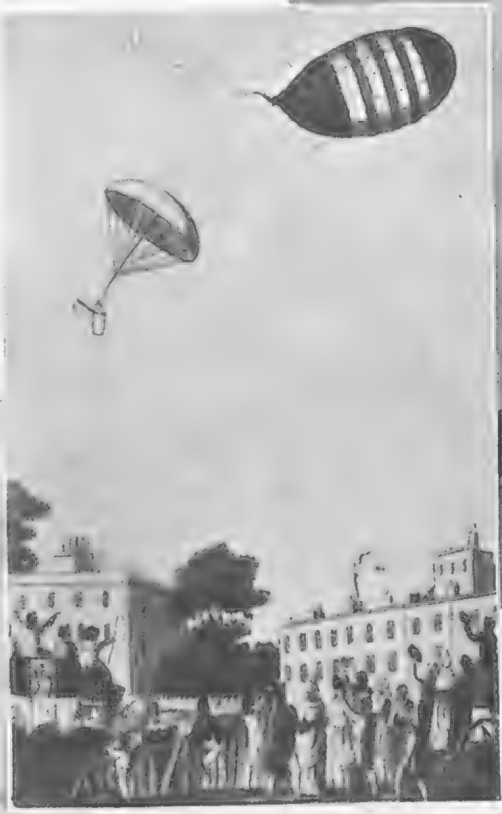
### By Nigel Tangye

On April 28, 1919, Leslie Irvin, a young American airman, inventor, high-diver, made the highest dive into space then on record—from an aeroplane 3,000 feet up. Irvin's own high-dive record up till then was seventy feet, but he was able to break it by so handsome a margin and get away with it by wearing a parachute invented by himself. This parachute was unique at that period in that it had no attachment to the plane. It was operated by the wearer himself when he saw that he was well clear from the aircraft; and it was this type of parachute that, after Irvin's courageous demonstration, swiftly became part of the equipment of every service airman in the world. Since that date, some three thousand lives have been saved by the "free-fall" parachute as it was called.

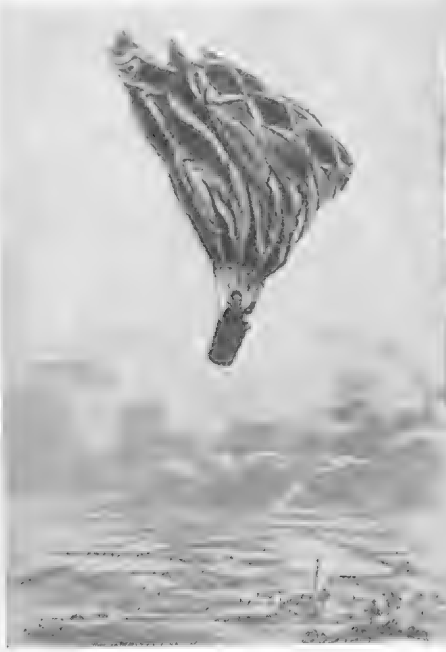
If it surprises you that it was as recent as the year 1919 that parachutes as we know them to-day were invented, it may astonish you even more to learn that the first official drop by a man was made *in* 1797—one hundred and forty-one years ago:

No sooner had the Montgolphier brothers invented the balloon in 1782, than their thoughts turned towards discovering a method of safe descent in the event of their balloon becoming damaged in the air and losing its power of lift. But their experiments apparently never reached a practical stage, and it was left to Blanchard, the first man to cross the Channel by air (in 1785), to produce a parachute which, by virtue of its special characteristics, enabled a body attached to it to fall at a sufficiently slow rate of descent to avoid injury on striking the ground. The body he employed for his experiments was not, as one can readily understand, his own, but that of a luckless quadruped who had no say in the matter. Blanchard's parachute was suspended already open beneath his balloon. It conformed roughly to the shape one has come to expect, and looked like an inverted cup made of silk and kept open by a light framework of hoops and curved sticks. Light ropes attached to the perimeter of the parachute held a basket beneath it. Into this basket was put whatever animal was fated to make an experimental descent. Blanchard's

*Floating gracefully to earth*

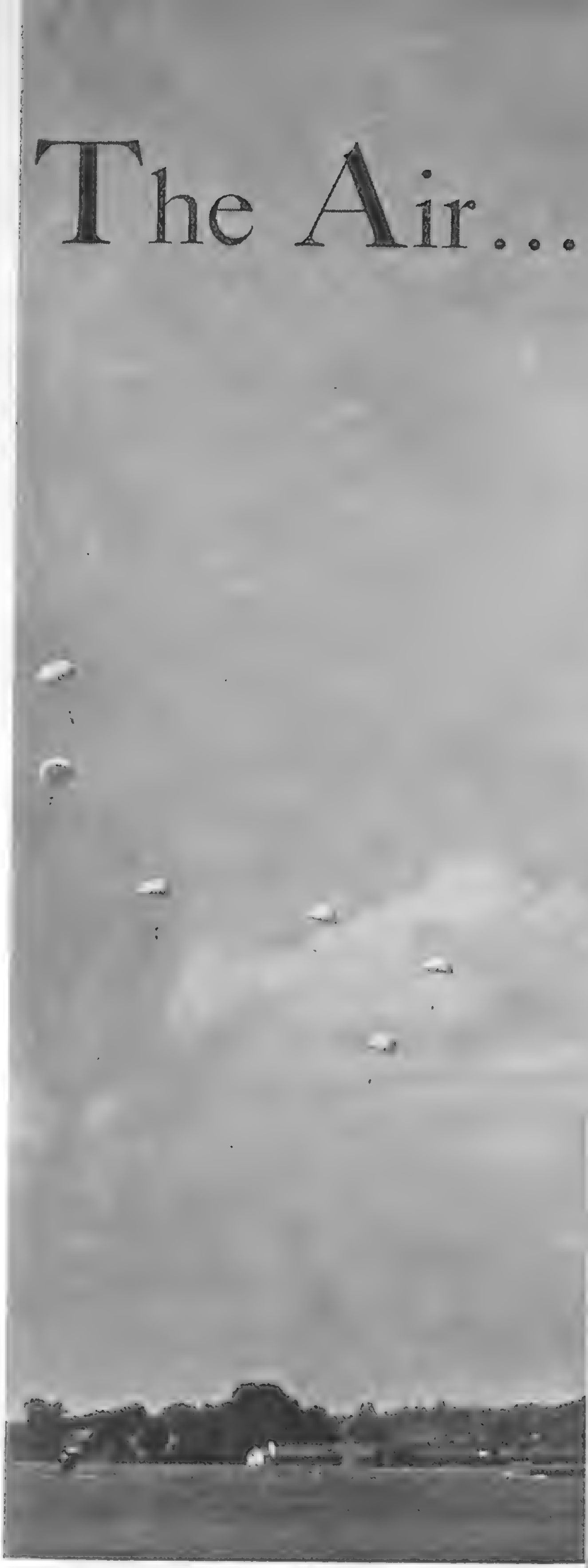


*ANDRE-JACQUES GARNERIN making the first parachute descent in England from the Volunteer Ground, Grosvenor Gardens, September 21, 1802*



*ROBERT COCKING falling to his death in the parachute he invented, at Lee, in Kent, on July 24, 1837*

# The Air...



*Right: A Royal Air Force pilot at parachute practice*

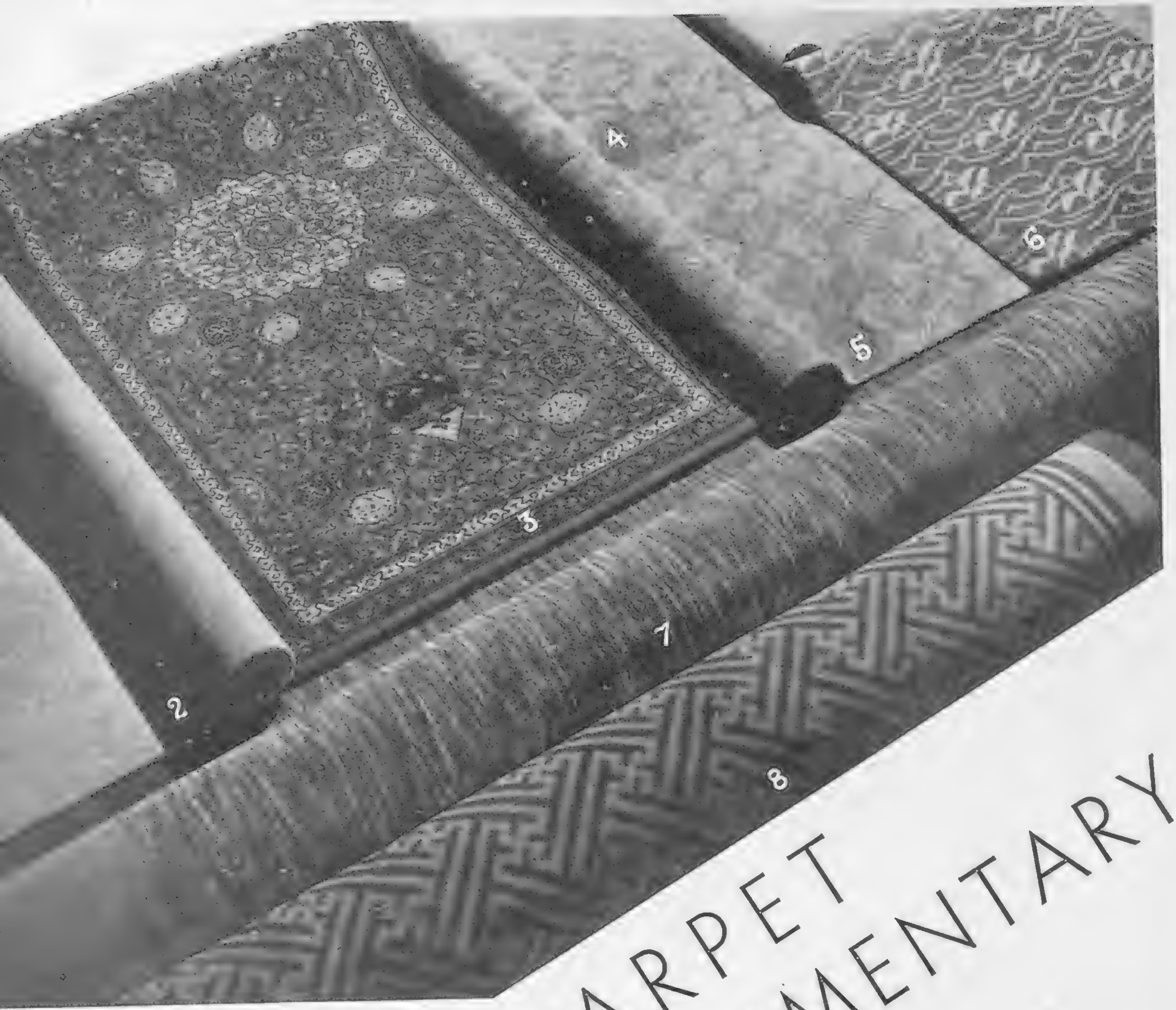
share in the proceedings was to cut the rope that held the parachute to the balloon when he had reached a satisfactory height.

Undoubtedly, Blanchard's experiments lent the necessary conviction to the theory that a light inverted cup-shaped contraption offered the maximum of resistance to the air by capturing it inside the bowl so formed, and the survival of a number of his animal pioneers encouraged the first man to make a drop.

Andre-Jacques Garnerin was the brave man who accomplished this feat. He dropped from a balloon over Paris in the year 1797, and landed safely. Fifteen years later he repeated this feat in England with the same type of open parachute suspended beneath a balloon. According to Mr. Charles Dixon, who has carried out much research work in connection with parachutes, Garnerin's 'chute had an area of 870 square feet, as opposed to the 540 square feet of those of the present day. He estimated that his rate of descent would be about ten feet per second. Those used by airmen to-day have a rate of descent of double that figure, which means that a parachutist hits the ground with the same force as if he jumped off the top deck of a bus. If Garnerin descended slower, it might be wondered why modern parachutists apparently needlessly choose to land with such risk to their persons.

*LESLIE IRVIN who on April 28, 1919 made the highest dive into space then on record—from an aeroplane 3,000 feet up. He used the "free-fall" parachute invented by himself*

The answer is that it is considered undesirable to take too long with a descent, due to the difficulty of judging a landing, when a slow rate of descent is employed. Garnerin took just twice as long to descend as a modern parachutist. The wind therefore would take him twice as far. Only in the very rare conditions of absolute calm does a parachutist land immediately below the point at which his aircraft was when he jumped. Modern practice is therefore to use (*Continued on page 102*)



# CARPET COMMENTARY

1 Axminster; diagonal stripes in two tones of cream, 27 ins. wide, 7s. 11d. yd.

2 Delicate leaf design, green on green. A Wilton carpet, 27 ins. wide, 11s. 9d. yd.

3 Persian design rug reproduced from the famous Ardebil carpet in the Victoria and Albert Museum. Rose ground. Rug size, 6 ft. by 3 ft., 67s. 6d. Carpet, 12 ft. by 9 ft., £18 18s. 0d.

4 Axminster cloud design in two tones of coral, 27 ins. wide, 9s. 6d. yd.

5 Fawn and brown modern design Axminster, 27 ins. wide, 7s. 11d. yd.

6 Charming modern design light rust with cream design. Axminster, 27 ins. wide, 7s. 11d. yd.

7 English Wilton carpet, jaspé effect in pale green and gold, with gold border, 12 ft. by 9 ft., £8 10s. 0d.

8 A bold modern design in tones of beige and green. English Wilton, size 12 ft. by 9 ft., £11 5s. 0d.

(Carpets by courtesy of William Spriggs.)

Quite one of the most important decorative features of any room is the floor. Its influence in the finished effect is as vital as that of the walls, yet floor treatments are often commonplace.

Deeply implanted in our minds is the notion that floors are simply to be trodden on, and not to be regarded very seriously at all. Carpets make for softness under foot, for comfort. They are utilitarian. The function of imparting beauty and originality to their surroundings is too seldom permitted to them.

At least, that is as it was, not as it is.

To-day decorators use floor treatments as a vital part of their plans. Colouring design and texture underfoot are planned to bring co-ordination to the ensemble.

A striking effect was produced in a sitting-room by the decorator Maurice Yates in a scheme of black, white and red with a black floor, and a black ceiling against sheer white walls. The result was not, as it sounds, bizarre, but exquisitely simple. With the white walls, rich red curtains and white upholstered chairs were both thrown into dramatic relief against the plain black fitted carpet upon which a single leopard skin rug was thrown.

Too dramatic for the average home, perhaps, though in fact there is nothing either unpractical or too exotic in this colouring.

But in everyday practice the aim in connexion with floor treatments should be to combine originality with utility and comfort.

Plain carpeting has become a standby and can be used with charming effect if colouring is well handled, but it is a "safe" choice rather than a clever one except in connexion with a daring colour effect such as that just described.

For those who seek an effective compromise between the plain and the definitely patterned carpet, the now popular self-colour designs are perfect. In these the ground colour is overprinted with a design of a lighter or darker shade. The effect is often delicate and yet arresting, and there are many pastel shades to choose from in this type of carpeting. Ideal for bedrooms.

Among the carpets photographed here there is a dainty example of this type showing a delicate leaf design in two shades of coral. Picture this in a bedroom with turquoise hangings.

Another very striking carpet in this collection is the "gull" design seen at the top right of the group. This has a specially rich tone of rust as a background with an infinitely neat patterning of beige. It strikes one as being a splendid choice for carpeting a hall and stairs where walls and woodwork are rich cream.

For period schemes the traditional carpet designs have no equal, and that is why we included a reproduction Persian rug in our selection. The design chosen has a peculiar interest since it is reproduced exactly from the most famous Persian carpet in the world—the Ardebil carpet now in the possession of the Victoria and Albert Museum. Both rugs and carpets of varying size are made in this same design and with the most satisfactory reproduction of the muted Oriental colourings of the original.

In judging the quality of carpets and rugs one must be guided by price, the excellence of the design and colouring and the fineness or otherwise of the stitching.

When you purchase a carpet or rug examine it from the back after you have approved its face. The finer the appearance of the stitching here, the greater the number of stitches to the inch, the better the quality of the carpet. A coarse appearance with loose threads denotes cheapness of material and poor workmanship. The higher the price of the carpet, of course, the less likely are these faults to appear.

Apart from Oriental carpets in the more expensive class an English Wilton is the best to choose for long life and richness of texture. At the same time there are various grades and qualities in this variety.

Axminster carpets are the standby for common use in the average home. They are less costly than Wilton in its better grades, but excellent for hard wear.

Matting has taken a great stride into popularity as an economical substitute for carpet. It looks striking, wears well and generally fulfils the purposes of comfort.

Fibre matting in attractive plain colours as well as in bright checks is used for strictly modern and cottage schemes alike.

Rush matting in a coarse weave is used in the room photographed below, and very effective it is, not only as a carpet but as a background for the bright Indian rugs which are strewn upon it.

On a staircase, coloured check matting against stairtreads painted to tone can look very cheerful and stands up to hard wear quite well.

Matting for this purpose can be had from about four and sixpence a yard, though there are better qualities.

An excellent carpet now obtainable is of a type that has a specially woven pile to resist treadmarks. This, for plain carpet, is a great improvement upon those varieties which, however good in quality, were inclined to show unsightly treadmarks in places where traffic was heavy. The specially treated pile of the carpet referred to makes it specially resistant to wear and also to dirt. The price is naturally somewhat higher than usual but where a carpet is required for long service the small extra cost is unquestionably worth while.

Another type of plain carpet has a specially treated rubberized back which enables joins to be made almost invisibly and which dispenses with the need for binding cut edges. The advantages of this system can be easily seen in connexion with fitted carpets where joins have frequently to be made in awkward corners.

In the purchase of carpet it is wise always to spend as generously as means will allow. W.L.

Rush matting in a coarse weave is used in this country house sitting-room as an economical substitute for carpet and as an effective background for the glowing tones of the Indian rugs

# THE WAY TO PERFECT RELAXATION

If one thing is more maddening than another, it is to be told to try to relax when you are keyed up to high tension.

Not only is it impossible to follow the advice, but it would be the worst thing possible for you to *try* to do so, since the essence of relaxation is effortlessness.

At the same time we must all learn how to relax, as the high tension of life to-day is a menace. People fall out with heart-failure at fifty, although until that moment their constitution has been organically sound. All of a sudden, the heart snaps.

Thirty per cent of the population cannot sleep at night unless they are lulled into slumber by a sleeping draught; and this, not because they are necessarily thinking out some problem, but because their nerve system has been so constantly stretched it has become fixed at a certain point of alertness and cannot relax.

There must be some way of stopping the human engine. There is. But the moment to do so is after climax, or fulfilment.

To attempt to relax when you are either keyed to a pitch of anxiety, or working at high pressure, is to violate every instinct in your being; as bad, in fact, as to pour cold water into the radiator of a car that has over-heated. In one case, the motor seizes; in the other, the human machine collapses.

Remember, you have to slow down to relaxation, just as you have to boil up to endeavour.

Take an instance. Have you ever known a really active business man have forty winks in the afternoon? No really active business man can. If a man has time for forty winks it means that his whole day is moving to slow motion.

Far from doing good, to drop off work for ten minutes, with the idea of snapping into it again, often imposes a great strain. Naturally, this remark is governed by what form the break takes. If desk work is interrupted by a brisk stroll, fresh air invigorates. So does a drink and a smoke. During these the mind never really ceases functioning on the work in hand, so only a form of relaxation is produced. Pulse is maintained.

But how often do you hear a woman rush into her house after a hectic day and say, "I've just time to snatch half an hour in bed before dressing like lightning to dine out."

Now, it would be far better if she did not spend that half-hour in bed. Far better if she took it to dress slowly, and spent any time she had to spare in taking a longer bath. In fact, if she indulged in a period of slowing up, instead of trying to obtain a complete standstill which involved speeding later.

It is essential not to snap into speedy movement after an interval of rest, but to start off slowly. If you jump out of bed and dress at the double—yes, even on these glorious May mornings, or May evenings—all the good of your rest is undone by the jerk. But by all means put your legs up and have a lie-down after a tiring day, before you sally out again, as long as you can apportion your rest in such a way as to slow down to it and be leisurely afterwards.

So much for brief relaxations. As to relaxations that follow a span of hard work or strain, some people find they recuperate best by relaxing in merry-making, in dancing, and going places. This still means the nervous system will be working overtime.

True relaxation should comprise a little open-air exercise, and a great deal of open-air rest. Summer is the time to take it. And while you take it, don't worry over minor problems; that's worse for the mind than nibbling between meals is for the stomach. Get away from everything.

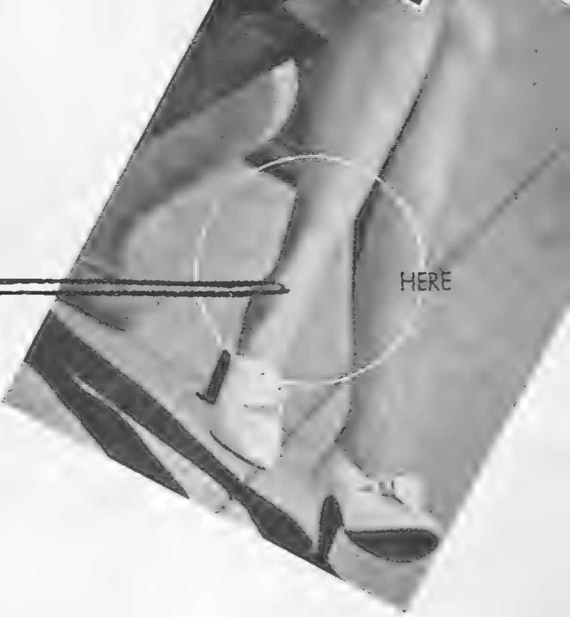
Thousands are doing it every week-end. They lock their front doors and speed away into the country with their tents, cycles, cars and caravans. Back to nature is the health-cry, and one of the finest antidotes to a high tension of life is to spend a clockless day.

This is a day in the open, right away from traffic and telephones, and any knowledge of time except that which is conveyed by the sun. It can quite easily be done if you get to your starting-point on Saturday, which should not be too far from home, so that you can have an easy journey back late on Sunday at the end of your loafer's day.

Let no thought of having to be in at a definite time, to a definite place for meals, disturb you on that day; roam, watch cattle browse and shadows slant. Forget conventional ties. If you are by the sea, be content to watch the waves furl up the beach, and day dream blissfully. Or fill your mind with a thousand sights and sounds of a life that is different from yours, and so obtain a respite from your own. Banish exertion, banish consequences, banish thought, laze.

(*Continued on page* 128)

# DO YOU WANT TO REDUCE?



## THIS ARTICLE TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

Taking it all in all, few things destroy self-pride so completely as fat ankles, fat wrists, and double chins.

Few dresses hide them. Maytime exposes them. And, as summer advances, a bathing dress will reveal fat legs, if you possess them. Fat legs are the last word in despondency.

I would never have believed that any of these could be dispelled by a course of six treatments, had I not been to have my own ankles remodelled at a beauty salon which employ the latest scientific methods in massage.

### Fat Ankles

Patient lies face downwards on a long divan, surrenders feet and prepares to be soothed.

But operator lays thumbs firmly on the back of her leg, right in the middle, three inches below the knee cavity. These thumbs work furiously from the middle outwards and downwards, and the sensation is far from comfortable. It is to relieve congestion, and is an emptying process.

Worse is to follow. The fatty layer round the ankle is attacked. This is well kneaded, broken up unmercifully, and then passed away in a side-to-side movement up the leg, along the emptied passages. After this, work on the centre leg muscle begins. Rather a curious movement of the expert's thumbs helps the over-stretched muscle to corkscrew up again and tighten in any sagging surface.

A mild electric current is then passed through the body by means of a Faradic battery. This helps tone the muscle tremendously, and next the same massage performance is repeated on the front of the leg and down the foot.

The whole is terminated by a sound slapping. The scientific name for this is friction. Your enemy could not treat you worse. But, my word, directly you stand up you realise your best friend could not have done as much for you. Your legs are re-made. Dragging ankles have become cogs of live wire. You simply spring out to meet the world, and try to catch a glimpse of your new feet passing every shop window; at least, they feel new, but the remodelling cannot be completed under six treatments, when the result is grand.

If your ankles are inclined to swell, and swelling leads ultimately to a fat deposit, wear low-heeled shoes.

Every morning seize your foot by the toes and pull it forward, then work it round and round on the ankle joint. This keeps the ankle trim.

Lastly, don't despair and abandon all thought of treatment, if your ankles are very, very fat indeed. The electric current can be passed through you while your foot is in a special Faradic bath. This works miracles.

### Fat Legs

Thumb-stumping begins halfway up the thigh, down the main side-muscle, for the emptying process. Kneading then centres on the knee and, when all that has been undermined and has been cleared up the thigh, work on the calves begins.

It is a long process and an exhaustive one. Finally, the electric current is passed through, and just as you think you will never be able to stand again, you are slapped and pulled to your feet and lo and behold a marvel has taken place once more. Your legs seem to have come to life and you swear you could do a thirty-mile sprint.

Perhaps the first treatment *(Continued on page 128)*

**by Chrysis**

If you require further details or want help for your individual problems, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," 32/34 St. Bride Street, London. E.C.4.

# THESE ARE YOUR FORESTS

*A BEAUTIFUL fir drive in the Forest of Dean*

## How Britain is Replanting her Forest Lands

### By H. H. Johnston

IT is a long way from the silent slopes of Argyll's wild Glen Croe to the sophistication of London's throbbing Piccadilly. But between these points in our national geography there lies one of the most romantic and thrilling chapters in our national story. . . .

Hamish M'Kee is a rugged woodman, with clear blue eyes in his head and the smell of peat-smoke on his rough tweeds; his address is Number One, The Huts, at lonely Ardgartan, Glen Croe, between the precipitous heights of Rest-And-Be-Thankful and the dark, deep waters of mysterious Loch Long. . . . Sir Roy L. Robinson, suave, academic, is also a woodman; his address is at Number Nine of elegant Savile Row, in the busy centre of the masculine fashion world. Yet these two men are taking part in the same job. They, and the five thousand other woodmen they represent, are writing this living story of *your* forests, *your* lovely playgrounds, *your* vast treasure-houses of the future.

This year a wandering band of tree-men, experts of the Forestry Commission, the head of which is Sir Roy Robinson, is to undertake one of the most amazing tasks of our lifetime—nothing less than a complete stocktaking of our timber wealth, a Domesday Book of our forests and plantations.

We live on trees. Without trees we would perish as a civilisation. Timber is steadily becoming scarcer in the world and prices are rising as more and more uses are being found by research scientists for wood. Among a variety of things wonderful and incredible which a growing tree to-day represents are artificial silk, new food forms and motor-spirit. Man's genius is converting timber into one of the main props of our whole complicated system of modern living and we are moving steadily towards the dawn of a new Wood Age.

The paper upon which you read the printed word has come from a tree; the silk loveliness of milady's stockings, the soft beauty of seductive lingerie—these, too, are miracles of the forest from which the basic cellulose originally comes. At the Düsseldorf Industrial Exhibition last year German chemists showed me suits made from wood-pulp, and door-handles, "rubber" pipes, sugar, chocolates, alcohol, gay paints, spectacle frames—and gas-masks! All from wood.

We in Britain never dreamed of the vital importance of timber in our lives until during the Great War when the cry went out for more and more wood while our timber transports were being sunk by enemy torpedoes and their valuable cargoes jettisoned across the oceans of the world. At home the woodman's axe swung night and day until 450,000 acres of trees were laid low. Death swept through our forest glades like a hideous avalanche clearing everything before it—and to-day, where once the giants stood, nothing but waste and sad desolation now remain on many of those war-scarred acres.

But this is a happy story, for a great number of those ugly wounds have been healed, and clothed with beauty and utility, thanks to the Forestry Commission and the scattered battalions of the men of the trees. So, let us take our own census and go down into our own forests to see what is stirring. . . .

From far Borgie, by stern Loch Laoghal in northernmost Sutherland, to mellow Brighstone, in the Isle of Wight, are 197 national forests, either growing or in development. The Forestry Commission, which has £500,000 to spend in a year, has already bought some 1,000,000 acres of land in every corner of the country; and while they draw up their ambitious plans to afforestate 1,700,000 acres over a period of eighty years, they can look back proudly over the splendid work of the past fifteen years and mark off on their maps 330,000 acres already tested, lined, planted and protected.

During this past winter and spring hundreds of families of men, women and children—the happy forest-dwellers of Britain—have planted about 25,000 acres of land, transferring from the seclusion of the arboreal nurseries to the rigours of nature's wildernesses over 50,000,000 young trees.

Fifty millions! Did you think there was that much green glory in all our native timber lands?

But that is the result of only one year's programme. Soon the planting will reach 30,000 acres, each acre containing about 1,800 trees, and calling for a supply of 80,000,000 sturdy striplings to augment the growing legions that are putting a mighty bulwark round our national life, and are giving us a magnificent heritage.

Trees! Deciduous and coniferous—oak, sycamore and beech and spreading chestnut; tall pine and spruce, and sturdy Douglas fir and swaying larch. Trees, in sheltered vale and chilly, wind-swept mountain-side.

Yesterday I gazed upon a handful of home-grown seed—a hundred potential tons of timber lying in a cupped fist. But the century will be gone, and most of us with it, before the glory of those tiny spheres of immortality will have matured to a golden harvest. . . . Yesterday, also, I watched a child of six in the shadow of Ben Donich stoop, laughing, by her woodman father and set a bright green larch in the dark red earth. She will be a woman, old with living, when her slender nurseling will be full-grown. . . .

Yet, the first trees planted under the new forest-charter which was created in 1920 with the formation of the Forestry Commission, are already yielding their fruits. After eighteen years they are supplying much-needed pit-props to safeguard our miners' lives. That is but a beginning, but it is the first important step towards the realisation of our dream of timber self-sufficiency. Those home-grown pit-props are negligible in quantity when it is remembered that we buy from abroad over £3,500,000 worth of pit-props alone, out of our total annual timber imports of £60,000,000.

Last year there was a sudden, spectacular increase in the price of pit-props, so your forest managers made money by thinning out the young coniferous plantations, a task that had been neglected for some years but which had unexpectedly become highly profitable.

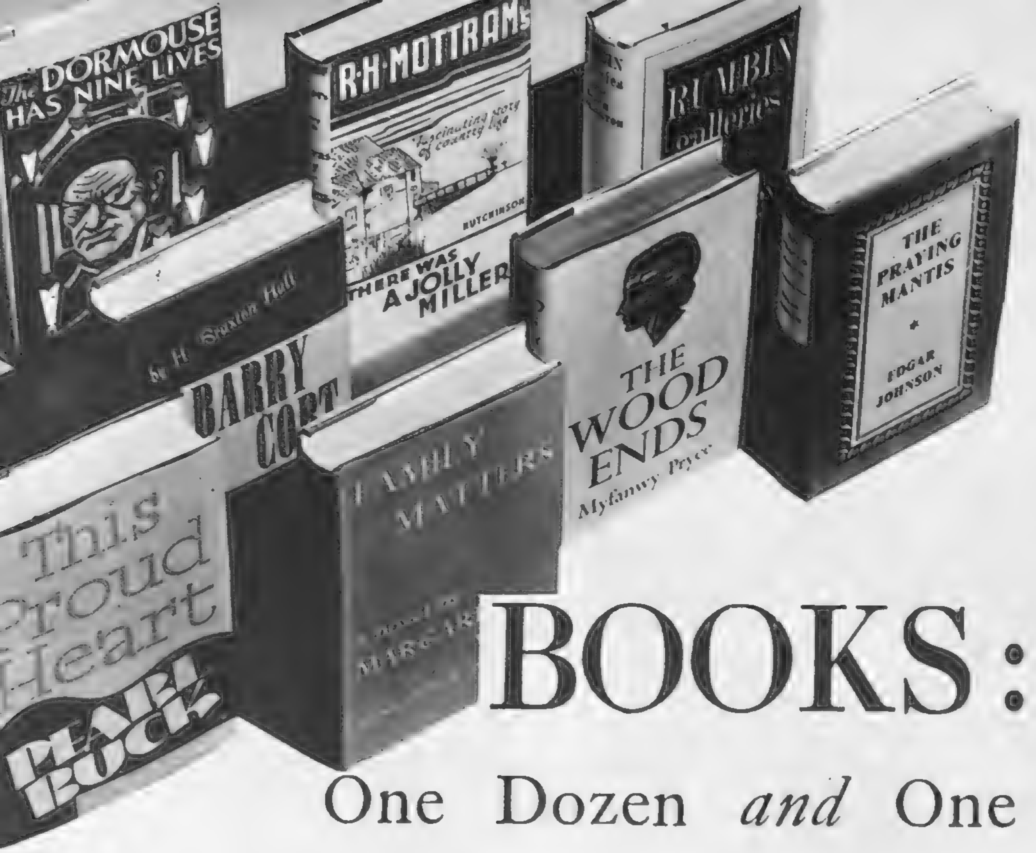
From these figures you can begin to see the shape of your forests and what they are worth. The romance behind them will thrill you as it thrilled me when I gazed on that handful of pregnant seeds, or when I stood on the heights above Ardgartan and watched the wind rustle (*Continued on p.* 74)

*Seedlings of all varieties are reared at the Forestry Commission's nursery at Tulliallan, Kincardine. They are protected from frost during the winter months with lath screens. The output is over 20,000,000 seedlings and about 6,000,000 transplants per year*

*Sorting out saplings for replanting at the Three Ash Nursery, near Cowbridge. They are subsequently replanted in the New Forest to replace trees cut down for pit-props*

*(Below)*
*Planting Scotch pine trees at Elveden, Suffolk. A man can plant on an average more than 1000 trees a day*

*(Left)*
*Unemployed miners of South Wales working on afforestation. Clamping trees to boards preparatory to planting*



# BOOKS:

## One Dozen *and* One

### *Reviewed by*

### Alan Seymour

NONE of the books before me this month makes so instant an appeal as Helen Keller's *Journal* (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.).

I have read many biographies and autobiographies of the world's greatest men and women, but no book I have ever read has so humbled me as this one.

This simple and endearingly human account of a woman who, deprived of sight, speech and hearing in infancy, yet has triumphed over these incredible disabilities and has dedicated a life full of academic and literary achievement to the service of others must fill any reader with decent susceptibilities with a great humility, but this humility is not of the sort which evokes resentment.

On the contrary, it is the sort of humility which possesses us when we glimpse something in nature so sweepingly beautiful that we know we never really can comprehend its full effect.

Whatever of sadness we might have expected to find in this book is offset by its all-embracing humanity.

As Augustus Muir says in his foreword, Helen Keller has poured her heart into the pages of this Journal and the reader emerges from the study of it vastly richer for the privilege.

Helen Keller is my idea of a Modern Saint and her Journal my idea of a Modern Bible.

As a contrast to this record of a woman who was endowed physically with so little yet has achieved so much, we turn now to a biography of a woman upon whom Nature bestowed talents which brought her to the attention of all England.

*BE Loved No More*, by Arthur Bernon Tourtellot (Geo. Allen and Unwin; 10s. 6d.), is an account of the Life and Environment of Fanny Burney, and the precept employed as the title of the book, being Alexander Pope's parting admonition in his *Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady*, implies more happily than could any especially designed phrase the dominant temper of Fanny Burney's life.

It was through a remarkable novel that Fanny Burney first came to be placed on a pedestal by eighteenth-century Georgian society.

Thus her life history is the story of a young woman moving in the circle of the great Johnson, who was a different man in her presence; of the enthusiasm with which she was received by the Blue-stockings; of the dreary days after the dissolution of Johnson's circle, spent in the dull court of George III and his Queen, when the King lay ill and the Prince of Wales invaded Windsor; of the brilliant colonies of exiles from France during the Revolution, where Fanny Burney herself found refuge after her release from the Court; and finally of a woman who sacrificed friendships with the world's notabilities to marry an outcast.

Included in the book are five excellent pen and ink drawings by Ernest John Donnelly, in addition to other illustrative matter.

NOVELS about families generally fall into one of two well-defined categories. Either the families are so interesting that the author's literary ability is of secondary consideration, or else the author handles his material so absorbingly well that the characters themselves recede into a composite whole.

In *Family Matters*, by Margaret Watt (Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.), the author, whose previous novel, *Early Portrait*, was well received, strikes the happy medium. The characters are in themselves outstanding — particularly Mrs. Cotes, who is utterly charming—while the author's treatment of them is characterised by a disarming deftness.

This does not mean that the book is one of those knowingly and deliberately clever pieces of work which approach legerdemain in their facility. It is characterised throughout by a breadth of humanity which stamps it as a sincere and delightful contribution to contemporary literature.

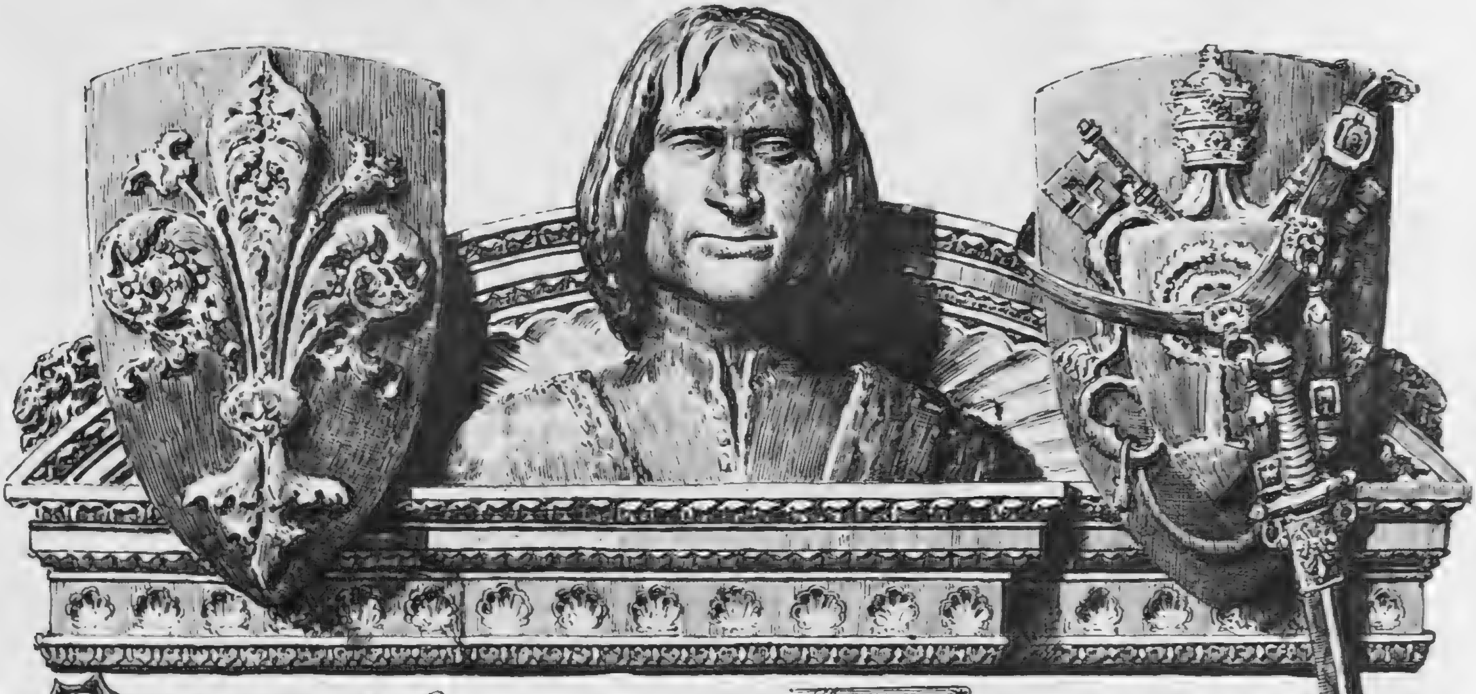
ANOTHER intimate study also comes to us this month from Faber and Faber, in *Barry Cort*, by H. Braxton Hull (8s. 6d.). This is a straightforward tale of a

(*Continued on p. 72*)

THE MOUNTAINS AND THE STARS
PRACTICAL ASTROLOGY
EDWARD LYNDOE
Be Loved No More
Arthur Bernon Tourtellot
O Absalom
Howard
HELEN KELLER'S Journal

# Old Tales Re-told

### *Written and Illustrated by* F. Matania, R.I.



# ROMA VERSUS FLORENCIA

## The Medici *of the* Golden Age defy *the* Unchristian Papacy

THERE is practically no one who, when mentioning Florence, does not automatically call to mind the name of Medici. Nor is it possible to visit Florence without conceiving a deep admiration for that family's member who was so deservedly called The Magnificent. It seems as though, in order to stimulate the glorious development of that gem of mediæval cities, providence created the right man at the right moment.

For some time during the second half of the fifteenth century, the Florentine Republic was having a hard fight for existence, owing largely to the machiavellian manœuvrings of neighbouring states. In fact, in the north the Doge and the Council of Ten were contemplating extending the Venetian territory by annexing nothing less than the entire region of Lombardy. In the south the treacherous and cruel King of Naples was playing a double game with consummate skill. He was a dangerous foe and an unreliable friend.

Meanwhile, the policy of the Vatican was the same as always—a relentless craving for conquest.

At the time of this story the Papal Chair was occupied by Pope Sixtus IV., who did not disguise the hatred he felt for the Medici. The Roman state, with all its power, had assumed the attitude of a monster with wide-open jaws, ready to spring.

Indeed, the cupidity with which Rome looked upon Florence was almost traditional in the Holy See, and its conquest an extremely tempting project for any Pope.

Now the shield against all these dangers rested on the weak arm of an old man, physically infirm and of fast declining mental powers. This was Piero de Medici. Several of the neighbouring states were looking forward to his death, but while he was fading away, his two sons, Lorenzo and Giuliano, were growing up to take his place with all the young energy and good sense with which both were endowed. Both very tall, big-boned, strong and athletic, they cultivated every kind of manly exercise, at the same time educating their minds far beyond the average.

For more than a century and a-half the beacon of Italian literature and poetry, lit by the genius of Dante and Petrarch, had radiated to the world the splendour of its resurrection. Likewise all other forms of art had awakened from their slumbers and under a Christian shape were recovering with miraculous rapidity their pristine splendours.

It was in this atmosphere of feverish creation that Lorenzo and his brother were brought up.

Old Piero, crippled by gout, was still lingering on. He had wisely initiated his two sons in the affairs of state, and in spite of their youth they proved a valuable help. Lorenzo, the elder, was about eighteen years of age. In the meantime, so impatient were his enemies to get rid of the old man before his sons were too grown up, that a plot was organised against him. At the head of this plot was the famous Luca Pitti, founder of the well-known Palazzo Pitti.

The fell plan was foiled in this way: Old Piero was at Careggio, not far from Florence, and was about to leave that residence. Fortunately, Lorenzo was with him, and with a few attendants went ahead of his father. On the road he noticed an abnormal amount of armed men, all suspicious-looking characters. Some of them approached the riders and asked news of Piero's health. Lorenzo immediately understood that something sinister was afoot, and, without showing any sign of his suspicions, informed them that his father was well and was following on a short distance behind. When the men had gone Lorenzo sent one of his servants at break-neck speed to tell his father to change his route and to go to Florence instead by a circuitous way. Thus Lorenzo's quickness frustrated the plot, and old Piero reached his palace safely. Later, when the searchlight of an inquiry fell on the culprits, even the Archbishop of Florence deemed it wiser to retire to Rome.

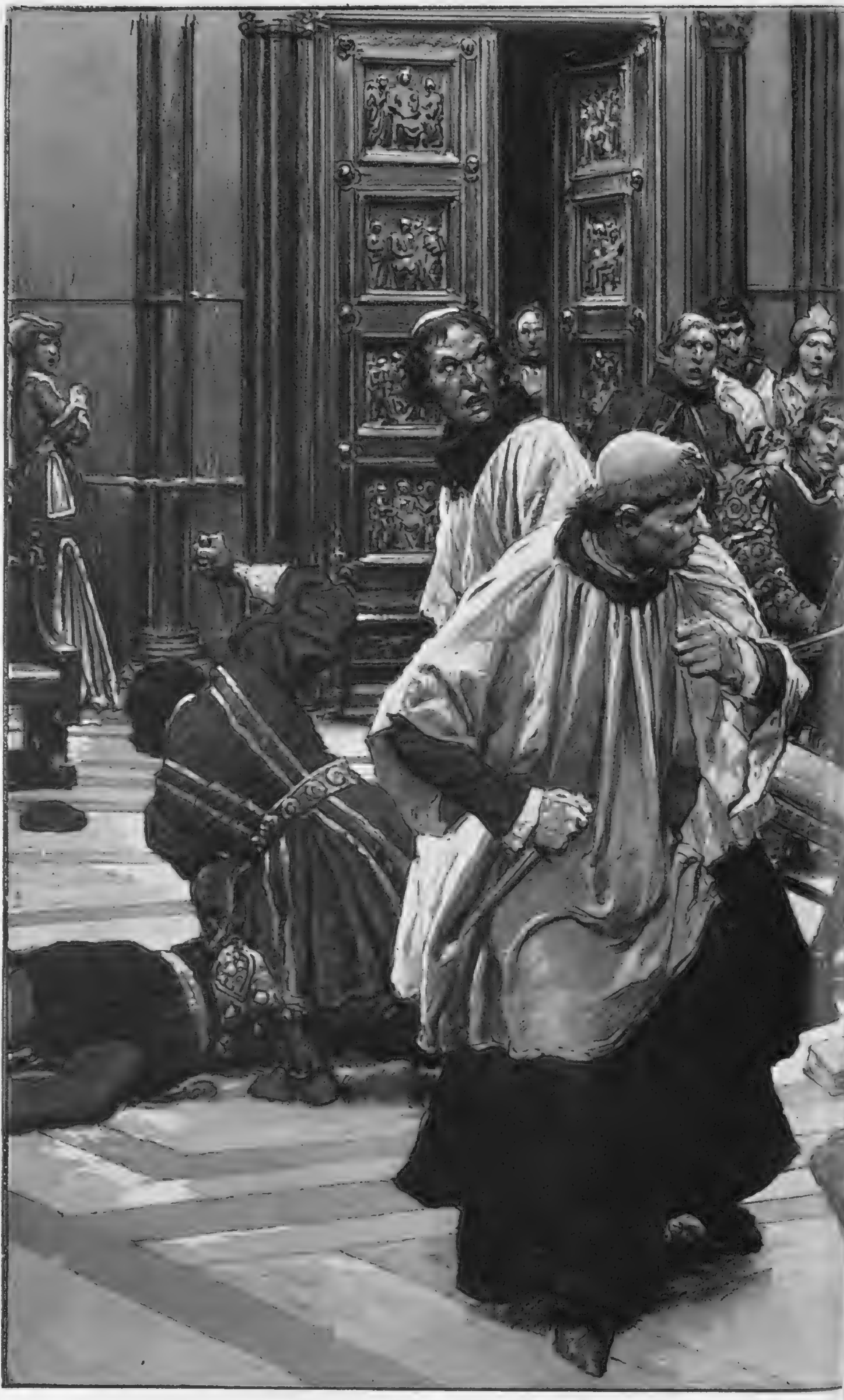
Great clemency was shown to the enemies of the Medici family, for Lorenzo, who had practically taken his father's place in public affairs, chose to try to redeem the culprits rather than condemn them. He always took great pride in making a friend of an enemy, and many are the episodes of his unparalleled generosity in similar instances.

Besides many other qualities, Lorenzo was a talented poet and his poetry can really be considered as his diary, for he expressed most beautifully in verse, his thoughts, sensations and emotions. Through it we know of his first exploits in jousts, of his first love for a Florentine beauty whose name he chivalrously hides but whose indentity the inexorable eye of public curiosity detects as Lucrezia Donati; of all the adoration he had for simple folk and a simple life, for the beauty of nature and the immense joy that man can derive from it instead of craving for gold, power and all the traps that ambition lays for mankind.

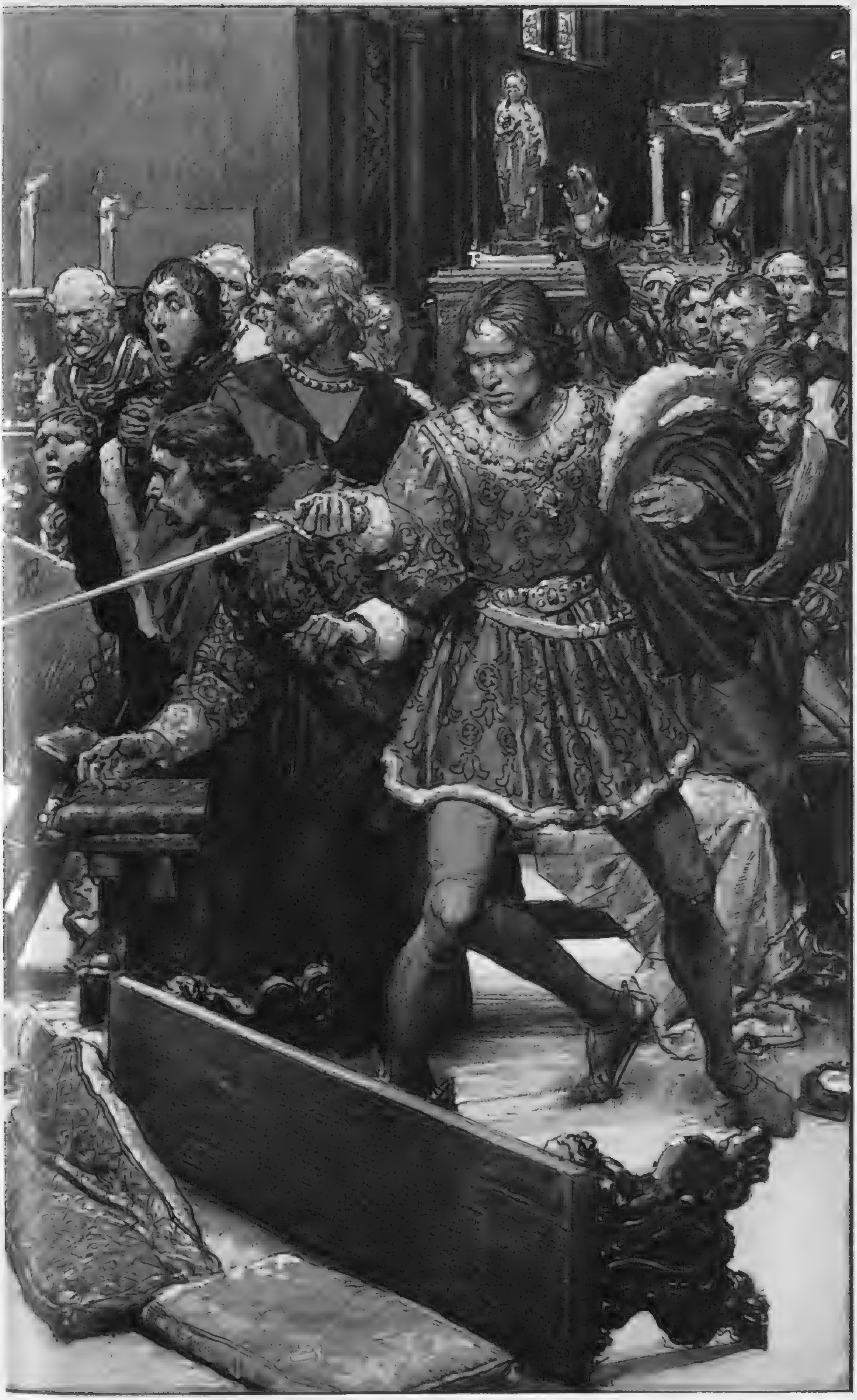
IN December 1469, old Piero died and the reins of Florentine power were entrusted entirely to Lorenzo. His magnanimous policy attracted many influential people to his side. He paid a personal visit to the King of Naples and from his private wealth he provided a generous dowry for many Neapolitan girls of marriageable age. But he never succeeded in mollifying the hard heart of Sixtus IV. His Holiness, if so he may be called, had nothing of humanity or kindliness in his whole unbalanced mental make-up.

To be an enemy of Lorenzo meant to secure the protection of the Pope and his illegitimate sons who passed as his nephews.

With an appalling impudence only equalled by the Borgias, Sixtus elevated his offspring to the highest dignities of the Holy See. They entered in a close and secret confederacy with a noble and powerful family of Florence, the Pazzi. With the object of gaining the supreme power in Florence, Francesco Pazzi, with full protection from the Pope and the latter's sons, schemed out the most diabolical plot to assassinate Lorenzo and Giuliano de Medici. There was no apparent enmity between the Pazzi and the Medici, nor could the latter ever anticipate that anything hostile would come from that family. The chief accomplices of the heinous enterprise were the Archbishop of Pisa and his brother, Jacopo Salviati, who occupied a very high position in public life. Even the King of Naples was not a stranger to the affair. A military force of 2000 men was put in readiness in order to cope with any reaction that might arise. They were to approach Florence from different directions at an appointed time. The



*Lorenzo was dexterously defending himself*
*cloak around his left arm and, using*



*against his assailants. He wound his his sword most skilfully, kept them at bay*

assassination of the two brothers was to take place during a reception at Lorenzo's palace. Hidden amongst the guests were the confederates.

The reception was carried out with the usual splendour. An unexpected circumstance, however, prevented the execution of the double murder. Giuliano was slightly indisposed and kept to his chamber. The coup was to dispose of both brothers at once, so a significant glance was sufficient to keep at least for that day the daggers within their scabbards, and the assassination was postponed until the following Sunday, and was planned to be carried out whilst Mass was being celebrated in the church of St. Reparata, to-day called Santa Maria del Fiore.

There the two brothers would go as was their wont, and the moment to strike, it was decided, would be that of the elevation of the holy wafer. That was the ungodly idea of the Archbishop of Pisa.

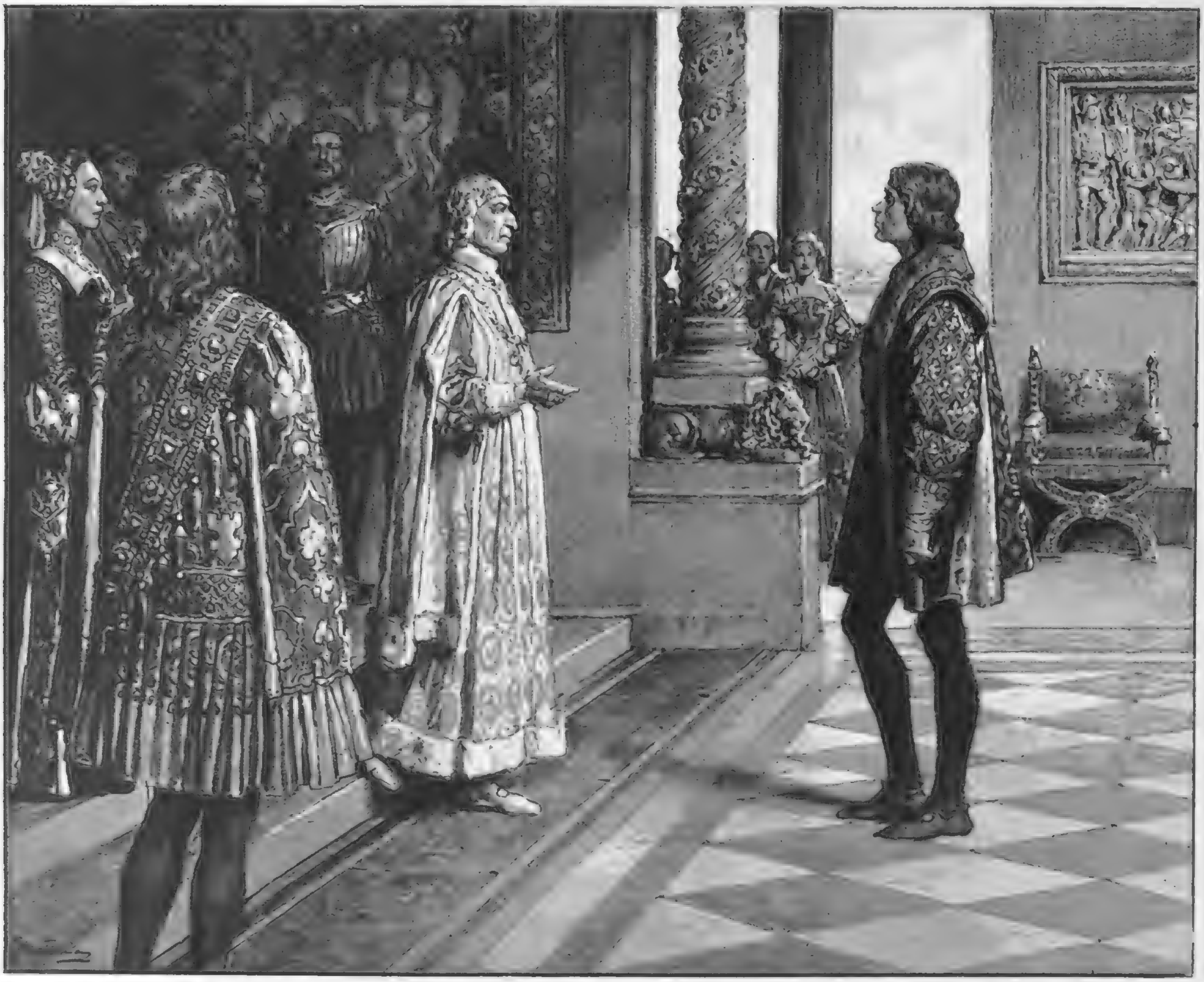
The killing of Lorenzo had been allotted to an officer called Montesico, and, of course, the church was filled with acquiescing friends. This man had lent his services when it was understood that the deed would take place in a private house, but his conscience did not allow him to soil with murder the Temple of God, so he flatly refused to undertake the task. And here another strange thing happened, for that which troubled the religious conscience of a soldier did not in the least trouble the conscience of the ecclesiastics. Two of them came forward and undertook to substitute the too scrupulous Montesico.

On Sunday, April 26th, while the spring sun was shining on the city of flowers, the magnificent procession of nobility entered the church and took their seats. Lorenzo arrived alone. The alarmed conspirators, quivering with impatience, inquired about his brother's health, and even when told that he would come later, their anxiety did not abate. They knew too well that a plot with so many confederates could not remain a secret for long, and fear of discovery made them frantic. In fact, Francesco Pazzi and a certain Brandini went to Giuliano's house to fetch him. A little later, joking and laughing, they re-entered the church, Giuliano between them, each with an arm around his waist, in the most friendly way, but in reality to make sure that he was not armed. As a matter of fact, Giuliano had that very day omitted to wear even the misericordia—a toy dagger, considered more as as ornament than as a weapon.

They took seats near their victim and waited.

Lorenzo, too, was seated unconsciously in the middle of his two would-be executioners.

As the sacred wafer was raised by the officiating priest everyone bowed, and in that moment none noticed the act of Brandini. Quick as lightning he struck Giuliano in the breast. Then it was that the victim was seen to take



*When Lorenzo and the King faced each other, they both realised that a strenuous duel was about to commence*

a few steps and fall. Swiftly Francesco Pazzi was on him and with ferocious violence struck him many times even after he was already dead. (Subsequent examination revealed nineteen wounds.)

Meanwhile, Lorenzo was dexterously defending himself against his priestly assailants, his neck bleeding from a gaping wound. He wound his cloak around his left arm, and, using his sword most skilfully, kept at bay the Holy Fathers. Brandini, seeing that the two ecclesiastics were weakening, rushed up to finish the work so clumsily started, but was stopped by one of Lorenzo's faithful servants. The latter's heroic intervention cost him his life, however, for he fell dead at his master's feet.

Lorenzo by this time was surrounded by friends ready to defend him to the last. They pushed him into the sacristy and closed the heavy bronze door.

With Lorenzo alive the coup had to all intents and purposes failed. The tumult was such that even from the interior of the closed sacristy it seemed as though the church was falling down.

Fearing that the priest's dagger might have been poisoned, a young man sucked the wound in Lorenzo's neck, but fortunately all was well.

Thereafter the infuriated Florentines took the law in their own hands and whoever had taken part in the plot, either directly or indirectly, was lynched on the spot.

Indeed, the entire civilised world, when the news spread, was horrified to the point that even the Sultan Mahomed, knowing that Brandini had succeeded in escaping to Constantinople, had him seized and sent back in chains to Florence.

Altogether different was the Pope's reaction to the news. Hearing the plot had failed, he was furious to a degree. The King of Naples, being allied with the Papacy, was also bitterly disappointed and gladly placed his services at the Pope's disposal if further action should be contemplated.

It was not long before an envoy came from Rome asking the people of Florence to deliver Lorenzo to his Holiness, threatening wholesale excommunication and military measures if they failed to obey.

Military preparations were simultaneously begun on a large scale by his Holiness and by King Ferdinand of Naples against the Florentine Republic.

In the meantime, messages of sympathy were coming in to Lorenzo from the Kings of France and Spain as well as from many other notabilities of Europe. Even from Venice came expressions of public grief. These messages greatly enheartened the Florentines and Lorenzo found his subjects quite ready when he, outlining the Roman and Neapolitan menace, called the people to arms.

Lorenzo had tried every means of avoiding the horrors of war, but his moderation seemed to irritate his opponents rather than pacify them.

ALMOST a year elapsed, during which, beside other troubles, the plague added to the difficulties of the tragic situation. The army (*Continued on p.* 100)

By Peter Langdale

*The most important event in the fur world is the annual sale at Beaver Hall. Sorting over white fox furs. Some 900,000 skins are sold by the Hudsons Bay Company at Beaver Hall, Garlick Hill, London*

*(Below)*

*Miss Dorothy Dickson, the famous musical comedy actress and dancer, wearing a red fox cape and hat of the same fur*

# Fur Sense

## New *Furs* are to a Woman as a New *Car* is to a Man

IF Mary wants a Persian Lamb—or a mink or sables, ermine or chinchilla—or just coney, she 'll find it well advised to develop fur sense.

It is the furrier's term for an attribute as real as road sense or clothes sense.

Possessed by comparatively few women, whom furriers respect as having something that others fortunately haven't got, it is spoken of in the trade as though it were some kind of mysterious magnetism that draws the right women unerringly to the right fur.

Actually fur sense has a good deal to do with plain commonsense; and Mary can and should develop it before she puts down her money.

Fine mink coats cost, and are worth several hundred pounds apiece, yet mink, real mink, but of "rejected" quality can be bought for as little as sixpence a skin!

Realise that, Mary, and you begin to realise how, when buying a peltry, you may easily get skinned yourself. Very fine furs can be produced legitimately by dyeing and treatment, but be sure you are paying for no more than what you are getting.

Remember, to begin with that most good furs are short-haired, soft and supple, and easy-flowing when you blow upon them (if the hairs are hard and coarse they have been clipped); that dye will come off if the fur is tested by a cloth damped with a weak solution of ammonia and water; that the hairs, and, particularly, the skin, of the best black furs (always fashionable) are not dull black, but blue black, and that if any trace of hardened glue can be detected at the roots of the hair in a parti-coloured fur, then dyed badger hair has been inserted.

There was a 29% drop in fur sales during the 1936-1937 season. Now they are booming again, and furs are cheaper and better value.

But one unfortunate result is that pelt "sharks" are flourishing. They use the previous, temporary decline in the trade as an excuse to sell faked skins at low prices. They know the psychology of their customers as well as they know the difference between sable and rabbit.

"This is a genuine silver fox cape going cheap because of the fall in prices."

He 'll produce a most aristocratic-looking "silver fox," actually a red fox processed to resemble its more expensive counterpart.

The method of faking used is to dye the pelt blue-black and attach white badger hairs of the correct length by glue to the leather. Inferior natural silver foxes are "treated" in the same way.

Unfortunately some dealers are not always insistent on describing them by their right name, "pointed silver fox."

There is nothing to be said against the legitimate use of this treatment, nor against the manifold legitimate uses of coney (rabbit).

But the rabbit to the shady dealer in furs is like odour to a skunk—inseparable.

The ordinary rabbit can be made up to resemble any fur model nowadays, and this is done so successfully that many hundreds are the women parading streets,

(*Continued on p. 95*)

*Gracie Fields, C.B.E. Has made a fortune already at the laugh-making game. Began her professional career as a mimic*

*Beatrice Lillie has a brand of humour gloriously her own. Her whimsical methods appeal to Americans. Has returned to the films in "Doctor Rhythm"*

# CAN WOMEN BE FUNNY?

## The Comediennes are Marching Forward

By Margaret Chute

*Judy Canova, a new screen discovery in comediennes*

*Martha Raye, the twenty-one-year-old comedienne, who has landed in the big money during the last twelve months. She simply cannot stop clowning*

*(Left) Cicely Courtneidge has brought her gift for comedy to the screen in many films*

*"Gert and Daisy," otherwise Elsie and Doris Waters. Are known to millions by their Cockney character-studies*

TIMES change; and women change with them. Half a century ago the antics of many celebrated women of to-day would have been regarded with horror and dismay. The existence of the fairer weaker sex was bounded by birth, marriage and death. In between, if the lady was lucky, she could express pallid admiration for the prowess of her noble brothers, her lordly husband, her stern, unbending Papa. She could simper and swoon—if she was sufficiently clever—and indulge in orgies of knitting, embroidery, and the vapours. But that she should set out, deliberately, to make herself grotesque, hideous, comic, or that she should presume that she could ever be *amusing*, was unthinkable.

A female comedian? Nonsense! If anything in skirts had to be funny—as in the case of Dames in Pantomime—a male was hired for the purpose, poured into voluminous skirts and elastic-sided boots, and told to do his worst. Hence the pantomime dame of tradition. But nobody thought about casting a WOMAN as a pantomime dame, because the character was supposed to be funny. Would anybody in their sane senses expect a woman to be funny? Certainly not.

Slapstick comedy came in, for women, with the old Mack Sennett bathing comedies on the screen. Louise Fazenda must have been one of the first actresses to indulge in amusing, but crude, acrobatics, receive custard pies full in her face, dive off bridges into lakes, and be chased by an army of infuriated cops. In the days when Louise so boldly invaded a field previously reserved mainly for men she was regarded with suspicion by the rest of her actress-pals. What was the use of trying to get laughs? *Men* got laughs; women were there for decorative purposes only.

But Miss Fazenda thought not. Jumping forward about twenty years we find that a number of other clever women agree with her. Take a look at to-day's list of comediennes; the women who are making us laugh just as much as any man ever did.

They are not afraid to look ugly. They have met men on their own ground—that wide-open space behind the footlights and in front of the cameras—and stepped forward into the front rank, with determination and skill. The March of the Comediennes is still going on, proving that women *can* be funny, if they really try.

*GRACIE ALLEN with George Burns, her husband, in "College Swing." She makes people laugh and is also a very clever dancer*

*CAROLE LOMBARD, high priestess of crazy comedy on the screen. Seen here with Fred MacMurray in a scene from "True Confession"*

HERE is a list worth noting: Gracie Fields, C.B.E., Cicely Courtneidge, Beatrice Lillie, Doris and Elsie Waters, Carole Lombard, Martha Raye, Gracie Allen, Judy Canova, Joan Davis, Joan Blondell, Ethel Revnell and Gracie West, Bebe Daniels—and shall I add Mae West? She has been responsible for a flock of laughs, anyway, since she started undulating across the screen.

Consider the case of Carole Lombard, whose crazy comedies have revolutionized the film industry, of recent months. Carole has proved that it pays to be crazy. Publicised, deservedly, as the Glamour Girl of the Screen, what does Miss Lombard do but make herself look as plain as she pleases? She behaves in the wildest, most irresponsible manner; she gets spanked, has her face slapped, fights the man she loves until she is knocked senseless. And all the time we laugh with her.

Blonde, luscious, blue-eyed Missy Lombard knew what she was doing when she said she would appear in an opus called *My Man Godfrey*, along with the gentleman from whom she had been recently divorced: William Powell, no less. Which proves, alone, that she must have a grand sense of humour. They made *My Man Godfrey* in gales of laughter. When the picture hit the screen it started a new cycle in movies, and it made Carole Lombard a far greater star than she had been when she was content to be just "pretty."

Since then she has done quite a number of films of the same type, ending with *Nothing Sacred*, in which she stages a battle with Fredric March that is the hottest and funniest thing of its kind ever attempted. They both retired to bed, for a rest cure, when the battle scenes had been put in the can, for keeps. There was no pulling of punches when March and Lombard fought to a finish.

CAROLE LOMBARD, comedienne, will be a millionairess within a few years, in spite of income tax. She is able to make her own terms for any film in which she appears. She is not tied to any one company but goes from studio to studio, cleaning up a fortune. Her early training as a Mack Sennett bathing beauty may have helped to convince her that comedy—of the broad and slapstick variety—was really her *métier*. All that lounging around, looking glamorous, might be quite jolly for the beholders; but to Miss Lombard it was just darned dull.

She is witty, audacious, full of fun. Her presence in a studio brings laughter with it. Tragedy has been so close to her right through her working life that her point of view seems to be—"For heaven's sake, let's make a laugh out of it!" In the days when only her *face* was her fortune, and her feet were starting to climb the shaky ladder of film fame, Carole was the victim of a terrible motor smash that left her with scars on her face which she was told would be permanent. So bang went her career, in a couple of seconds. Having tasted the bitterest dregs in life's cup, Carole encountered a pleasant surprise. A facial surgeon performed one of those miracles on her battered face; and she emerged with only a small scar on her left cheek that not one in the ten thousand people who look at her on the screen have ever spotted. Any girl who can fight through things that have done their best to wreck both hope and spirit, and come out on top, as Carole Lombard has done, deserve all the good luck that is being handed out. She has got it—but only since she set out to prove that women can, and *should*, be funny.

Our own Gracie Fields is not doing so badly at the laugh-making game, either. One hears that she has made a fortune already, and will go on gathering in the shekels as long as she cares to amuse us. Gracie Fields began her professional career as a mimic. In music hall stars such as the late George Formby, Victoria Monks, Gertie Gitana, and others who were topliners Gracie found the kind of personalities she could imitate, faithfully.

She appeared at "benefits" in her home town of Rochdale; and long before she decided to earn her living on the stage she was a local celebrity, much in demand whenever a concert was being planned. She has never been afraid to poke fun at herself. When, in the middle of a serious ballad, she breaks off and bursts into some amazing flight of voice, or some ludicrous grimace, she is really burlesquing herself. Originally, it was not her intention to do more than sing straight ballads, as any ordinary singer would sing them. The first week she played at a real music hall (in Rochdale) an accident sent the audience into fits of laughter, and more or less revealed her future as a comedienne.

It happened that Jack Pleasants was billed at Rochdale; and his wife always appeared as an early turn on the same bill. She was taken ill, and there was no time to get a deputy from London. The manager remembered Gracie Fields, the local girl who was so popular at the benefits; sent for her, and asked if she would like to go on, for a week, in place of Mrs. Jack Pleasants. Gracie said she wouldn' all.

Her singing voice, even then, was tremendously (*Continued on page* 138)

By Joan Woollcombe

Mothercraft is learned under ideal modern conditions at the Violet Melchett Infant Welfare Centre

Fencing in the courtyard of the famous Salle Bertrand, in Tenterton Street. Increasingly younger women take up this most delightful of all feminine exercise

# SO YOUR

Your daughter insists upon being graceful—if she is wise. You see her here exercising at Elizabeth Arden's—with the expert, showing her how to do shoulder stretching for round shoulders and forward carriage

Believe it or not, your daughter-back-from-school is going feminine; even more feminine than current fashions want to make you. Her interests, her work and her outlook will all have that feminine viewpoint when she comes home for good this year.

There are many types of purely material problems that will arise for you to solve; here are some suggestions for their solution.

School provided her with *exercises*, as well as exercise and regular games; and at least the exercises will have to be carried on. It is useful to have some idea of possibilities since most girls need a start on the foundation of a sensible beauty regime. And the question of what a famous expert calls the "adolescent slouch" is bound up, too, in a ritual for the adolescent complexion, a basis for face-care.

A small room in Elizabeth Arden's famous Bond Street salon contains a gramophone, an exercise mat, a comprehensive mirror and an expert instructress. It is here that growing-up daughters come to get the *habit* of the right exercises. First the girl comes three times a week, then twice, and finally once, for perhaps twenty-four lessons altogether. After that the exercise habit is "ticking over" nicely, and flat back, flat stomach and nicely poised head are the enduring results.

"First they slink away from the mirror, but finally they face it," says the instructress.

This costs the parental exchequer relatively little (some 13 guineas for twenty-four *individual* lessons), and the next equally important arrangement can be made under the same roof. The evolution from the "leather-faced hockey girl" type to the rather delightful feminine creature that your daughter is going to be means that she will make-up, anyway. Far better that it should be done simply and well from the start.

Elizabeth Arden has very frankly tackled the problems of the adolescent and has a fifty-shilling beauty box that is a tremendous help. Your girl may be too shy, for instance, to *ask* for something to cope with acne or with pimples or with blackheads—those humiliating troubles of the adolescent. But she can have acne lotion put into her beauty box to replace the orange skin food.

It hardly needs a psychologist to emphasize the infinite relief of feeling you are right in regard to face and figure.

The question of games must be solved because very soon she will begin to feel the results of the lack of organized exercise. There are at your disposal those two essentially feminine exercises, riding and fencing, both experiencing a boom.

Knowledge of electrical housecraft is a tremendous asset to the girl who is going to run her own home

Other people's daughters at the Constance Spry School of Floristry—the modern school of flower work

# DAUGHTER IS GOING FEMININE

Visit "Bertrand's" and watch the younger enthusiasts, or have a talk with the resident *maître d'armes* in the particularly lovely gym of the new Lansdowne Club, where they are very strong on fencing. At either place your girl can train her mind and body to grace and alertness.

Any day, in the Row, you can see those wise experienced riding masters from Smith's or from Angell's—the former from the south side and the latter from the north of Hyde Park. Both these establishments carry the necessary prestige, neither is unduly expensive, and both will teach your daughter to ride the right, trim and graceful way.

Then, for regular exercise, swimming and squash are within your purse-range, too. The new Lansdowne, the Ladies' Carlton Club and the International Sportsman's Club have excellent arrangements for younger (or cadet) members and admirable facilities for both.

Incidentally, club-membership is another necessity for the girl who is to live in town. Here, you will be helped by the increasing tendency of London clubs to be intelligently modern and co-operative. The younger woman finds herself particularly welcome at the Ladies' Carlton with its swimming, squash, and other facilities, and its excellent background to entertaining. The International Sportsman's and the slightly less expensive Lansdowne are really modern mixed clubs.

The Woman's Automobile and Sports Club is inexpensive and quite excellent for the limited income younger woman who wants to entertain. Then there are others—such as the Cowdray—which are specially intended for the professional woman with a need for economy. There is also the Overseas Club, inexpensive and remarkably modern.

If you live out of town, a country membership is a good idea; and all over the shires there is a wide range of clubs, including flying and gliding clubs.

Your daughter's clothes have, like your own, veered towards femininity. She may arrange with one or other of the houses to manage her dress allowance, or she probably prefers to use the little dressmaker who is attached to every wise family, and select from the infinite possibilities of smart patterns. But if she follows the prevailing fashion, she will be needle-proud herself and will probably like to join the Royal School of Needlework's now-famous lingerie classes.

The present head, Lady Smith Dorrien, has so effectively rejuvenated the royal school that their lingerie is almost more than the last word in modernity and delicacy. Her classes are crowded with enthusiastic young women learning the new-old art of beautiful needlework.

Naturally, the question of her future will influence your choice of work and play for your daughter at this stage. "We hope Dinah will marry," you will be thinking—and, quite frankly, Dinah hopes that, too. But in case she may not marry much money, she wisely thinks in terms of housekeeping and, equally frankly, of infant welfare.

Actually, there is a boom in the teaching and learning of both, and a demand for girls trained in modern methods, either as teachers or expert workers.

Your daughter can probably learn cooking best at such a famous and long-established place as Marshall's—although, of course, there are many others to choose from. At Marshall's she can take a trial lesson which will cost you half-a-guinea. You can then arrange future lessons to suit her programme and they can be taken at any time within a period of two years. Any afternoon between three and three-thirty you can go along to Mortimer Street and see how things are done.

Infant welfare has more jobs than people to fill them. The Violet Melchett Nursery Training School in Chelsea includes the mothercraft home and the Chelsea day nursery. A year's course in mothercraft is eminently suited to educated girls and is as useful for those who want to use the experience in their future homes as to those who think of making this work a career, which, in the present state of the market, they can do with some confidence.

The satisfactory accomplishment of the year's training gives a certificate as well as the background of work in company with some twenty-six students in one of the most modern establishments of this type in Britain. The course costs one hundred pounds and includes everything.

Then there is that newest of all professions for women, electrical domestic science. From (*Continued on page* 148)

# PERSONALLY SPEAKING

## By Jean Burnup

We were passing a farmhouse in a secluded country road, when a young kid came galumphing out towards us. It was adorable, very new, grey, with black-and-white high boots on—not boots, but you know what I mean.

I tried to put it back, but it wouldn't go back. For a whole mile it trotted along in step with us, occasionally breaking into a hopping little canter by the side of our reserved, resentful Scottie who didn't know what it was all about anyway. It really was the funniest, sweetest sight, that screamed for the camera that none of us had.

Then, as suddenly as it had tagged on, it turned and walked sedately back, I hope, to the farm.

I am not quite sure of the significance of this, but I expect there must be something in it. . . .

If you want to know what women of affairs talk about, I'll tell you. I took lunch with two women directors of a big advertising firm, important, alive, intelligent women who as the saying is, have been everywhere, done everything, know everybody.

The entire time we talked on how to keep your servants, and the best yet ways of slimming.

All the women I know who have been to see Noel Coward's *Operette* are in a rave about Griffith Jones, the black-moustached Edwardian hero, not so much for his looks, because they are just a clever replica of the handsome tailor's dummy type of his time, but for his astonishingly convincing acting and love-making.

In the scene where he is supposed to fall in love at first sight with Peggy Wood, he actually *does* fall in love with her at first sight, right beneath your very eyes. You can see it happening.

Then, there is a situation where she sings, and he can barely wait for the song's end, because he wants to kiss her. I can't ever remember having seen an actor on the stage or screen who looked so much as if he wanted to kiss anybody. He didn't do a thing, just stood still, but it was absolutely authentic.

At the left, you see half of the 1906 sextette in the play within a play from *Operette* (Peggy Wood third from left.) There is so much Edwardiana in current fashion that their high-puffed hair, their spot-muslin blouses, the braided lapels to their boleros, their provocative hats trimmed with veils and jade wings might almost be to-day's clothes.

I don't know what is coming over journalists these days. They are all going in for acting.

It's been going on for some time in America, Robert Benchley and Walter Winchell, two famous American ace newspaper-men are practically starring in films. They are good and funny too, would be even if they weren't writers. You have probably laughed at them yourself.

Alexander Woolcoot, one of the most brilliant of all American writers and critics is in a New York stage show. Louella Parsons, whose film news and gossip is circulated all over America, appears in a film called *Hollywood Hotel*—in the part of a homely importunate woman reporter.

Now the craze has come to England. Sydney Carroll, a distinguished and genial film and drama critic is appearing in cabaret. Well, well, I shall be on the boards myself yet.

I walked down Regent Street with one of those Empire builders back from beyond. He said: "The women all look smarter, better dressed than I remember. Why is it?"

It has grown on us so gradually that I hadn't even noticed it. But, looking with his eyes, I saw it was so. And I notice all the time now that women, generally, are far better dressed than they were. There isn't so much uniformity, so much drabness, so many awful mistakes.

I suppose it is because most of the big fabric people, wholesalers and manufacturers who feed the big shops, have clever stylists and designers working for them. And in the shops themselves, there has been a revolution in sizing. It wasn't so very long ago that you were simply unlucky if you weren't small size, stock size or outsize. You had to have so many alterations, such takings-in, such lettings-out, that by the time you received your frock, the line was forgotten.

Nowadays, apart from having departments for all sizes of customers, practically every department has every garment in several sizes. You have to be pretty badly shaped not to get a near-fit.

Furthermore, nearly every big store has American styled inexpensive clothes, which means that they have that something that American styled clothes do have. It is the same story throughout the entire stores, whether it is stockings, haberdashery, notions, accessories.

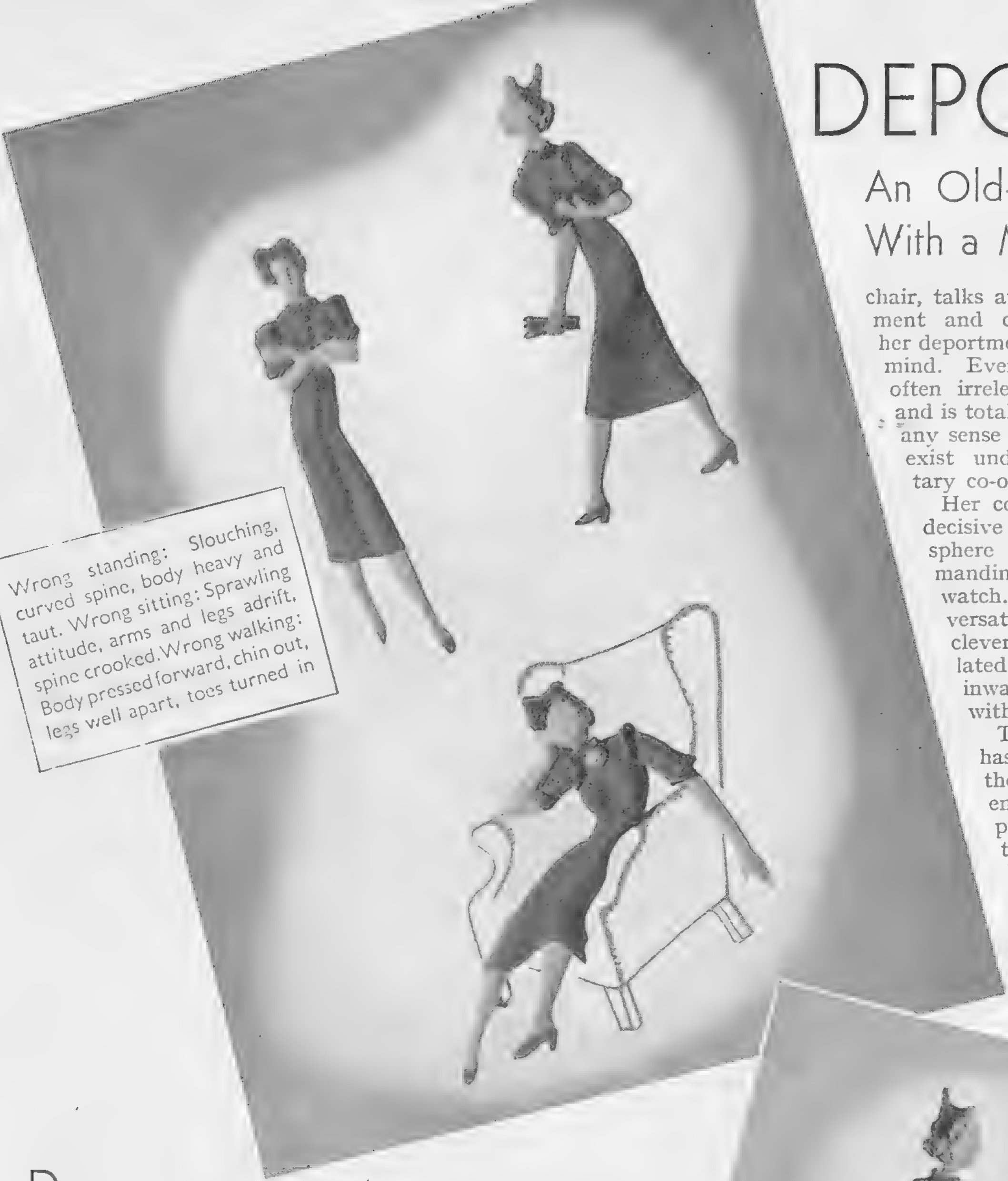
With everything made so easy, it takes a pretty clever woman to be badly dressed to-day. She certainly stands out from the crowd.

We were talking about people who pretended to know things they didn't. An art dealer said he once took a pseudo cultured American woman around an art gallery. She was very much impressed by the pictures she saw signed Sir John Millais, Bart. Presently she said to him: "I adore Bart's pictures, don't you?"

Slim bathing suit, in Celanese printed jersey

# DEPORTMENT

## An Old-fashioned Word With a Modern Meaning



Wrong standing: Slouching, curved spine, body heavy and taut. Wrong sitting: Sprawling attitude, arms and legs adrift, spine crooked. Wrong walking: Body pressed forward, chin out, legs well apart, toes turned in

Deportment is an ugly term to describe so vital, so subtle a component of feminine charm as that of physical grace. The word reeks of simpering mannerisms and Victorian repressions, yet it describes the quality which is so often missing in the woman of to-day.

Our grandmothers may have carried the study of deportment too far. As exponents they were sometimes guilty of affectation, but at least they were aware that woman's charm lies as deeply in the poise of a chin as in the shapeliness of the lips above it.

To-day, this realization is dawning afresh. It shows in the trend of fashion and in the decoration of homes. Clothes typify romance. The flower in the hair, the ribbons under the chin speak of a return to femininity . . . . mysterious and gracious.

How shall we live up to it?

First, I think, forget those made-to-measure notions that physical grace is a heaven-sent gift. It is, but you can acquire it, too.

Beauty of face and form give you a good start, but they are not everything. For proof, look at the lovely women who, smugly content with the advantages Nature has meted out to them, have left all thought of deportment to chance. The result is disastrous.

But now you want to know "What is deportment? Where do I begin to acquire this accomplishment that will endow me with charm?"

Well, begin to cultivate it in your mind. Get the idea that grace comes from within. It comes from the poise, the self-discipline of the mind as much as from the control of the limbs.

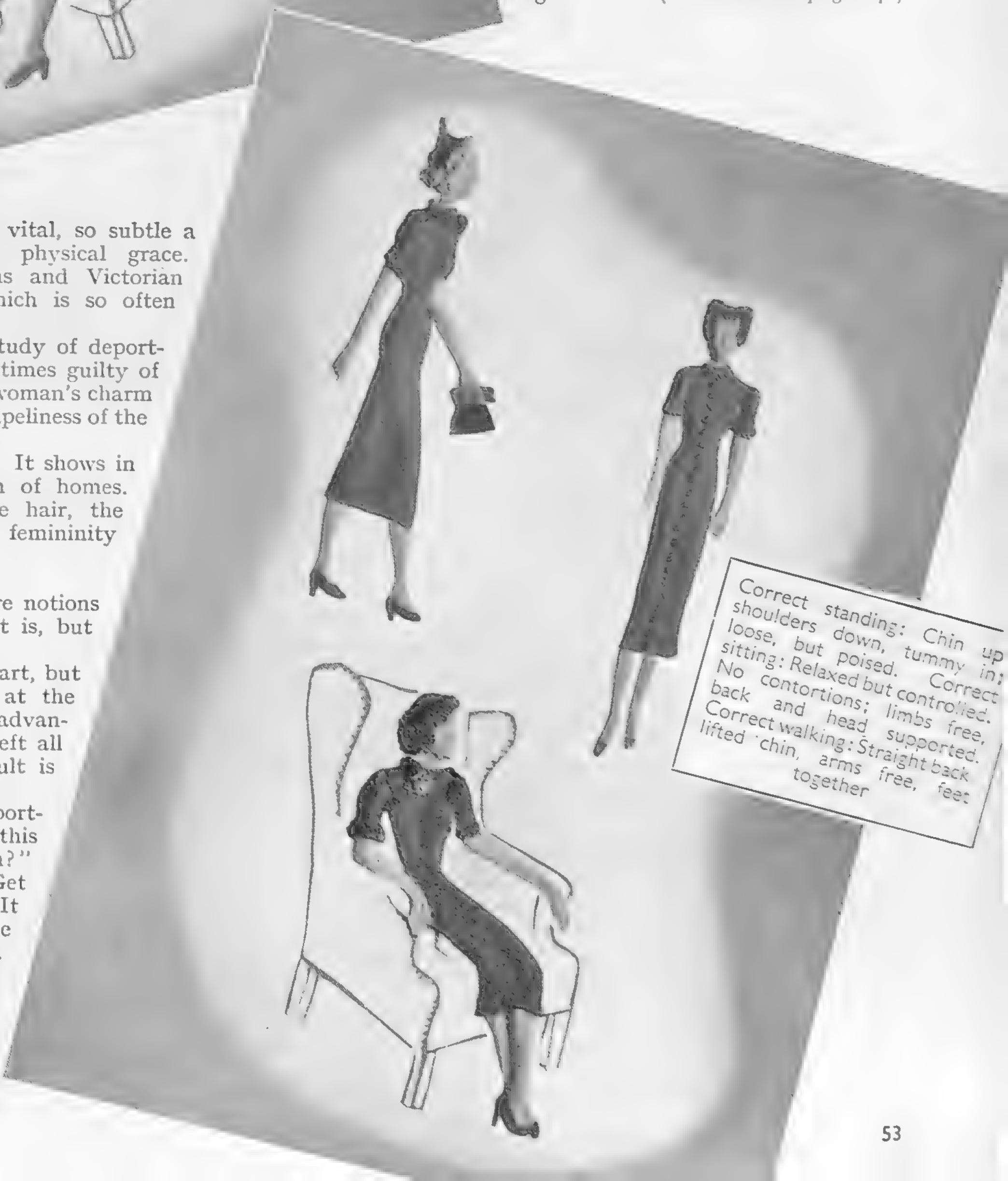
Every movement of the body is actuated by the brain. If you are all a-scatter mentally your limbs will follow suit.

That sounds very complicated, but it is not really. Put it like this: The woman who bounces into a room, flings herself into a chair, talks at random, fills the place with movement and conversation is merely reflecting in her deportment a completely undisciplined state of mind. Everything she does is impulsive, sudden, often irrelevant. She exhausts nervous energy and is totally incapable of dignity. She is not in any sense uncommon, just one of millions who exist under conditions of the most elementary co-ordination between mind and body.

Her counterpart enters a room with quiet, decisive movements. She brings an atmosphere of ease. Without noticeably commanding your attention she is agreeable to watch. She sits at ease, serenely. Her conversation—not necessarily brilliant or even clever—is pleasing. Her smoothly modulated voice, her decisive movements, an inward consciousness of control, endow her with dignity.

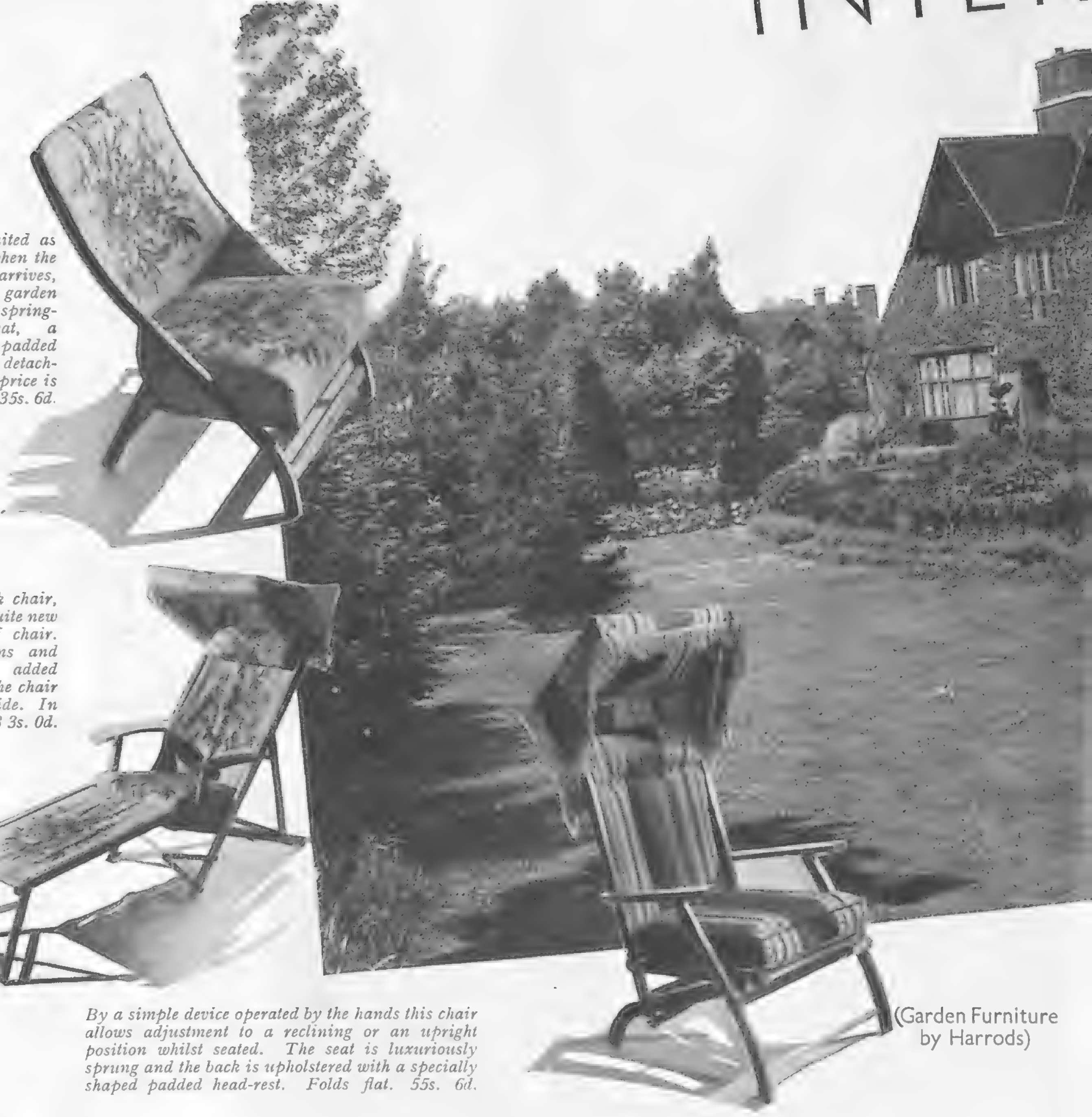
There you have it. Control. The term has a very wide interpretation. It implies the working of mind and body as an ensemble. Once you have acquired by patient endeavour and self-discipline that equanimity of mind which is the basis of controlled movement you may begin to study the purely physical interpretation of deportment.

Walking, sitting, standing. To be graceful in (*Continued on page 142*)



Correct standing: Chin up, shoulders down, tummy in; loose, but poised. Correct sitting: Relaxed but controlled. No contortions; limbs free, back and head supported. Correct walking: Straight back, lifted chin, arms free, feet together

# INTER



*Equally well suited as a fireside seat when the colder weather arrives, this low-slung garden chair has a spring-upholstered seat, a shaped back and padded head-rest. With detachable canopy the price is 46s. 0d., without 35s. 6d.*

*Spring-seat deck chair, an innovation quite new to this type of chair. The broad arms and head-rest are added comforts while the chair itself is extra wide. In flowered slub, £3 3s. 0d.*

*By a simple device operated by the hands this chair allows adjustment to a reclining or an upright position whilst seated. The seat is luxuriously sprung and the back is upholstered with a specially shaped padded head-rest. Folds flat. 55s. 6d.*

(Garden Furniture by Harrods)

Garden furniture in a country where the uses of it are much restricted presents a problem.

We want our garden furniture comfortable, we want it gay. It should provide the ease that is required to make perfection of sunshine and green lawns, and it should improve the mood of the hour with colour and shapeliness. But these are costly things to buy for use that is restricted to just a few weeks a year.

Interchangeable furniture is the solution. Furniture that has its uses indoors and out and does credit to both purposes. This way we solve not only the problem of cost but also that of storage. Garden furniture unsurpassed for comfort and charm in its season is quite often a perfect nuisance in winter. Either you leave it to rot in the tool shed or store it in the loft. In either case it will have lost its best points when you dig it out again.

But the story is very different when your garden chairs can be used indoors. You can afford to buy something to be proud of then.

Take the excellent divan-cum-garden-lounge illustrated. This would do credit to a sitting-room or to a bedroom as an extra divan or emergency bed, yet it is ideal for sunny days in the garden. For all its comfort and size it is easily folded and carried to and fro. Excellent springing makes it a truly restful couch for an hour or a whole night and though it is pretty enough already with its flowered slub upholstery, there is a loose cover to go over it when it comes indoors.

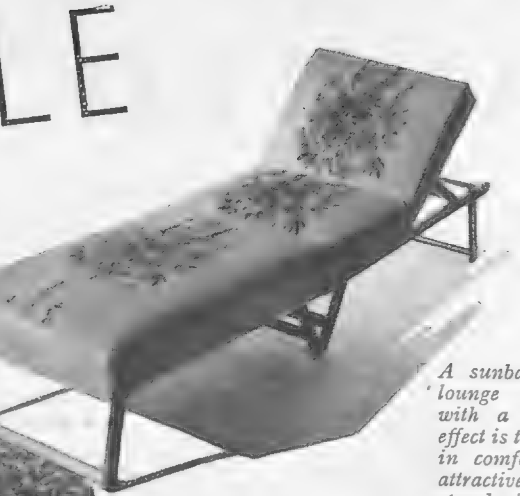
Three guineas is the price of this excellent lounge. Not much to pay for a practical two-purpose piece.

Garden chairs that can hold their own equally well indoors are to be found now in all the good stores. Malacca is widely used for frames because of its strength and lightness and because also it can be bent and moulded into such attractive shapes.

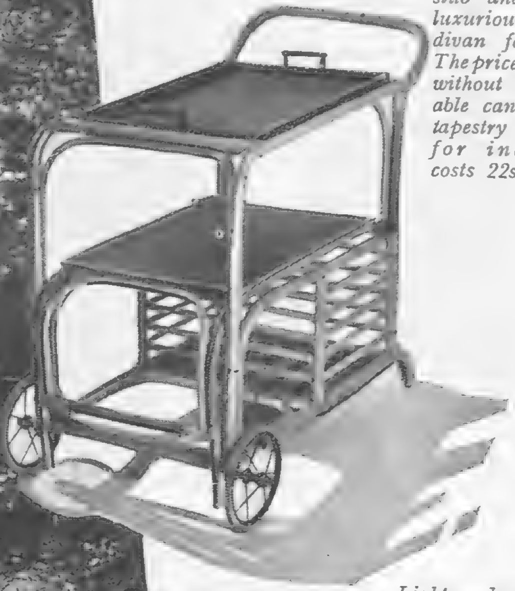
Wheel lounges in malacca with beautifully sprung cushions upholstered in delicately coloured chintzes would decorate a bedroom equally as well as a lawn. And very inviting, too, for an afternoon nap in either place.

Malacca, too, is much used for service wagons, primarily intended for garden use, but original and charming indoors.

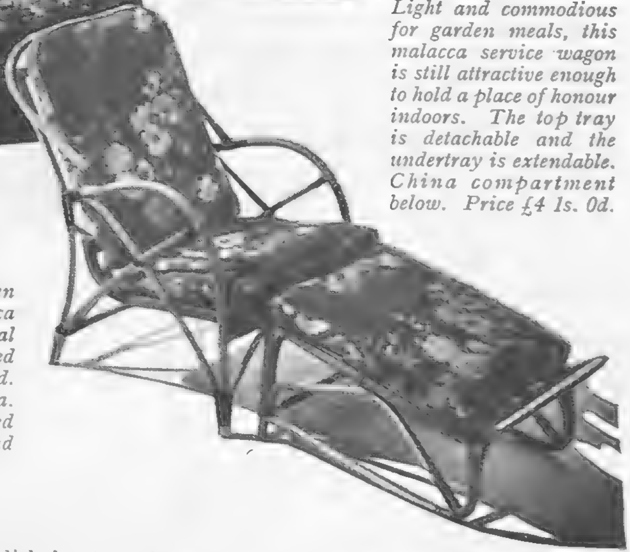
# CHANGEABLE



*A sunbathe folding lounge constructed with a box-sprung effect is the last word in comfort. It is attractively upholstered in flowered slub and makes a luxuriously sprung divan for indoors. The price is £3 3s. 0d. without the detachable canopy and a tapestry loose cover for indoor use costs 22s. 6d. extra*



*Light and commodious for garden meals, this malacca service wagon is still attractive enough to hold a place of honour indoors. The top tray is detachable and the undertray is extendable. China compartment below. Price £4 1s. 0d.*



*Perfect comfort for the garden or the bedroom. This malacca frame lounge has a spiral spring seat, with a rubberized seat cushion. Price £4 4s. 0d. The leg rest is 32s. 6d. extra. Covering is brilliantly flowered cretonne on a soft green ground*

Small tables are fashioned of the same light but durable cane and pretty enough they are when combined with glass and coloured china.

The dismissal of drab materials for covering of garden chairs has had much to do with their improvement in the past few seasons. Flowered cretonnes and slubs have made even the most humble deck-chairs glamorous. Moreover, waterproofed materials are making for greater utility in connection with outdoor furnishings.

One of the small chairs illustrated would make an ideal fireside chair when its uses out of doors were exhausted. It is low-slung with a round back, cunningly supported and has low-cut arms which enable the occupant to knit or sew in comfort. A canopy in the same brightly flowered material as the rest is provided with this chair, but is easily detachable for when it comes indoors.

Another chair, specially worthy of notice, is that which has a self-adjusting gadget. This device which enables one to set the chair at a recumbent or upright position without moving is the last word in comfort and dismisses once and for all the tiresome adjustment of deck chairs with all the pinched fingers that go with them.

At the garden furniture display in one of the biggest stores it is difficult this season to distinguish the furniture specially constructed for outdoor use from that for indoor use. It has form and colour as well as all the modern attributes of comfort. Perhaps the only distinction from other types is that it is light.

Swedish bentwoods are lending themselves especially well to the construction of garden chairs.

Tables of this timber are excellent for veranda and garden use. They are shapely and light and are as practical and charming for indoor use as for meals in the garden.

Service wagons are plentiful and reasonably priced in malacca, cane fibre and painted wood. Ingenuity seems to have reached its limit in making these wagons commodious though portable and not too "tricky."

Essentials for a meal for several people could be taken out of doors on this practical conveyance with its detachable tray at the top, another extending underneath and the useful compartment for stacking clean or soiled china beside.

Rubber-tyred wheels ensure smooth running over all surfaces for this wagon which is provided with all the best features demanded of indoor furniture with the essentials for outdoor use as well.

There are signs and portents of a fine warm summer ahead. Take your fill of sunshine and take it in comfort and let interchangeable furniture salve your conscience for the cost.

# FASHIONS

## By Jean Burnup

Editor, Women's Department

Planning a summer wardrobe, I find it is good to start modestly, building up, if you want to, from essentials. You can always add, but once you have been rash and spent your all on everything that takes your fancy, you don't know where you are.

Possibly it is sour grapes, but it seems to me to be just as bad to have a wardrobe cluttered up with too many clothes, as too few. Clothes should grow into you, should become part of your personality. Women with a too varied wardrobe often look bitty and lost.

## Summer Wardrobe

For an ordinary woman of moderate income who spends most of her time in a town, and gets occasionally to the sea or country, these are essentials: A long coat over a contrast or printed dress; one silk suit (either jacket, blouse, skirt, or dress and jacket); one plain or printed silk dress; one flannel or summery tweed suit; one or two linen or shantung or light wool shirty dresses; a smart country coat.

Slacks, shorts, shirts, woollies and sports clothes, of course, come in according to your particular week-end activities. Some women discard all at week-ends, except this sort of thing. Others dress up to the last eyelash in what we have come to know as spectator sports clothes. (You may never be a sports spectator in them, but nobody has yet thought of another label for this type of casually smart out-of-town wear.)

Evenings . . . I leave that to you. You have to be guided by the number of times that you get into evening dress. Two should see most women through the summer, with a refurbished something from last year, perhaps. One of the two might be a dinner-theatre dress.

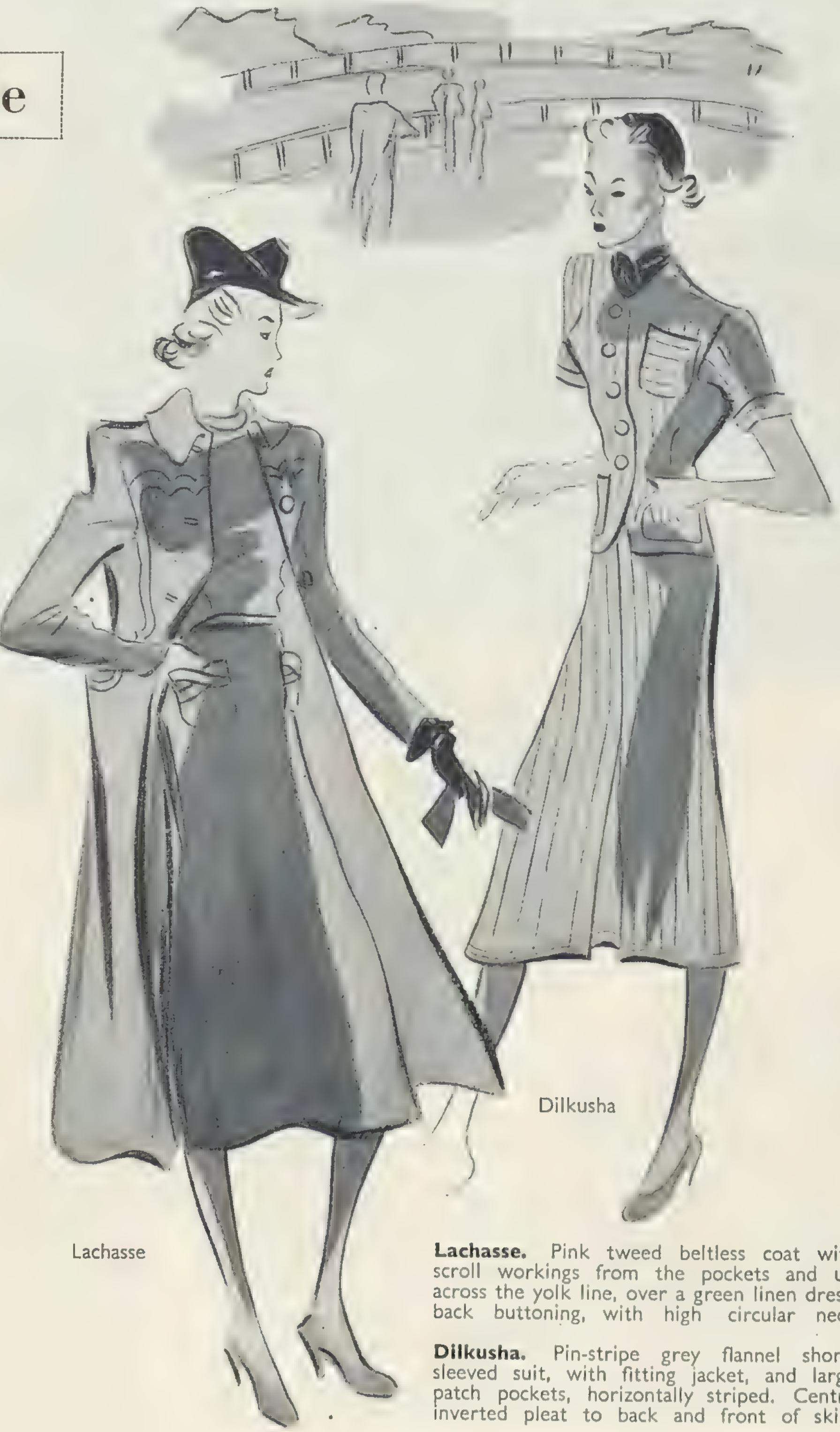
Now for details. The newest long coats are the fitting redingotes, doing up, if at all, only at the centre waist, and showing everything beneath. They are lively, young-looking. They can be black, grey, navy, brown over prints with keyed colours, or, if you feel in the mood, pastel coloured over darkish prints and vivid plain contrast dresses.

If you want your friends to make the ooo-ing noise people make at firework displays, you might get into a cyclamen pink linen long coat, lined with tartan, over a black linen dress with a pleated skirt (Motley, page 58). If you can wear yellow—and it is one of the colours this year—Neil Roger offers you a light tobacco linen coat lined with yellow linen, with a brown scroll pattern over a matching dress. (Alternative dresses to wear with this might be plain yellow, plain tobacco.)

Silk suits look their nicest in the neat geometrical prints in favour just now. Or in plain dark ottoman silks. Plain dresses are in vivid colours, bright bluebell blues, jades, petunias, with a lot of front draped fullness. Small, formal prints or brightly coloured flowered prints are favourites for dresses. So are spots and stripes. Crazy prints seem to be gradually dying the death. Lots of dresses are part plain, part print or spot, or stripe. Pleated skirts rage.

Your flannel suit will be in the very newest feeling if it has short sleeves and is grey, or pink or blue, striped with white. Pastel tweed straight, unbelted or linen tweed country coats fit into the 1938 country scene. Also, for elegant country wear, you can put a fairly severe blazer type woollen jacket over a printed silk dress. Sports dresses are shirty as usual, but newer this year with accordion or knife pleated skirts and pockets placed in designs across the bodice, in threes and fives.

Since white is the big evening colour, try to have one white evening frock in chiffon, lace, embroiderie anglaise, organza, with lots of flowers about the bosom. Otherwise, take your pick from the small-waisted bouffant skirted coloured chiffons, figure-moulding crêpes cut Empire-like around the bosom, and low-cut lamés, chiffons and romaines with full pleated skirts, that still, hang very sleek, and look beautiful and ripply in movement.



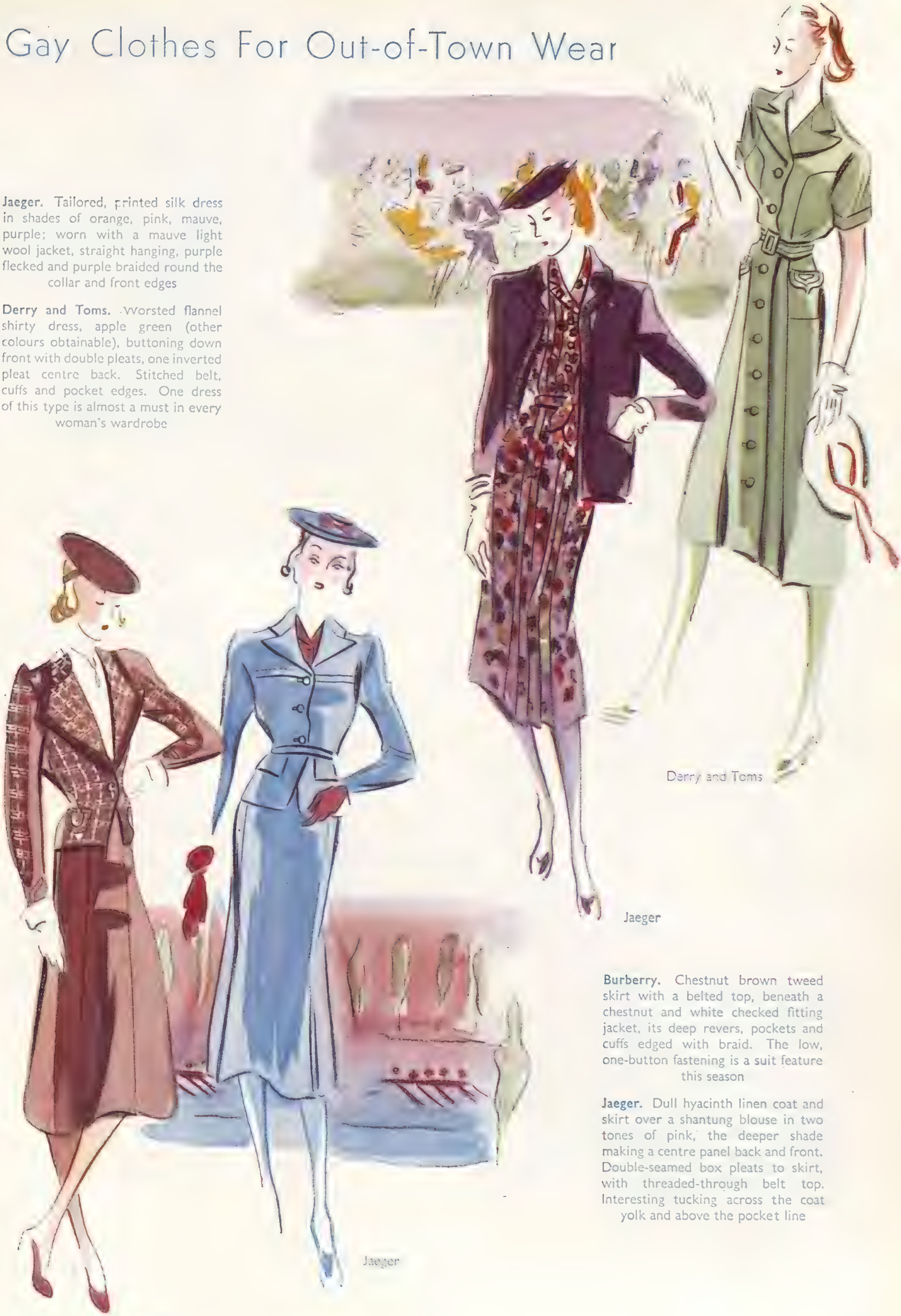
**Lachasse.** Pink tweed beltless coat with scroll workings from the pockets and up across the yolk line, over a green linen dress, back buttoning, with high circular neck

**Dilkusha.** Pin-stripe grey flannel short-sleeved suit, with fitting jacket, and large patch pockets, horizontally striped. Centre inverted pleat to back and front of skirt

# Gay Clothes For Out-of-Town Wear

**Jaeger.** Tailored, printed silk dress in shades of orange, pink, mauve, purple; worn with a mauve light wool jacket, straight hanging, purple flecked and purple braided round the collar and front edges

**Derry and Toms.** Worsted flannel shirty dress, apple green (other colours obtainable), buttoning down front with double pleats, one inverted pleat centre back. Stitched belt, cuffs and pocket edges. One dress of this type is almost a must in every woman's wardrobe



Derry and Toms

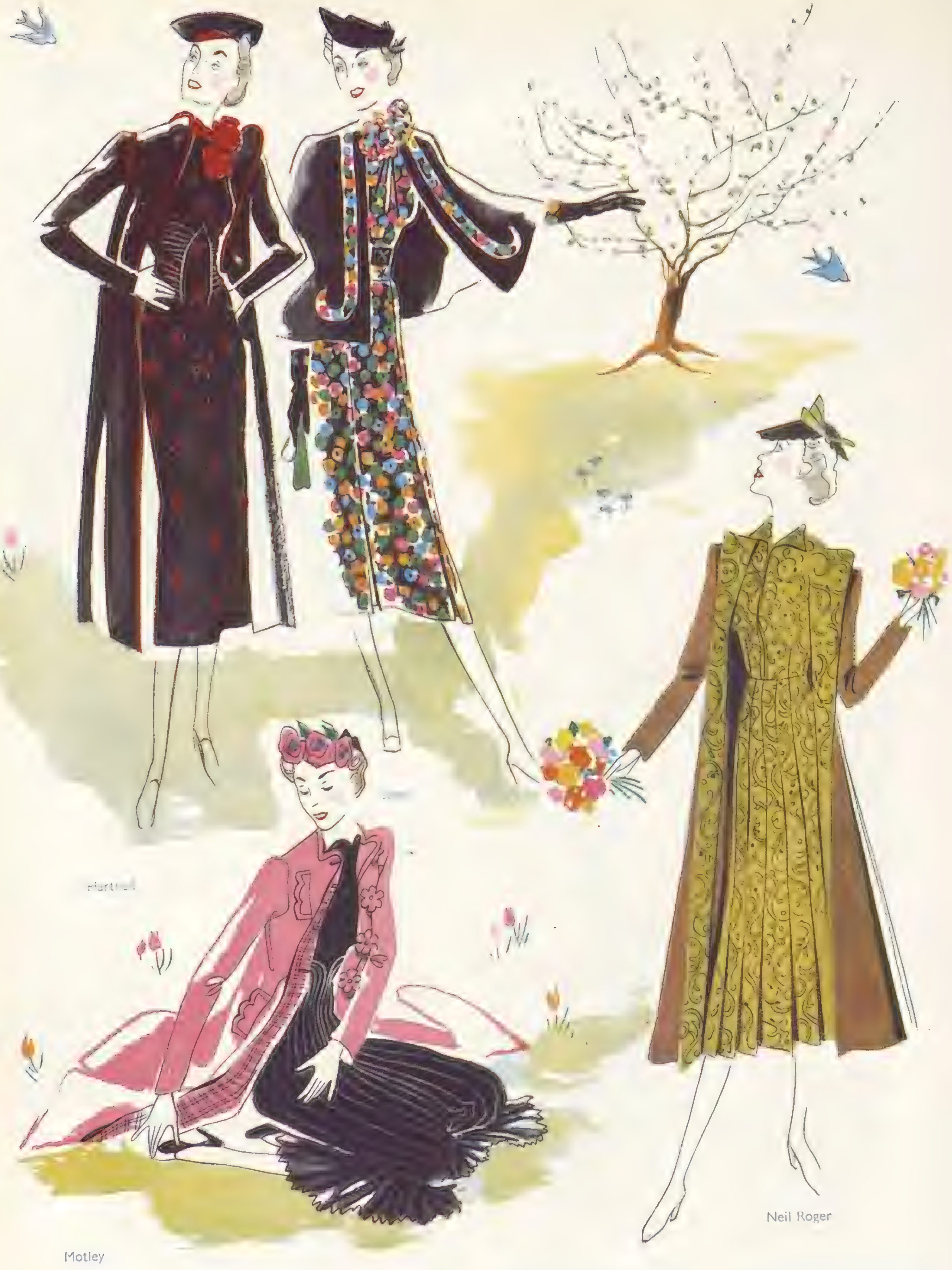
Jaeger

Jaeger

Burberry

**Burberry.** Chestnut brown tweed skirt with a belted top, beneath a chestnut and white checked fitting jacket, its deep revers, pockets and cuffs edged with braid. The low, one-button fastening is a suit feature this season

**Jaeger.** Dull hyacinth linen coat and skirt over a shantung blouse in two tones of pink, the deeper shade making a centre panel back and front. Double-seamed box pleats to skirt, with threaded-through belt top. Interesting tucking across the coat yolk and above the pocket line

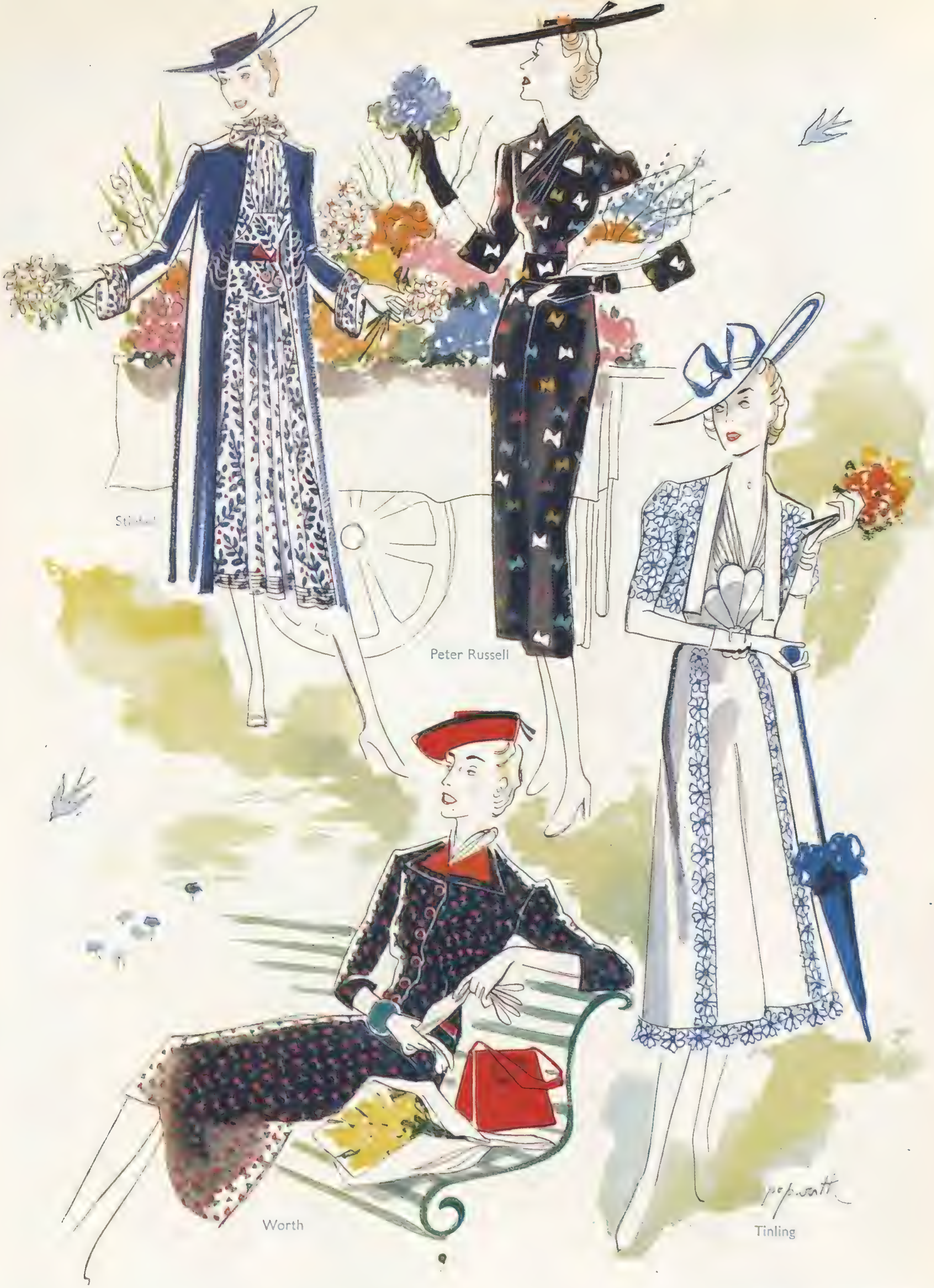


The long redingote coat is piped down front and round the armholes with red silk. The stiff black silk dress is patterned with red flowers; has fullness shaping the waist and hips. **Hartnell**

Bright flowers printed on a black crêpe ground make a vivid, gay afternoon dress. The squared cape is trimmed with a curled band of the print. The black gloves are edged with the cut-out flowers. **Isobel**

Cyclamen pink linen coat, lined throughout with tartan over a black linen dress with gradually widening pleats coming from a high waistline. **Motley**

Light tobacco Italian linen coat, cut on swinging lines, lined with yellow linen with a brown scroll design. The matching dress has a turnover collar, a pleated skirt. **Neil Roger**



Bright navy woollen redingote with patent scroll waist fastenings and a blue and red fern patterned white crêpe dress with a gathered apron front. High tie-up neck. **Stiebel**

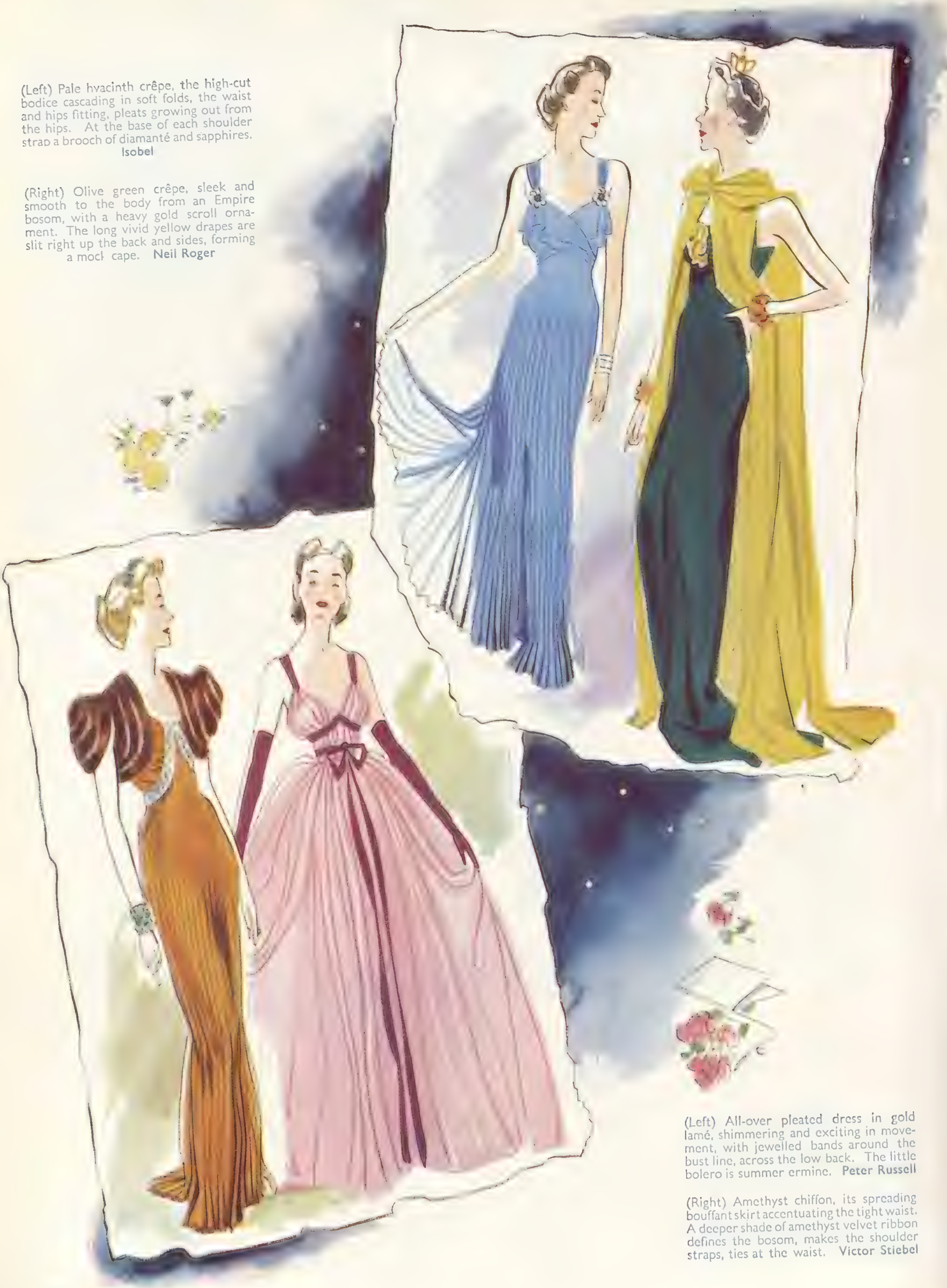
Black crêpe dress patterned with yellow, green, red and blue butterflies. Three-quarter sleeves. High, cross-over neckline. **Peter Russell**

Tailored silk suit, printed in a formal green and red triangle design on a black ground. Three-quarter sleeves. The blouse is white pleated silk. **Worth**

White taffeta dress, panelled with cut-out blue flowers over a taffeta slip edged with cut-out flowers that show below the skirt edge. Bolero of massed cut-out flowers. **Tinling**

(Left) Pale hyacinth crêpe, the high-cut bodice cascading in soft folds, the waist and hips fitting, pleats growing out from the hips. At the base of each shoulder strap a brooch of diamanté and sapphires. **Isobel**

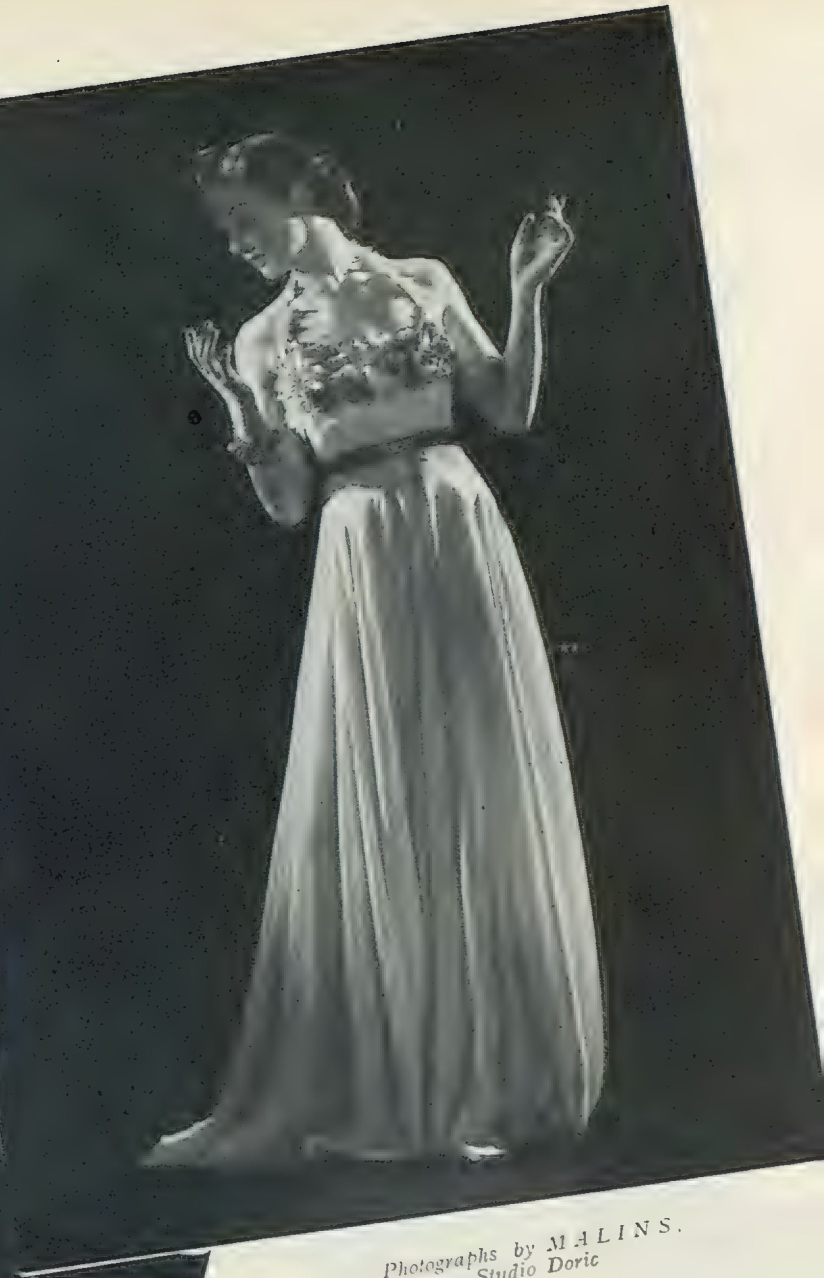
(Right) Olive green crêpe, sleek and smooth to the body from an Empire bosom, with a heavy gold scroll ornament. The long vivid yellow drapes are slit right up the back and sides, forming a mock cape. **Neil Roger**



(Left) All-over pleated dress in gold lamé, shimmering and exciting in movement, with jewelled bands around the bust line, across the low back. The little bolero is summer ermine. **Peter Russell**

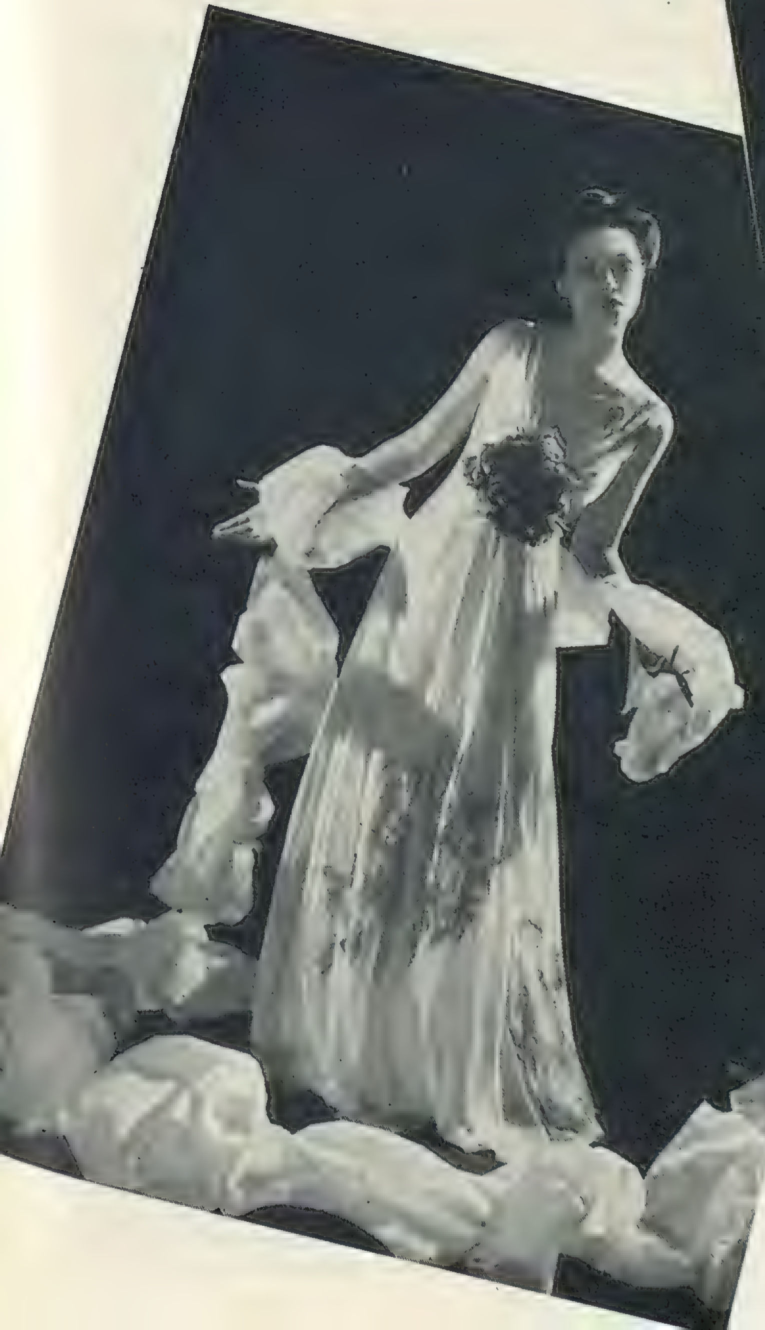
(Right) Amethyst chiffon, its spreading bouffant skirt accentuating the tight waist. A deeper shade of amethyst velvet ribbon defines the bosom, makes the shoulder straps, ties at the waist. **Victor Stiebel**

# White by Night



White chiffon, falling poetically from a pin-tucked bodice, its small waist emphasized by a narrow gold belt, its halter neck and bosom bright with flowers.
**Worth**

*Photographs by* MALINS.
*Studio Doric*

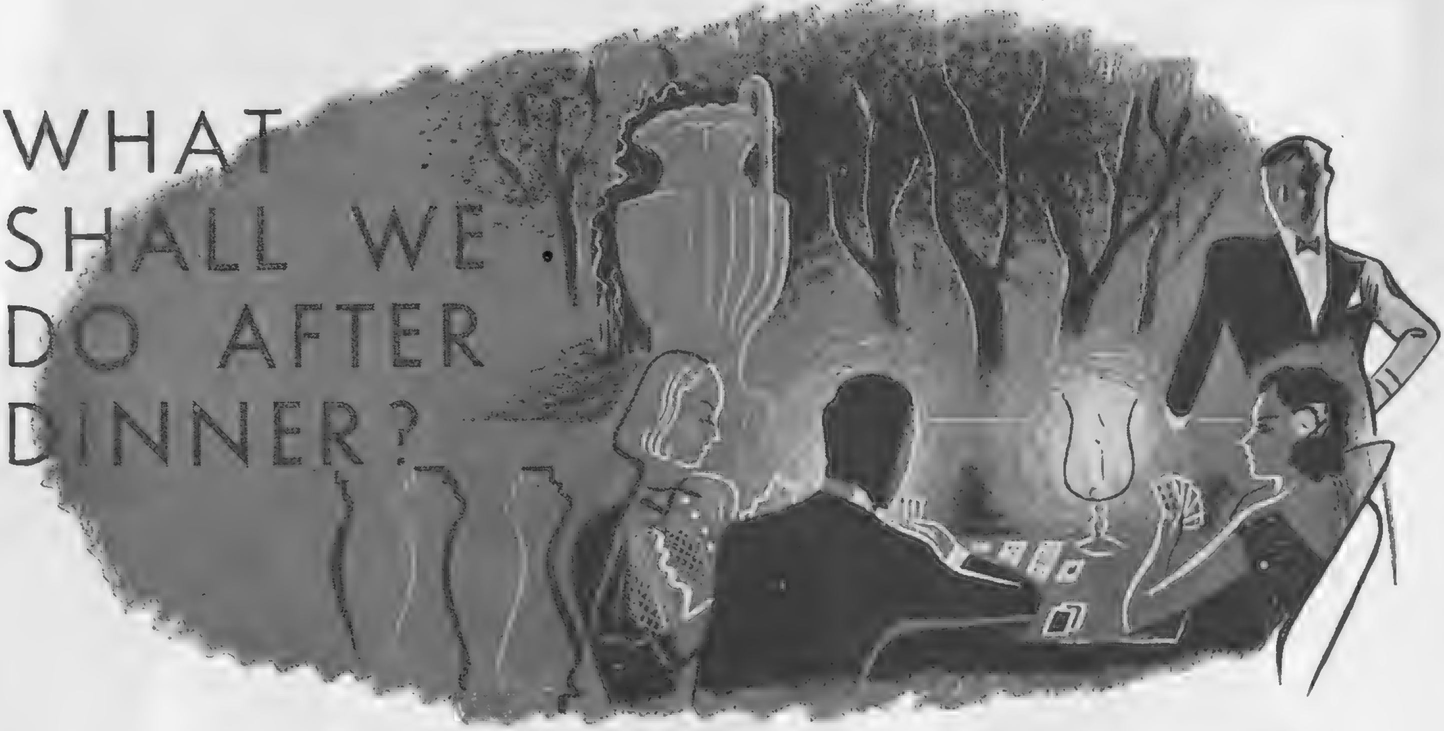


White by Night

White chiffon again, splashed here and there with larger than life anemones. A large, vivid bunch of anemones at the high waist. **Traquair**

By Audrey Wrangham

# WHAT SHALL WE DO AFTER DINNER?

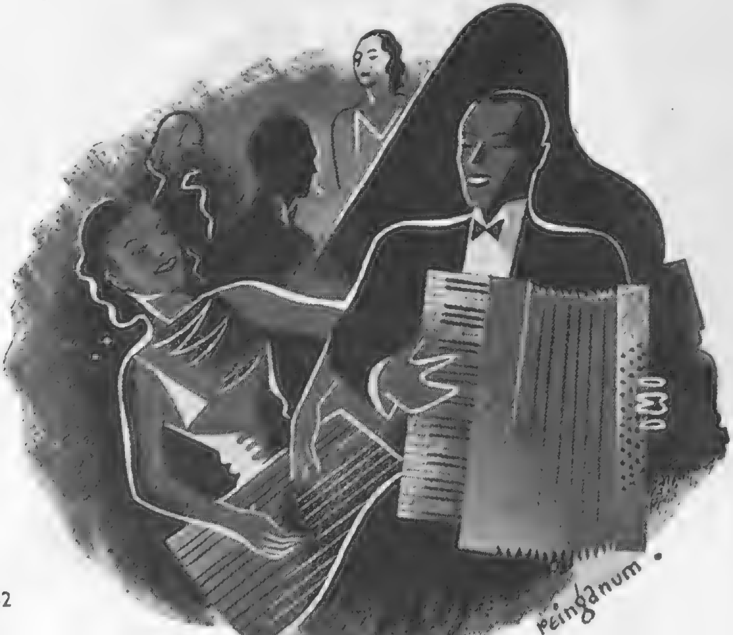


Whether you are the kind of hostess who allows the men to dawdle over their port while the women do their faces over again upstairs, or whether all your guests leave the table together in the Continental manner before coffee, there comes the eternal problem—what are we going to do *now*?

Although you and I both have entrancing visions of a salon in the eighteenth century manner, with ourselves lightly tossing the ball of conversation from one wit to another, scintillating here, deftly avoiding a controversy there, prevailing upon literary lions to roar like any sucking-dove and politicians to reveal their secrets . . . these are but visions, and the average Englishman after dinner will rapidly go to sleep unless some entertainment other than talking is provided.

Now that the first glorious summer evenings are drawing out and the air in the garden is fragrant with stocks, honeysuckle, and the elusive scent of mignonette, desert the drawing-room for the terrace or the lawn.

"Bridgers" can be satisfied with light from candle glasses, copied from a two-hundred-year-old fashion. The candle burns securely in a bell-shaped glass, which is either placed on the bridge table or in a standard lamp holder. Six pack bezique, five suit auction bridge (to gladden the hearts of those who have never really taken to contract with its multiplicity of conventions). Racing demon and cripette are alternative card games for summer evenings.



If you have played demon patience, with its building upon aces in the centre and its "demon" of thirteen cards, you will learn racing demon in a few minutes; in half an hour you will be mentally and physically exhausted. It is one of the best icebreakers for a dinner party that threatens to be a flop.

If it is quite an informal party you might do worse than try a modified version of strip poker, in which as the title betokens, various small articles of clothing, watches, stockings, shoes, ties, etc., take the place of chips.

Pontoon is pretty certain to entertain most people.

Music was the standard after-dinner amusement of our grandparents. Nowadays it is almost impossible to find four people who want to hear the same radio programme at the same time. But there is much to be said to duet-playing or "quattermaining" as it is now called by the young and not-so-young people who have discovered four-hand arrangements of almost everything from the Brahms symphonies to Elgar's Enigma variations.

Two instruments that guests can easily bring with them (as Elizabethans brought their viols and recorders) are the zither and the accordion, which many girls have learned to play during happy holidays in the mountain villages of Central Europe.

There is a song book containing all the traditional "volkslieder" of Germany and Austria set to very simple accompaniments, which can be bought in England for 4s. 6d. and little companion books with the words alone cost 1s. 6d. It is fun to raise voices in tone to a soft romancing accompaniment.

The "murder" game, in which the ingenuity of the amateur detective is pitted against the permission given to the murderer to lie like a trooper can be amusing and thrilling.

The new game brought over from America by the Duchess of Westminster is quieter. Each person in turn has to represent the title of a book or play by his or her dress and actions.

One solution to the after-dinner problem has been given by the King and Queen, who have themselves, not being "bridgers," revived the jig-saw puzzle. There is now a club which circulates these puzzles among its members and Lady (Nevile) Wilkinson is one of the most expert makers of them. At Sandringham and Royal Lodge there is always a puzzle set out in one of the drawing-rooms which is covered over at night and tackled again the next day.

The contrast stripes – cyclamen on green – are crocheted in chain stitch on the finished garment which is knitted in a wide ribbed design

# TENNIS SWEATER

## BACK

With No. 9 pins, cast on 118 sts. K. 4 rows garter-st. Continue as follows:

*1st row:* * K. 8 (P. 2, K. 1, four times), P. 2. Repeat from * ending K. 8.

*2nd row:* * P. 8 (K. 2, P. 1, four times), K. 2. Repeat from * ending P. 7.

These 2 rows form pat. Work until 4½ ins. from start. Change to No. 11 pins. Work 2 ins. Change to No. 9 pins. Work until 13½ ins. from start.

## SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 12 rows. Work 7 ins.

## SHAPE SHOULDERS

Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 8 rows. Cast off remaining sts.

## LEFT FRONT

With No. 9 pins, cast on 66 sts. Work 4 rows garter-st. Continue as follows:

*1st row:* * (P. 2, K. 1, four times), P. 2, K. 8. Repeat from * to end.

*2nd row:* * P. 8 (K. 2, P. 1, four times), K. 2. Repeat from * to end.

These 2 rows form pat. Work as for back until 13½ ins. from start.

## SHAPE ARMHOLE

Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 6 armhole end rows. Work 1 in. Then dec. 1 st. every alternate row at front edge until 37 sts., then every 4th row until 32 sts. remain. Work until 7 ins. after armhole shaping.

## SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. every armhole end row 4 times.

## RIGHT FRONT

With No. 9 pins, cast on 66 sts. K. 4 rows garter-st. Continue as follows:

*1st row:* * K. 8 (P. 2, K. 1, four times), P. 2. Repeat from * to end.

*2nd row:* * (K. 2, P. 1, four times), K. 2, P. 8. Repeat from * to end.

These 2 rows form pat. Continue as for left front.

## SLEEVES

With No. 11 pins, cast on 52 sts. K. 4 rows garter-st. Work in pat. as for back until 1½ ins. from start. Change to No. 9 pins and increase 1 st. each end of next and every 8th row following until 88 sts. When sleeve measures 18½ ins. from start, cast off 2 sts. at beg. of every row until 12 sts. remain. Cast off.

## FRONT STRIP AND LAPEL (Two)

With No. 11 pins, cast on 6 sts. Work 15 ins. garter-st. Then inc. 1 st. at one edge every alternate row until 34 sts. Work 3 rows, then dec. 1 st. every alternate row at same edge until all sts. gone.

## COLLAR

With No. 11 pins, cast on 18 sts. Work 10 ins. garter-st. Cast off.

## TO MAKE STRIPES

With medium crochet hook and contrast wool, work chain-st. on every alternate st. of plain sts. in ribbed panels.

## TO MAKE UP

Press with warm iron and damp cloth. Sew seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew straight edges of front strips and lapels to fronts of cardigan, leaving 5 1 in. gaps on right side for buttonholes. Sew on buttons.

**MATERIALS REQUIRED**

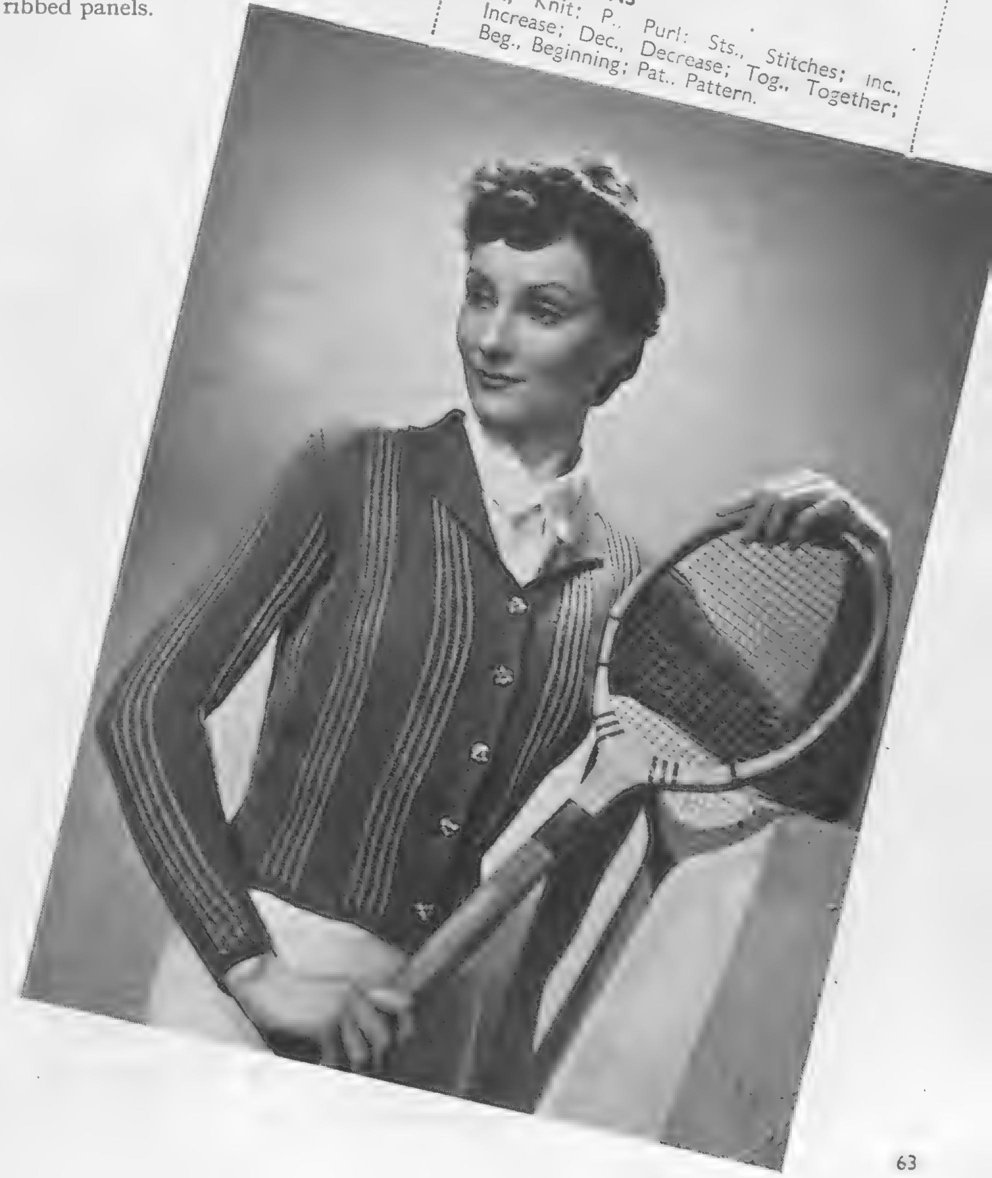
8 ozs. Templeton's Ayr Crêpe Fingering.
2 ozs. Templeton's Ayr Crêpe in contrast.
5 buttons.
1 pair No. 9 and 1 pair No. 11 Stratnoid pins.
1 Medium Crochet Hook.

**MEASUREMENTS**

Length from shoulder, 20 ins.
Across back, underarm, 17 ins.
Across fronts, 9 ins.
Sleeve length, from shoulder, 22 ins.
Tension: 7 sts. to 1 in.

**ABBREVIATIONS**

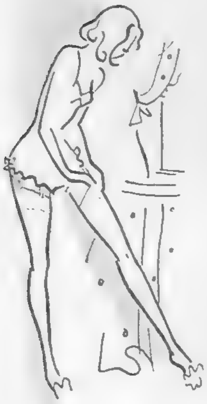
K., Knit; P., Purl; Sts., Stitches; Inc., Increase; Dec., Decrease; Tog., Together; Beg., Beginning; Pat., Pattern.



# I'LL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW

## By Mary Young

If any of the subjects discussed here are the
answer to your own problems, write to me at
"Britannia & Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4



**End of Suspender Trouble.** Every woman at some time or another in life has had suspender trouble. It comes undone; runs steel bits into your leg; can't be removed for laundering; shows through a sheath skirt.

Now, whoever invented the suspender that I have discovered lately, must have been through each of these purgatories, inconveniences and embarrassments. For she (it surely is a "she") has cunningly got over and around all four of them.

The clip is made entirely of rubber and is a long pointed shape, instead of being rounded, and incredibly slim through. By means of the patent fastening the suspender can be instantly removed for washing and, when reversed, it lies as flat as a strip of ribbon along the leg and is invisible through the most fragile frock.

**When Saucepans Leak.** I make rather a hobby of mending things. A harmless as well as an economic pastime, I find it, gathering together all the pieces that have "broke off in me 'and Mum," and putting them together again. They don't always stay together, of course, but on the whole I am fairly successful in dealing with domestic casualties, always excepting pots and pans. Those bits of tin they hand out to you to stop leaks with, just bring out all that is defeatist in my nature. So the whatever-it-is gets thrown away and is replaced by a new one; an expensive method, especially when it comes to aluminium utensils.

It was good news for me then, to hear of a plastic metal which is as easy to use as plastic wood. It doesn't need any heating. All you have to do is to clean and dry the place where the leak is, squeeze on a little of the plastic metal and leave it to dry quite hard. Trial size 2d.

**Mending with an Iron.** I have just repaired a slit in my new camel coat and, although I say it, I have made a job of it that would make the eye of an invisible mender water looking for the tear.

In case you should think that I am a wizard with the needle, I hasten to add that sewing is the last of my accomplishments and that only the direst calamity will get a needle and thread into my hands. Since discovering how to mend cloth without the necessity of using either, however, I have been as busy as a bee and mended every bit of torn upholstery and clothing that I could find around the house.

The tears are mended by applying a strip of specially prepared material and ironing it on to the cloth. All kinds of fabrics, from silk to heavy cloths and mackintoshes can be treated. Holes, too, as well as tears.

**A Wonderful Scheme.** I can imagine no greater kick for a business woman past her first youth, to be in a position to snap her fingers in the face of the chief when "for reasons of economy . . . ahem . . ." he is about to fire her. It *would* feel good, wouldn't it, to know that it really doesn't matter a hoot whether you go or stay and if anyone is going to be the loser, it is the chief?

Things don't work out that way you say? Let me tell you that, for many a business woman, they are working out that way. By cutting out a small luxury, going less often to the flicks, wearing stockings a trifle less sheer, these women are saving a few shillings every week under a wonderful scheme that brings them in a private income or a lump sum before they are fifty. Makes you think, doesn't it? I hope it makes you act, too.

**The Perfect Grater.** What a lot of bodily risks the amateur cook runs. . . . Fat may spit at her; knives slip and cut her fingers; lemon juice spurt in her eye. But for this amateur cook, the most dangerous object in the kitchen is the grater. Ever skinned your knuckles on a grater?

Imagine my gratitude then, to discover a grater that is no more dangerous to the hands than the wire grid of a griller, which, on a small scale it closely resembles.

You lay this smooth square of criss-crossed wire over a plate and rub the bread or cheese, or whatever you want grated, through it. Anything that can be used on an ordinary sharp-toothed grater can be used on this one with perfect results. Another good point in its favour is that it does not get tied up with bits of cheese or carrot: a knock on the side of the plate will clear it instantly. Price 1s.

**Housewife's Friend.** I seem to have gone practical this month, but I must tell about the new cleaner I have got acquainted with during spring cleaning.

I tried it first on the upholstery; the tweedy kind, and found it instantly removed an obstinate streak of grease left by the dog. Then I tried it out on the paint and the linoleum and the windows. So far, so good.

The big test came when I spilt iodine on a light-coloured carpet. Successful, here, too. I am told that with the help of lemon juice it removes ink stains, and that a piece of the cleaning tablet broken off and put in with the clothes in a big-scale wash, will lessen the labour by pre-releasing grease and stains.

Apparently it is the oxygen in the tablet that makes it such a good friend to the harassed housewife.

If you are nervous of holding him, lay him on a table for drying and dressing

# NOW YOU ARE ON YOUR OWN

By Louisa Kay

The moment when the front door closes on the nurse for the last time, or when she waves farewell to the nursing home, is very much like a cold ducking for the brand-new mother.

That tiny bundle of ribbon and wool sleeping in the cradle over there or resting in your arms is suddenly about as menacing as a load of high explosive. You feel you could quite as easily cope with the European situation.

Well, that's natural enough, but it won't do.

If this baby is going to be a pleasure to you and himself, if you are to regain your strength and the baby is to make normal progress you must overcome your fears. After all he *is* a tiny scrap although he is so precious and if you go the right way about it he is quite simple to handle.

One thing to bear in mind is this. You yourself are not yet fully recovered. You may feel fine and well, but the strain to which your mental and physical functions have been exposed has taken its toll. You will need to build up slowly and, as far as possible, to conserve your strength.

Whatever demands your baby makes upon you, you must endeavour to take your daily rest; to return gradually to a normal routine and to ward off the more exacting tasks until you are strong enough for them.

You must do this for the baby's sake as much as your own. If by overtaxing yourself you droop in health and spirits and cannot cope with the increasing demands he makes upon you, both of you will suffer.

So don't let the baby rule you. You are the boss. Meet your problems as they arise and don't anticipate disasters. They won't happen.

Of course you will have a routine. Exact feeding times, precise bathing and bedtimes. You'll stick to the nurse's schedule. But you may have a surprise. The tiny baby is artful.

The moment nurse's back is turned, some animal sense will prompt him that a new situation has arisen. That confident, authoritative atmosphere is gone. Here is somebody whose hands are over gentle and hesitating; here is a voice that begs rather than commands. It is rather intriguing. Let's try something. . . .

I tell you a young baby knows. The very ether imparts a lack of confidence. Sometimes he seizes the opportunity and turns just naughty, sometimes the mother's timidity is communicated to him. He feels nervous and restless.

So don't handle your baby as if he will break. He would much sooner you gripped him firmly, moved him about with strong, decisive hands.

The only reason a young baby is sometimes quieter, better behaved in the charge of a professional nurse is that her assured handling inspires him with confidence. He feels safe. Don't forget his is a big new world. Here is light where he was used to darkness, there is space all around when he has been used to a cosy little compartment.

If you cannot throw off a feeling of nervousness about dressing and bathing him, lay him on a table. Spread a cushion or a cot mattress underneath him and while he lies upon it dress or undress him. You have more power, more confidence while you stand to your task and there is a much wider margin of error which is soothing for you both.

Apart from this, stick to your schedule and don't let the young tyrant shift you from it, if you are satisfied it is a sound one. Many mothers find that a baby who accepted a routine like a lamb in the nursing home will fight against it when he gets home.

That, as I say, is most likely to happen when he senses an atmosphere propitious to rebellion. Don't be stampeded by crying. Don't pick him up the moment he opens his mouth to complain. If the complaining grows chronic, if it is accompanied by signs of physical distress other than mere tears, get the doctor to look in.

Otherwise treat him to a little healthy indifference. It is good for you both and there is not a chance of overdoing it. When he cries, see that he is dry (wet nappies must be terrible), turn him over if he is

(*Continued on page 100*)

Better Cooking

By A·H·Adair

### French Beans au Fromage

French beans.
Salt, pepper.
Butter, grated cheese.

If the French beans are the young, tender, really French imported kind, just nip off the ends, removing the stringy parts. Later on, for the big English kind, they will probably have to be cut up. Anyway, cook them first in boiling salted water and drain them well.

Put the beans in a clean saucepan with salt and pepper and a good piece of butter. Add grated cheese according to taste, and shake over the fire until the butter melts and the cheese well mixed in.

# THEY'RE YOUNG AND TENDER

Young spring vegetables are too often abominably cooked and served as a matter of course to people who do not even remark upon their presence on the menu.

Here are some better ways of cooking these lovely tender young things. Don't forget that the best way to serve them is as a separate vegetable course.

### *Salade Panachée Chaude:*

Young turnips.
Young carrots.
Small green peas.
Butter or Devonshire cream.
Salt and pepper.

These three vegetables must be cooked separately, the carrots having been scraped and the turnips scraped or peeled, according to the thickness of their skins.

Drain them thoroughly and cut the first two into small pieces of equal size. Keep them all hot together but quite dry. Now put them in a hot serving dish, with salt and pepper and a good sprinkling of parsley.

Place on top a large blob of Devonshire cream, and send them into the dining-room for the hostess to stir at the last minute, just before serving. If Devonshire cream is not available, use butter instead.

In either case, you have a surprisingly lovely dish with the full taste of fresh young vegetables; ordinary cream would not do.

### *Petit Pois à la Française:*

One quart of shelled peas.
The heart of a lettuce.
Butter.
A few button onions.
A *bouquet* of thyme, parsley and bay leaf.
Salt, pepper, castor sugar.

It is, perhaps, a little early to write of peas, but the seasons have been so odd this year that one never knows. In any case, you will have the recipe by you at the right moment.

Put the shelled peas into a thick saucepan with a good piece of butter, the *bouquet*, a few button onions carefully peeled, and the heart only of a lettuce—cut in four pieces. Add salt and pepper, a teaspoonful or more of castor sugar (this is a question of taste) and a teacupful of cold water.

Bring quickly to the boil, put the lid on the saucepan and simmer for about forty minutes on a slow fire. Taste a pea occasionally, towards the end of cooking, to see how they are getting on—and cook a little longer if necessary.

If there is too much liquid at the end throw it away, but, in any case, add a small piece of fresh butter, which you shake into the peas off the fire until it is melted. Remember that, whatever you do, the peas must be cooked properly but not so much as to reduce them to a pulp. Always serve these as a separate vegetable dish.

### *Carottes Veloutées:*

Young carrots.
*Bouquet* of thyme, parsley, bay leaf.
Lemon juice, flour, butter.
Salt, pepper and nutmeg.

Scrape and wash the carrots and cut them into thin slices, which you put in a saucepan just covered with cold water. Bring to the boil and add the *bouquet*, salt, pepper and the juice of a lemon. Reduce the fire and let the carrots cook gently until done.

In another saucepan, melt a little flour and butter together, making a smooth paste; keep this warm. When the carrots are done remove them and keep them hot and start adding the liquid in which they have cooked, little by little, to the prepared flour and butter in the other saucepan, whipping it well.

Go on adding liquid and cooking and beating until you have a smooth, velvety sauce, the (*Continued on page* 150)

# TOSSED IN A PAN

Most people believe that the process of "Sauté" can be applied to potatoes only, but it is one which can be used for all sorts of things.

The verb "sauter" means, literally, "to jump." Therefore, something "sauté" is made to jump, in other words it is tossed. You put something in a pan and shake the pan in such a way that its contents are tossed about in it.

Sometimes the things are served quite dry, with just the butter in which they have cooked, but, more often than not, there is a little sauce as well, made in the same pan.

### *Sauté d'agneau Provençale:*

One and a half pounds of New Zealand lamb.
A tablespoonful of tomato purée.
Salt, pepper, a small clove of garlic.
Parsley, butter.
Two large potatoes.

A perfect dish with the lovely New Zealand lamb we are now getting over here. Any part of the animal can be used, you cut the meat, raw, into small pieces of about two to three inches. Trim these well of all fat and gristle. Meanwhile take a frying pan, melt a little piece of butter in it and, when it begins to foam, put in the meat, seasoning with salt and pepper.

Toss these over the fire for a minute or two and now add the potatoes, peeled, and cut into very small cubes. Cook together for about ten minutes, tossing occasionally so that all are nicely browned. Now add the clove of garlic, very finely chopped.

Cook again for a few minutes, and then put in the tomato purée. Stir very well and let the whole thing simmer gently, stirring often, for five minutes or so more. Put into a hot serving dish and sprinkle with chopped parsley.

If you are using a firmer part of the meat, such as the leg, it may take longer to cook, but this you must judge by cutting a piece of the meat towards the end of the cooking.

### *Poulet Sauté Landaise:*

One tender chicken (not more than two pounds).
One ounce of flour and one ounce of butter.
Salt, pepper, lemon juice, parsley.
A little stock, a few capers, one egg yolk.
Milk.

Carve the chicken, raw, into five or six pieces; two wings; two legs; breast; and don't forget that the carcase will make an excellent soup or can provide the stock you want, in case you haven't any.

Melt the butter in a good thick saucepan, work in the flour and stir over a slow fire until smooth. Now add the pieces of chicken, starting with the legs. Turn them over and over, to coat them with the flour and butter, and then cook for a few minutes—tossing the pan often.

When the pieces of chicken show signs of wanting to become brown, start adding stock, little by little, so that you have a smooth sauce, just enough to cover the chicken; add a squeeze of lemon juice, salt and pepper, a heaped tablespoonful of capers and cover the pan while the contents simmer for about half an hour or more, according to the tenderness of the bird.

When it is ready to serve, put in some chopped parsley and, at the last minute, *off the fire*, a binding of yolk of egg diluted in a tablespoonful of milk.

Arrange the pieces in the hot serving dish, pour the sauce over, and serve with either plain boiled potatoes or *purée*, or boiled rice or macaroni.

### *Lapereau Sauté:*

A really young rabbit.
Butter, salt, pepper.
Shallots, parsley, sage, and
Mixed spice, lemon juice, stock.

Have the young rabbit properly cleaned, cut in small pieces and dry them well in a cloth. (*Continued on page* 150)

Sauté d'agneau Provençale . . .
a delicate and delicious entrée

All you need for Rognons Sautés . . . one veal kidney, seasoning stock, a glass of sherry

# KITCHEN PAGE

1 The "Klypit" sink tray, made of rustproof metal stoved enamel, suspended by rubber protected hooks, provides a strong shelf beneath the sink with a towel rail at either end, so that the draining-board may be left cleared for action. Price 7s. 6d.

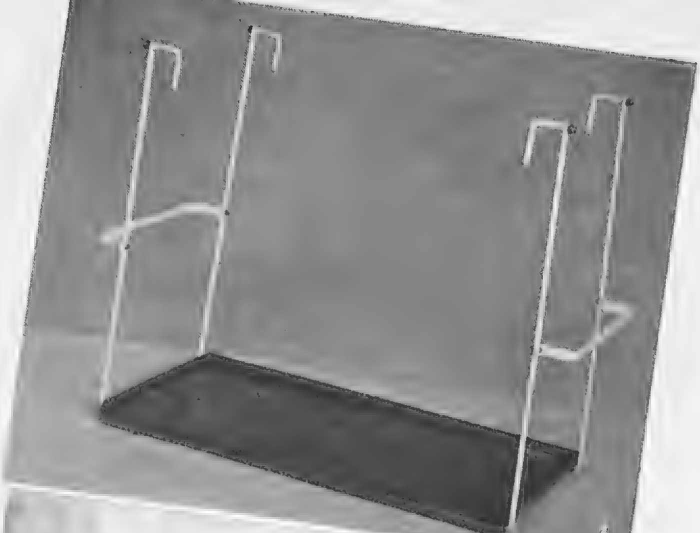
2 This horizontal "Fly-Tite" safe affords perfect ventilation and absolute protection from flies. It is white enamelled with a blue rim, and measures 17 ins. wide, 12 ins. high and 11 ins. deep. Invaluable for the small house or flat. Price 15s. 9d.

3 Double entrée dish, 44s. 6d.; sauceboat, 4s. 6d.; and divided vegetable dish, 26s. All are of "Staybrite" stainless steel, and the entrée dish is hand-hammered.

4 Cellophane covers, perfect for open-air meals. Tables can be laid and cakes, fruit, sandwiches and jam protected from wasps and flies. Also good for larder and sideboard use. In four sizes at 2s. 6d., 3s. 6d., 3s. 9d. and 4s. 6d.

5 Automatic control enables this streamlined "Universal" electric iron to be set at the required heat for different fabrics, and once set this heat is maintained. A round heel obviates rucking and wrinkling when the iron is drawn backwards. It has a stain and rust-proof chromium finish and is fitted with an air-cooled Bakelite handle. Price 33s. 9d.

6 A small wire basket to hang on the side of the preserving pan when making stone fruit jam. Stones can be skimmed into it and left to drain, avoiding any waste and drips on the floor. Price 9d.

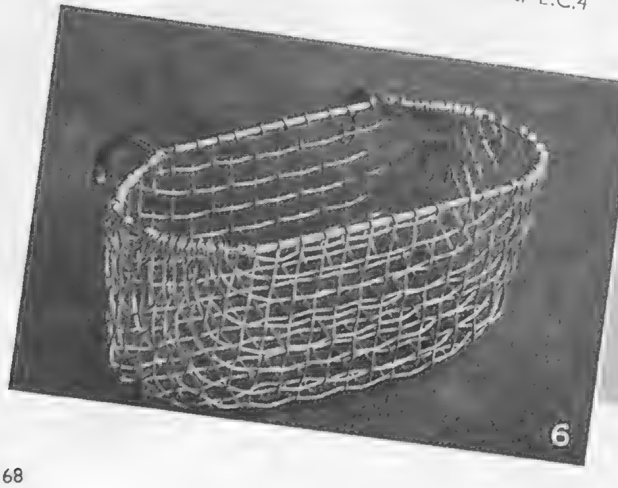

1

2

3

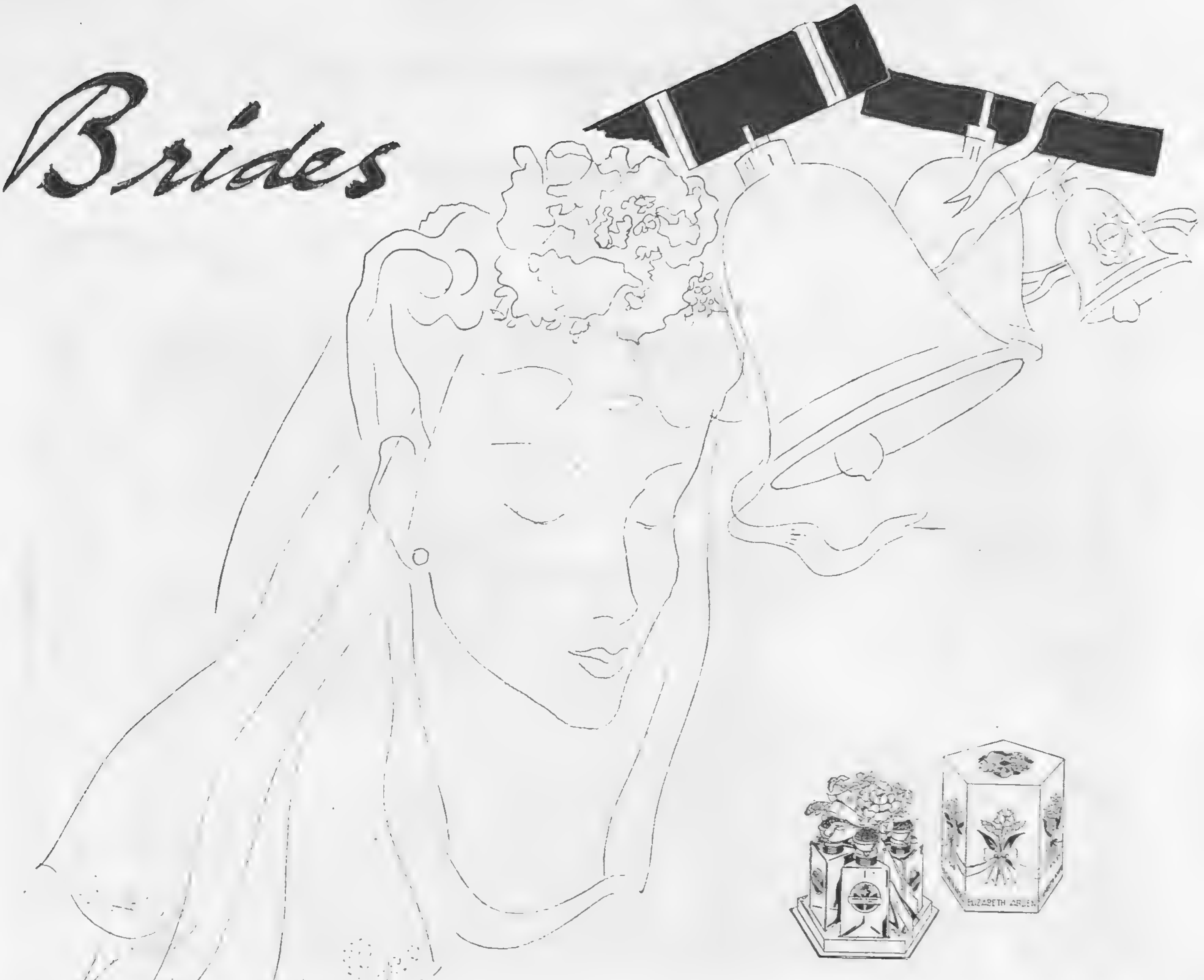
4

Addresses from which these articles can be obtained on application to Editor, Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4


6

5

# Brides



The Bride's Bouquet of Perfumes is Miss Arden's gift to the Bridal Season. She has captured the fragrance of five bridal flowers—orange blossom, lily of the valley, jasmin, gardenia, white orchid, and planned for you to give them all to the bride in one enchanting box. Separately, these perfumes, each in its own flowered case, make charming gifts to the bridesmaids.

*Bouquet of Five Perfumes, 5 gns.* ★ *Single Bottle, 25/-*

**Elizabeth Arden**

Elizabeth Arden Ltd.

25, OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W 1

# CONFIDENTLY RECOMMENDED

We are happy to give editorial endorsement to these reputable advertised goods

Comfortable feet are essential to the enjoyment of tennis, golf, hiking, and every form of exercise, yet statistics reveal that seven out of every ten persons have foot trouble in one form or another. The cause, of course, is lack of proper care and attention.

Many troubles are due to weakened or broken down arches, and for these Dr. Scholl has designed special arch supports to relieve strain, give firm support and hold the feet in their correct positions, equalizing the weight from the heel to the ball of the foot.

Corns and callouses can also be successfully dealt with by the use of Dr. Scholl's Zino-Pads, price 1s. 3d. per packet. These are mildly medicated and give immediate relief, protecting sore spots from friction and pressure and healing inflamed tissues.

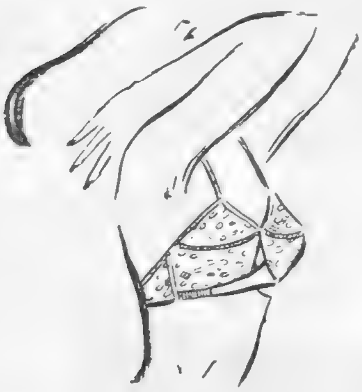
Onixol, price 1s. 3d. per bottle, for ingrowing toe nails, Bromidrosil Powder, 2s. 6d. a tin, and Menthol Boracic Socks, 6d. per pair, for hot, aching and perspiring feet, are other Dr. Scholl remedies. Free information on any other foot troubles may be obtained from Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort Service, 93 Regent Street, London, W.1.

The "Old Bleach" range of fabrics is always progressive, and each spring new types and designs are produced.

This year the new designs are full of interest, stars, birds and flowers being the main types. The services of well-known designers have been requisitioned. Mansieroff, of Paris, has contributed an arresting tree design, while Marion Dorn's striking bird design was specially created for the modern Orient liner, *Orcades*.

Woven linen is available in varying weights and is a particularly good furnishing medium, being extensively used for loose covers, curtains, upholstery and bed covers. The prints are hand printed in vat colours, a process which renders them absolutely fast.

The importance of figure control in relation to the wearing of clothes cannot be too greatly stressed. The appearance of the best cut suit or dress can be ruined if the wearer has not got well-fitting foundation garments.



"Kemplas" brassieres with Pivotal Control embody all that women can desire in the attainment of youthful uplift and perfect comfort

The new "Kemplas" brassieres with Pivotal Control, one of which we have illustrated, embody all that women can desire in the attainment of youthful uplift and perfect comfort.

Pivotal Control is achieved by an ingenious cross over front to the brassiere, attached to elastic inlets, so that there is dual-controlled self-adjusting support under the bust.

For the heavier figure there is a deep-fronted brassiere with self material, built up shoulder straps and dual-controlled self-adjusting diaphragm support, and in the various designs for small to medium figures, adjustable shoulder straps with elastic ends are a "Kemplas" feature which obviates all tendency to cut or pull.

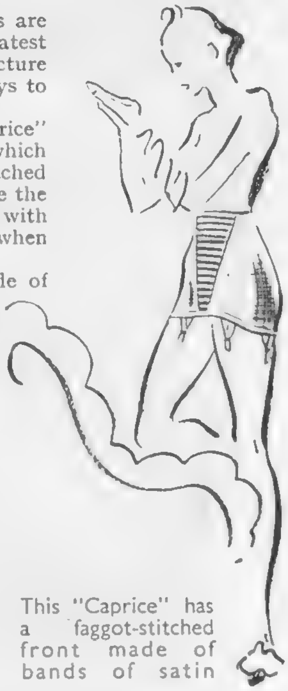
The comprehensive range, available in lace, satin, poplin, Two-tri voile or net provides brassieres to suit every figure and every purse, and prices start at the modest sum of 3s. 11d.

Coolness, comfort and control are three essentials of a belt for summer wear, and these features are all incorporated in the "Caprice" designs. There seems to be no point which the designers have overlooked and no figure type to which due consideration has not been given. "Caprice" nets are exclusive to this firm, and the very latest methods are used in their manufacture so that they can be relied upon always to keep their elasticity and shape.

Our illustration shows a step-in "Caprice" of mercerised elastic net, price 21s., which has an original feature in a faggot-stitched front made of bands of satin, to give the necessary front control. It is fitted with detachable suspenders, a useful point when laundering.

Another fashioned step-in is made of "Caprice" elastic net with an inside front reinforcement of poplin in which two detachable bones are inserted. Self-cut suspenders shaped in the material give a uniform downward pull and an unbroken line, so that this garment is particularly good for evening wear. A pantie-corselet in elastic net with a reinforced front panel is another "Caprice" garment of outstanding merit. This has an extreme French uplift bust, and is also fitted with detachable suspenders.

Other foundations in the "Caprice" range will be found in the corset department of leading stores or may be chosen from an illustrated descriptive booklet which will be sent on application to Caprice Ltd., 14 Heddon Street, London, W.1.



This "Caprice" has a faggot-stitched front made of bands of satin

To make up successfully during the day, the aim should be to improve the appearance subtly and without too much emphasis; but in the evening, when the brilliance of electric light, evening clothes and surroundings contribute to an atmosphere of gaiety and glamour, more accent may be given to your best points.

Tangee cosmetics are right for day or evening use, as the lipstick, rouge (both creme and compact) and mascara are equally natural looking in any light, and can be applied sparsely or more lavishly as the occasion demands.

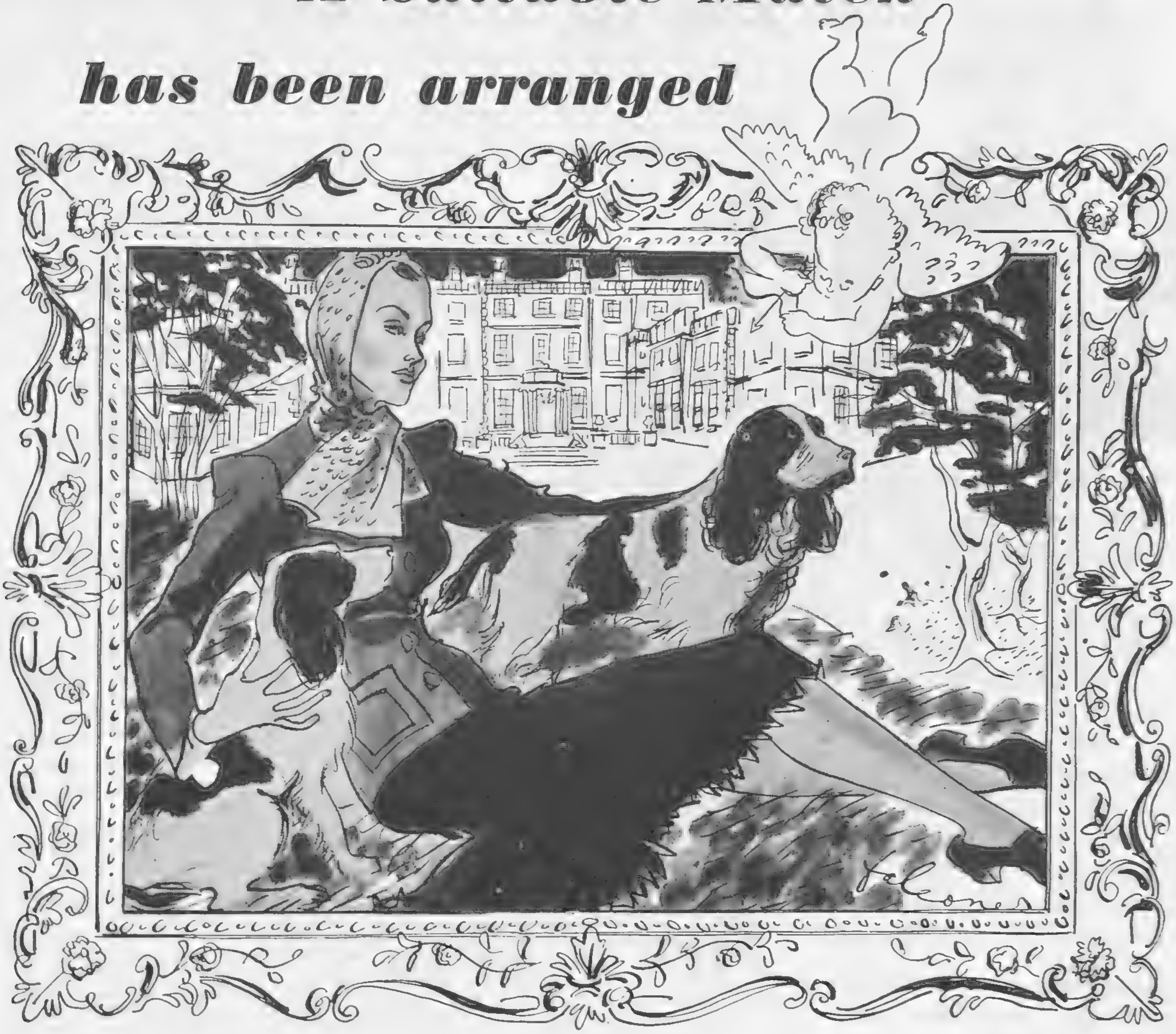
The lipstick, though orange in colour, changes on contact with the lips, tinting them a natural blush rose; and if a darker and more vivid colouring is required, Tangee "Theatrical" lipstick will meet the case.

Tangee rouge compact and creme rouge have the same quality of changing on application and blending with all complexions.

To complete the range of Tangee beauty aids there is a powder made of the finest and purest ingredients, and two splendid creams Tangee Night Cream, which combines the qualities of a cleansing cream and emollient, and Tangee Day Cream, a cream of the vanishing type which leaves a protective invisible film on the skin to prevent it from becoming dry and to provide an adherent base for powder.

"Recital" is the name of Millot's new perfume, in which the individual fragrances of orange blossom, chypre, jasmine and hyacinth have been captured and separately diffused. This delightfully fresh and individual perfume can be obtained from 5s. a bottle

# A Suitable Match has been arranged



Contrast is the keynote of all informal clothes this year; but can you build up a contrasting colour-scheme with the confidence of the lovely lady in our picture? Glance at the colour-key to her ensemble. See how she has contrasted chestnut with amber—and then a touch of sour green to spice the gay confection. And her stockings—she's realised the importance of bridging that gulf 'twixt skirt and shoes with a harmonious match. She's chosen Aristoc ALOHA—so warm, so tender in colouring, with a dancing coppery shimmer . . .

**KEY TO PICTURE**

| | |
|---|---|
| HAT & SCARF SET | *Amber & Olive Green* |
| DRESS | *Chestnut Brown* |
| STOCKINGS | *Aristoc* ALOHA |
| SHOES | *Melbury Tan* |

TO FIT INTO EVERY PICTURE . . . A PAIR OF *Aristoc*

*The Aristocrat*
*of Silk Stockings*
3/11—10/6

Aristoc
REGISTERED TRADE MARK

*The Aristoc Spring shades have been keyed carefully with the new Spring colours. So why not cut out and keep this and subsequent advertisements for the 'matchmaking' lore they contain?*

'Wonderful to get this new waistline in a boneless garment'

'Boneless and backless too, Madam. The line is all in the cutting and tensioning. Nothing to restrict you. A high, firm bust line, and a lovely long sweep from bust to hips, and of course the new nipped-in-waist. These three things give you the *skin tight* effect that you must have this summer.'

'Extraordinary,' she said. 'Why are Berlei always first with the new silhouettes?'

'We work so closely with the dress designers, Madam. It's the only way.'

*No.* ***44027*** *in figured batiste in bust sizes, every inch from 33" to 39",* **42/-**

Berlei

TRUE-TO-TYPE FOUNDATIONS

'Goodbye to inches . . . and All That' is the title of our new booklet. Send us a postcard, or ask the corsetiere at any good store for a free copy.

Berlei (U K) Ltd., Personal Service Dept,
208a Regent St., London, W.1. (Wholesale only)

# Books:

(*Continued from page* 42)

straightforward character. It is a first novel, distinguishable from many first novels by an entire absence of literary posturing.

The scene at first is a mining town in Nevada, where Barry Cort and his brother grow up. The relationship between the two boys and the effect upon Barry of his older brother's death as a result of the war, are touched with knowledge and certainty; and Barry's adventures, until in the end he finds himself and returns to the mine, are such as many readers will know to be valid from their own experience.

THE stars feature, in different ways, in two books in this month's batch.

In one case they *are* the book, in the other they comprise one half of the title.

*Practical Astrology*, by Edward Lyndoe (Putnam, 10s. 6d.), is one of the most comprehensive works on this subject that I, personally, have studied.

Astrology has lately returned to favour to an astonishing extent. For my own part, I am not prepared to be dogmatic one way or the other about its intrinsic veracity; but there is no doubt that the subject is a fascinating one and that Mr. Lyndoe gives a lucid exposition of its technicalities.

*Practical Astrology* is described by the publishers as "A handbook for those with no previous knowledge of the science, and a reference book for practitioners." From my own reading of it, I should say this is a perfectly fair claim—even though the book *does* describe people born under the same astronomical influences as myself as "given to morbidity"!

*The Mountain and the Stars*, which Heinemann and Co. offer at 8s. 6d., is a first novel by Valentin Tikhonov.

It is a forceful piece of work, calculated either to excite an abhorrence of war or to stimulate an adventurous interest in this greatest folly of so-called civilization—according to the age and past experience of the reader.

The story concerns two boys who join Ungern-Sternberg's Cossack division and fight in the desolate wastes of Mongolia.

Life in the White and Red armies is vividly portrayed and the reader's feelings are not spared as the unforgettable picture of bestiality and heroism is painted.

But behind the squalor, the cruelty and the degradation is a background of the lyrical beauty of nature, which lifts this story far above the general run of such war novels.

Not the least attractive feature of this book is the subdued wrapper design by Robert Medley.

THE latest of indefatigable Booth Tarkington's novels, *Rumbin Galleries* (Heinemann, 7s. 6d.), can be recommended confidently as excellent entertainment.

I never cease to marvel at the width of purview of some novelists. Do they, I ask myself, especially study some new subject for each book, or are they walking encyclopædias who merely draw upon their knowledge with the sublime confidence of a demi-god?

The range and accuracy of the many books from the pen of Booth Tarkington are alike remarkable.

*Rumbin Galleries* assuredly will add yet further lustre to his already lustrous name.

It is the story of Rumbin, the art dealer, a vivid and unforgettable creation, with his immense bulk, his unidentifiable accent, his all-embracing understanding at once of human nature and of the tricks of his trade.

To Rumbin's shop one day wanders a young man in search of a job. Howard Cattlet's only assets are an "aristocratic dumb face," and a cut-away coat a classmate's wedding forced him to buy.

What Rumbin needs in his business are exactly the cut-away coat and young Mr. Cattlet's dumb look.

Also in the buiness is Rumbin's grey-eyed secretary Georgina Horne and the inevitable romance which develops between her and young Cattlet is reminiscent in its grave and touching beauty of the well-remembered romances in Booth Tarkington's best-loved books.

The adventures of Rumbin and his two young associates, now sharing poverty, now basking in the temporary riches afforded by a lucky sale, are filled with true Tarkington gaiety.

A GOOD idea if not an entirely original one—forms the plot of Edgar Johnson's *The Praying Mantis* (Cassell and Co., 7s. 6d.).

The female mantis devours the male. Similarly, the lady of this story devours her man—but in no simple physical process.

*The Praying Mantis* is a subtle character study and a vivid drama of jealousy—a crescendo of torture culminating in murder.

An ageing beauty, finding her husband has turned his attentions elsewhere, schemes an inhumanly malignant and cunning revenge.

Everything goes according to plan—everything, that is, except the very last act in the drama.

The style in which this story is written suits admirably the icy detachment of its central figure.

This book may confidently be recommended as superlative entertainment of the Grand Guignol sort.

WHAT a contrast from the bucket of blood provided by *The Praying Mantis* is R. H. Mottram's fascinating story of country life, *There was a Jolly Miller* (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.).

The line of the old song which furnishes the title for this refreshing novel takes us right back to the fine old traditional England.

But this novel is not about that. To-day, we have to face the fact that, however slowly and peacefully, England is changing like the rest of the world.

The hall and t rectory, the mill, typical of all rural industry, are changing as time passes.

Thus the hero and his fluctuating fortunes which are followed in this book, are not isolated events that happen but to one individual.

They are part of a changing social order, a transformed economic system.

Luckily for the story—and for us—there remains a solid background that does not change, but modifies so slowly that there is no violent interruption of the process, and the new growth is healthy and strong.

How Cranmer Carston, from being the son of the squire, became a new type of local personality, what sort of son grew up to replace the miller and how the village background shaded off behind them is the theme of R. H. Mottram's latest book.

And a most charming and interesting community he makes of them all.

IN *O Absalom!* (Collins and Co., 8s. 6d.), Howard Spring has written a truly great book.

It is an intensely sensitive conception written with emotion which never descends to sentimentality.

The story concerns two fathers and two sons. The boys grow up in friendship and their fathers dedicate themselves to the task of making their sons realize the lives which they themselves would have wished to live.

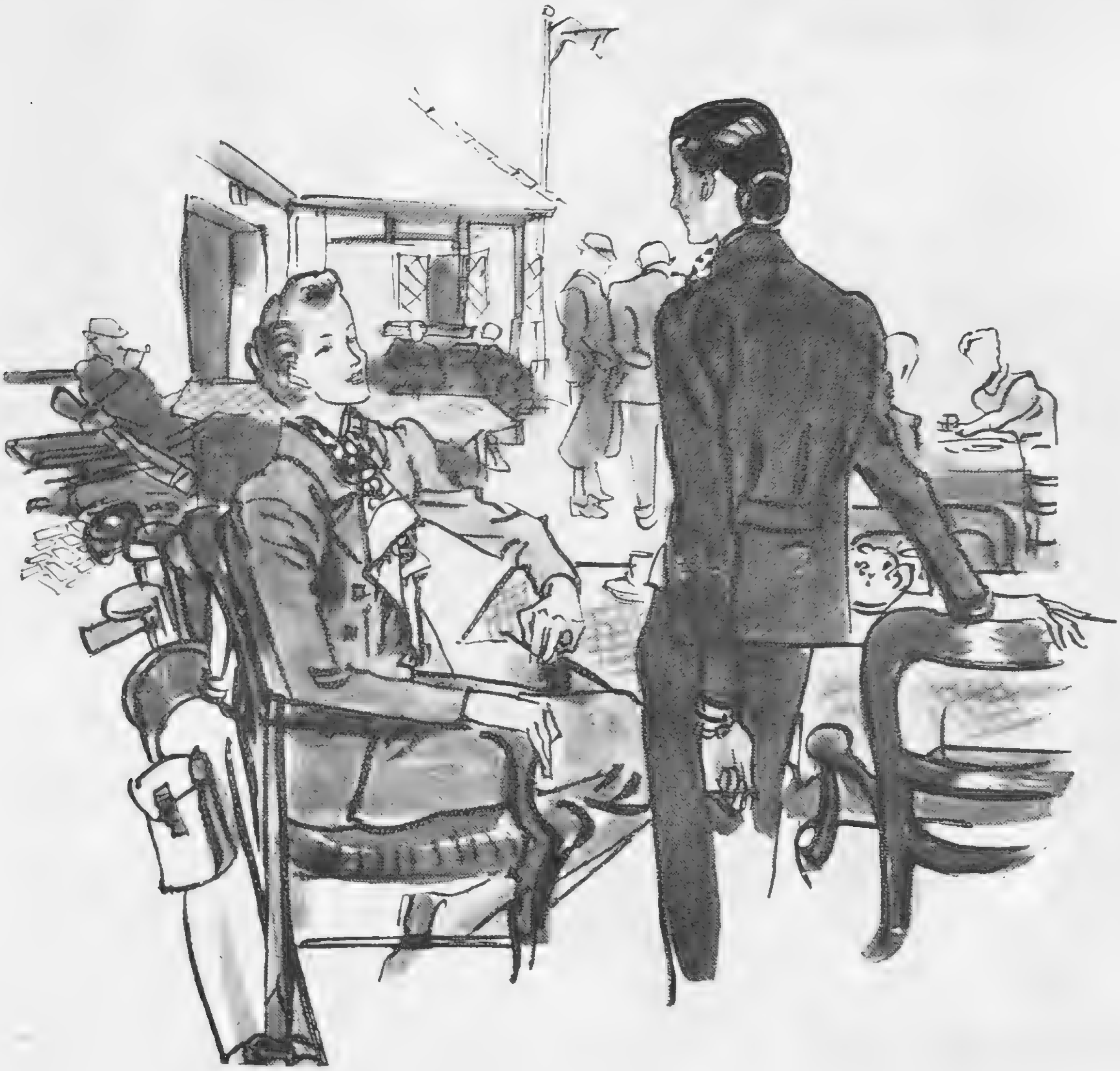
This supremely egotistic ideal might not have ended so disastrously but for the fact that while one boy was being moulded into the form of a self-denying Irish patriot, the other was being frankly over-indulged.

Such clashing of temperaments in young men who as boys had been friends was bound to lead to tragedy and in this case tragedy engulfs them when one youth dies at the hand of the other and the survivor, morally destroyed by what he has done, goes inevitably to his own doom.

This bald summary of the delicately-conceived motif of *O Absalom!* does the plot but scant justice, for the book is full of incident and rich in

(*Continued on page* 74)

# 'I'm stymied about my skin, Jane Seymour'



I was talking to a keen golfer at the Clubhouse the other day and she said: 'The only drawback about this game is the devastating effect it has on the complexion. I'm not one of those people who enjoy having a leathery skin and looking like a hard-bitten sportswoman. I like to look decent when I come to town and get into evening clothes.'

This cry from the heart so touched me that I suggested she should come to my Salon and learn how to have the best of both worlds!

So she came. Her skin was inclined to be greasy. Constant exposure had coarsened and darkened it. I told her to wash at night with Cleansing Milk, which bleaches and refines, smooth Pore Cream over her enlarged pores, and pat in Greaskin Cream everywhere else. In the morning I advised plenty of Astringent Lotion, and as a foundation to her Greaskin Powder, when she was going to golf, I begged her to use Special Protective Cream. It prevents chafing and reddening and keeps the skin beautifully smooth. For the evening, to give her a lovely matt finish, I advised her to substitute Petal Lotion.

Well, you'd be surprised at the change in that woman's skin now! It's lost that 'weathered' look—and looks thoroughly sophisticated and beautifully cared for. She's awfully pleased.

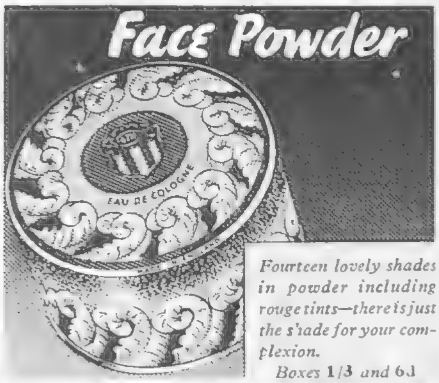
Get my book 'Speaking Frankly' from any shop that sells my preparations and read up the 'face-saving' treatment for dry skins too. Or get it straight from me: Jane Seymour Ltd., 21-22 Grosvenor St., Bond St., London. W.1. Mayfair 3712. Salon Extension 3.

*Trade Mark*

**Jane Seymour** BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

'4711' Aids-to-Beauty
never conflict
with your chosen perfume!

It just isn't done—to use aids-to-beauty so perfumed that they conflict with your personal perfume. Wise—and smart!—women choose "4711" Eau de Cologne Aids-to-Beauty—for the very good reason that the fresh fragrance of Eau de Cologne does not fight the personality of the favourite perfume they wear for perfume's sake.



Fourteen lovely shades in powder including rouge tints—there is just the shade for your complexion.
Boxes 1/3 and 6d

'Matt-Creme'
TRADE MARK
The '4711' Vanishing Cream
Matt-Creme
The 4711 Vanishing Cream
An ideal day-cream and the best foundation for your powder.
Tubes with 'captive cap': 1/- and 6d
Pots 1/3 and 2/-

Toilet Soap
4711
"4711" Eau de Cologne Cream Toilet Soap.
8d the tablet:
2/- box of three.
Also "4711" Bath Soap, large tablet 10½d

There is a complete series of
"4711"
Eau de Cologne
Aids-to-Beauty
BLUE & GOLD LABEL

"4711" Slough, Bucks.
Prices for U.K. only (EA 2b)

character, while the contrasting backgrounds of Manchester and Ireland and of London and Cornwall are exquisitely etched in.

*O Absalom!* is a book which *must* be read.

FOR those who like thrillers, Frank King's trio of characters: The Dormouse, alias Clive Conrad, Alice Faversham and triflingly portentous Mr. Reginald Fortescue Watt provide ideal fare in their latest adventures in *The Dormouse has Nine Lives* (Robert Hale, 7s. 6d.).

The story begins with the carefully-planned and wholly successful theft of the Kwanting Buddha from the Chinese Embassy in Paris.

As is traditional in stories which open with the theft of a Buddha, all sorts of sinister intrigues ensue and shadowy figures glide hither and thither through the pages of this gripping story until finally—well, you are forced to admit that the title of the book is fully justified!

This thriller provides four-star entertainment and the reader, who in all probability has met the Dormouse previously in *Enter the Dormouse* and *The Dormouse—Undertaker*, will certainly vote the present book a worthy successor to its excellent predecessors.

IF there are mystery and double-mystery in the new Dormouse book, there certainly is no element of mystery about Susan Gaylord, the charmingly unaffected heroine of Pearl Buck's new romance, *This Proud Heart* (Methuen, 8s. 6d.).

Born into the conventional atmosphere of a small town, but with the genius for sculpture, her intrinsic simplicity of desire is frequently at war with her suppressed artistic temperament.

In one phase of her life she is just a successful and devoted wife, mother and housewife; in the other phase she is driven by the ambition to create, to achieve something great through her life.

The story of her attempts at compromise make emotional reading and Miss Buck has drawn her characters with that human understanding and deftness of touch which distinguishes all her work.

More, it would be unnecessary to say in recommendation of any book.

I HAVE left until last, this month, *The Wood Ends*, by Myfanwy Pryce (John Lane, The Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.), but this does not mean that this is the place I would award this striking novel on my list of recommendations for the month's reading, for I should, I think, list it at the top in any order of readability.

It is because this book is so unusual that I have elected to deal with it last.

It is not an exciting book—although readers to whom the psychology of their fellow-creatures makes an appeal will find plenty to excite their imaginative powers in this story.

It is not a sentimental book—although there are expressions and occasions of sentiment scattered through its pages in all of which the sentiment rings true.

It is not a funny book, but there is much of humour in its pages.

As a work of art, *The Wood Ends* is entirely satisfying. It is a neat pattern of a book, and it is fashioned with a broad apprehension of life.

The story is an intimate one and concerns a succession of happenings seen from two different standpoints—always an interesting experience.

The fact that these incidents are reviewed in the cold light of retrospect makes the experience even more interesting in this case.

Readers of Miss Pryce's *Gingerbread Lea* and *Parson's Wives* will not require of me that I shall add that this authoress is an artist to her finger-tips.

You will enjoy *The Wood Ends*.

END

# These Are Your Forests

(*Continued from page 41*)

like a green wave across the face of hundreds of acres of new forest land.

That is where I met Hamish M'Kee. There are many Hamish M'Kees to be found in our wood settlements here and there over the changing face of the land. The sun was laying a crimson frieze across the top of the Western hills when I came down into the shadows of the twilit glen. He stood by a burn of rushing mountain water smoking a pipe. Behind him was a whole colony of hutments, and here and there soft lamplight glowed in the windows. It was one of those unforgettable evenings in the West Highlands, soft blue and purple and the sigh of the wind in the great open spaces, when you feel within you the mystery of that indescribable Something that is Everything. . . .

"Good-evening to you," he said, his voice soft with the lilt of his native Gaelic. "It has been a grand day."

"Indeed, it has," I agreed, and I looked around. "This is a lonely place to live. What's happening? Are you tunnelling for water?" I asked, remembering the hut settlements of isolated humanity I had come across in other years in Inverness-shire and in Galloway, when they were damming lochs and diverting rivers, in order to transform the white power from the hills into electricity for the National Grid Scheme.

He laughed softly, patiently. "And we are not! We are making a three hundred acre forest for you!"

"For me?"

He nodded. And there, in the gloaming, with the echo of a pibroch in the long glen, he told me how he and five thousand others, from John o' Groat's to Land's End, were spending their strenuous, happy days building a new Britain on trees. . . . In Cumberland, by the hills of the English Lakes, in mountainous Wales, across the barren brow of Suffolk's and Norfolk's Thetford Chase, on high Dartmoor, at Kielder in Northumberland and the West Woods of Wiltshire, at almost two hundred different places in Britain, dead lands are being revived and transformed into majestic forests.

It is in many of these places that you find the forest workers' holdings, where the tree-men and their families live in utter contentment. Many of them were unemployed before they were given the chance of this new life. There are over 1,200 holdings now in existence, each costing about £500 to establish. Each family has ten acres of ground, with their own horses and cattle, their sheep and goats and poultry, the total value of which is now estimated at £48,000 and is steadily increasing.

All that is theirs, and they are rendering a splendid account of their stewardship. Yesterday many of them had nothing—nothing but a drab and dreary urban existence far from tall trees and green grass and the song of the birds. Until they were chosen for their new work by a selection committee of the Ministry of Labour and the Forestry Commission some of them, with their wives and children, were doomed to hopelessness amid the sunless abysses of slumland.

And now they are sharing an exciting miracle beyond their lost horizons.

There are five holdings to every thousand acres of woods. The workers are guaranteed a minimum of one hundred and fifty days' work in the forests. The rest of the time is spent cultivating their own acres, raising their stock and growing much of their own fresh food. A neat cottage, outbuildings, and all their land cost on an average £14 10s. a year.

Here is a strange paradox; for these little Edens that are bringing new life and happiness to the settlers and reviving the dead glories of our countryside are havens of peace and plenty created from the stark fear of man's inhumanity to man, from the aftermath of past wars and the creeping shadows of future wars. . . .

(*Continued on page 76*)

# *Meditation on the Mode*

A world of pleasant thoughts on life seen fashionwise — a happy realization that stockings such as these will still further gild the lily, lending glamour to the most thrilling legs, adding chic to the most entrancing ensemble. They are Bear Brand "Supreme" *sheer ringless* stockings—for beauty's sake be faithful to them.

Bear Brand
SUPREME
SHEER RINGLESS
3'11 · 4'11 · 5'11 · 6'11

**New Youth for Ageing Throats and Tired Eyes**

If a relaxed throat and tired eyes rob you of youthful beauty, begin Helena Rubinstein's special home treatments to-day. They quickly restore the fresh, unlined, clean-cut, radiant beauty of youth

**Throat Contour Treatment**

Begin with Hormone Throat Balsam to nourish, tone and re-mould a lined and crepey, or thin undernourished throat, 6/6.

Follow with Muscle Tightener. It braces relaxed muscles and restores clean-cut, youthful contours without drying the skin, 6/6.

**Youthifying Eye Treatment**

Apply Extrait Anti-Wrinkle Lotion to prevent and erase lines, crepiness and crow's-feet. Smooths, rejuvenates and refreshes delicate eye tissues, 5/6.

Fingerprint New Youthifying Eye Cream around the eyes to prevent and correct dry, lined or shrivelled tissues, 5/6.

Write for 'Three Steps to Beauty.

*Please forward, for which I enclose P.O. ....... Hormone Throat Balsam 6/6; Muscle Tightener, 6/6; Extrait, 5/6. and New Youthifying Eye Cream. 5/6*

Name ..........................

Address ..........................

B.E. 5.38. ..........................

**helena rubinstein**

24, Grafton St., Mayfair, W.1
Regent 5232

Back to nature! It is heaven on earth to most of them. All take a share in the work. While the father plants the forests of to-morrow the mother does her share by bunching the young trees together at the holding, and the children keep contact between their parents, carrying the baby plants from house to hillside. To watch them is to take away a lovely memory. Often they sing and laugh, like the children of Sweden who, reared in the forest tradition, take it upon themselves to plant a tree wherever one is felled, to the accompaniment of ancient folksongs handed down through the generations as echoes of one of the earliest of all religions, the mystic worship of trees.

The wonder grows with the years. As the trees stretch their arms upwards to the heavens they become a protection for the hundred and one denizens of the forest lands. They become animal sanctuaries where the deer roams at peace and the red squirrel makes its home; where the birds find safe harbourage and for many the threat of extinction, due to industrialization and crawling suburbia is removed. Go down into your forests and listen to their songs of praise.

Oh, yes, they are yours. As the plantations grow the public are admitted to them when there is no risk of fire; one day they will rival the glories of the old Crown forests, like the Forest of Dean and the New Forest.

A great national forest park, of woodland, loch and mountainside, has been created across one hundred square miles of unspoilt and uninhabited land to the west of Loch Long. It is known as the Argyll National Forest Park and is but the first of many.

All that glorious countryside round Arrochar, Ardgoil, Glenbranter, Glenfinart and Benmore is your happy hunting ground. The very names thrill you as they roll off your tongue. So will their proud reality of hills and glens and forest glades.

A camping ground has been marked out for you, and a car-park and excellent buildings for campers have been provided. It is a magnificent gift, the like of which was never enjoyed by previous generations. Take it—enjoy it—*and protect it*. It is *your* heritage.

The woodmen are working hard. But there is a tremendous leeway to be made up. The blot on our national landscape that was caused by the felling of one-third of our tree-wealth during the war years has to be wiped out, and new reservations of timber created. We have planned to clothe a million-odd acres with trees—but there are over 3,000,000 idle acres of wasteland in a Britain that has the poorest stocks of home-grown timber in all Europe.

Within fifteen miles of the Special Areas of mine-scarred South Wales, of Durham and Tyneside, Haltwhistle and West Cumberland are 200,000 acres of land suitable for afforestation which would provide, according to the Commissioners, 1,000 forest workers' holdings. Already, £200,000 has been added to the Forestry Fund to put half of that enormous programme in hand.

Our race of woodmen is limited, so new workers must be trained to take part in this marathon race against time. Thirty summer and permanent training camps for the unemployed have been established in England, Scotland and Wales, with accommodation for over 5,000 men. There they are trained in road-making and site-clearing and the important art of fire protection.

Fire is the forest's deadliest enemy, and much of the annual menace is due to the gross carelessness of campers and hikers. The watch is ceaseless, and every few yards stacks of beaters are provided for whoever wishes to take part in the grim battle against the devouring flames. In the last Report of the Chief Forester, Sir Roy Robinson, mention is made of 407 fires during 1936, causing damage estimated at £20,170—or five times greater than in the previous year. . . .

Our trees are providing romantic new careers. Apprentices are being trained at Parkend in the Forest of Dean, and at Benmore, Argyllshire, where they qualify in forest work after a two years' course. The Royal English and Royal Scottish Forestry Societies are providing free instruction and keep, for thirteen weeks, to suitable young men on their private estates. Many of them graduate as head woodmen, in charge of some of the smaller plantations.

But behind all this there are two things that must not be forgotten—a handful of seeds and a handful of scientists. University graduates, men steeped in forest lore, tree-doctors and diagnosticians, soil experts, entomologists, surveyors — these highly-trained men are indispensable.

Experimentation goes on all the time; trial and error lead to new triumphs and mightier forests.

They wanted to see how high up a mountain-side trees could be persuaded to grow. At Beddgelert they planted up to 1,800 feet. The results were promising—but an avalanche wreaked its havoc.

Draining peaty ground, testing stony ground, analysing poor soils, investigating smoke damage, experimenting with pruning—all these things have to be done, backed by the academic resources of the Imperial Forestry Institute and the Forest Products Research Laboratory at Princes Risborough, in Buckinghamshire.

The growing tree has many enemies in addition to fire. Rabbits can kill a whole plantation; vermin destroy roots; elm-disease creeps like an invisible death; heart-rot attacks the tall pines and firs; the pine-shoot beetle and the chafer imperil the young striplings, and the gall pulls the Douglas fir down in sickness.

Seeds come from all over the world—seeds of Canadian spruce and American Douglas fir, Japanese larch, European larch, Corsican pine and Norway spruce. Gifts of seed come from the Argentine, Canada, Chile, Germany, New Zealand, Portugal and Rumania. . . . You never dreamed the whole world was helping to give you your forests, did you?

The seeds are propagated in our nurseries. We have over a thousand acres of them and they are still extending. One of the newest and largest is the sixty-eight acre Tair Onen, near Cardiff. Two hundred and fifty million seedlings and upwards of eighty million baby trees, known as "transplants," are being jealously tended in the nurseries, the birth-places of grandeur and beauty and national security.

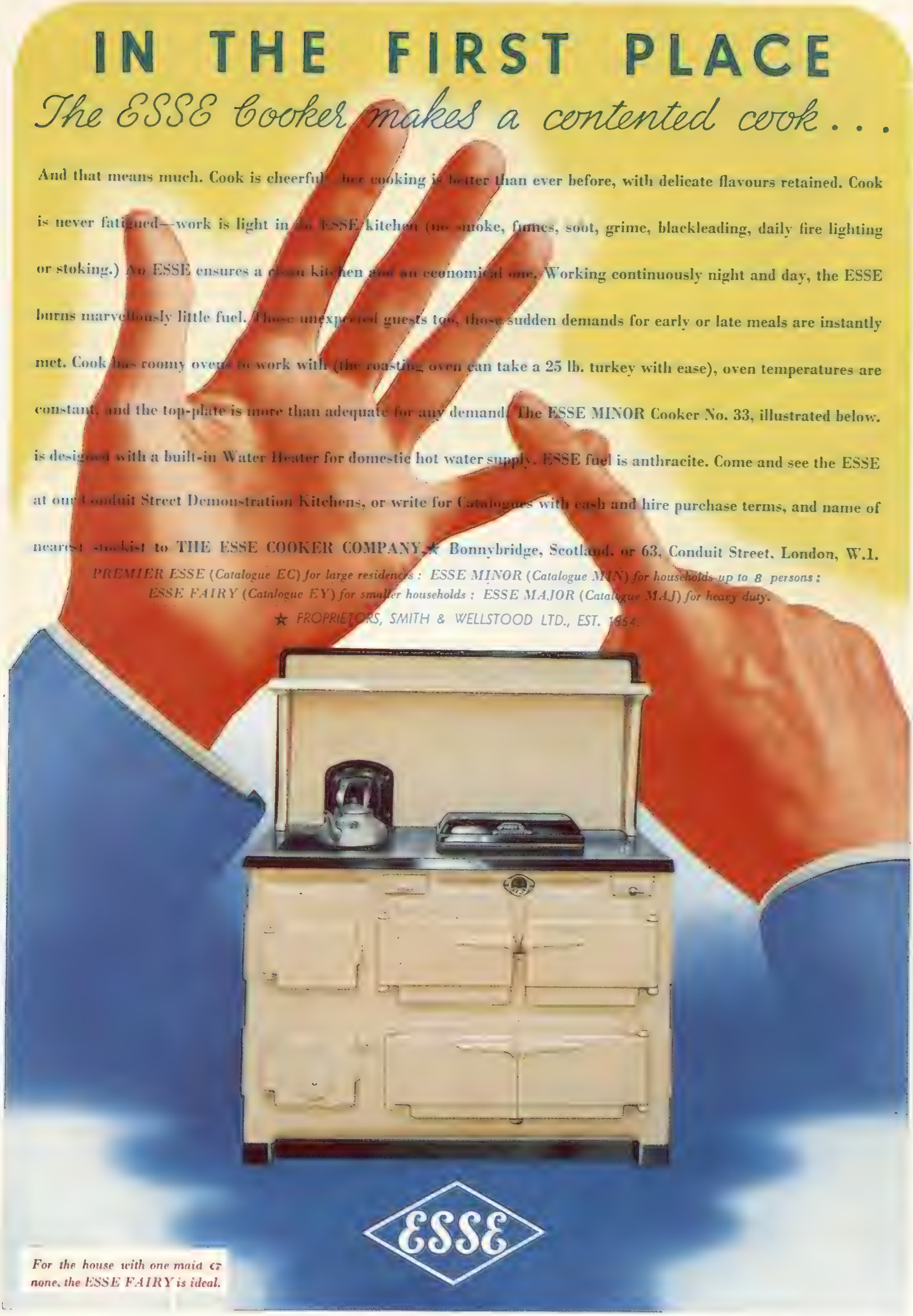
You, too, can help. That splendid society of the Men of the Trees, founded by Mr. St. Barbe Baker, will show you the way. Plant a tree in your garden or carry an acorn with you on your walks. If you have any land the Government will give you a grant of from £2 to £4 an acre if you plant it with trees. In this way 5,000 acres are planted every year. If you have no land the pit slag-heaps are waiting for your seeds.

The love of trees is growing. Councils are encouraging ratepayers to plant trees, and the splendid work of the Roads' Beautifying Association is bearing its fruit on our road-sides. We might take a lesson from Turkey where, a few weeks ago, a new public slogan was coined: "Love the trees because they bring joy into your life."

As I write that I remember the young Welsh ex-miner I met as he was going to work on his forest holding. He was singing, and his tenor voice rang out his hymn of praise, hackneyed though the tune was . . . "Poems are made by fools like me, But only God can make a tree. . . ."

And as he went to plant his stake in immortality, I recalled something I often wish I had written. It is at once an epitaph and an inspiration and was written not long ago by Bruce Barton, famous American writer: "When I am dead, people may say for a few weeks: He wrote pieces for the newspapers. For a few years they may say: He was the father of so-and-so. But long after that, long after the name is forgotten, there will be great trees in which the birds of the air will make their homes, and under which the sons of men will find rest—the trees that I planted. *In the life of my trees I shall lift my face to the sun and cast my shadow upon the earth for a hundred years. . . .*"

END



# IN THE FIRST PLACE

## *The ESSE Cooker makes a contented cook . . .*

And that means much. Cook is cheerful—her cooking is better than ever before, with delicate flavours retained. Cook is never fatigued—work is light in an ESSE kitchen (no smoke, fumes, soot, grime, blackleading, daily fire lighting or stoking.) An ESSE ensures a clean kitchen and an economical one. Working continuously night and day, the ESSE burns marvellously little fuel. Those unexpected guests too, those sudden demands for early or late meals are instantly met. Cook has roomy ovens to work with (the roasting oven can take a 25 lb. turkey with ease), oven temperatures are constant, and the top-plate is more than adequate for any demand. The ESSE MINOR Cooker No. 33, illustrated below, is designed with a built-in Water Heater for domestic hot water supply. ESSE fuel is anthracite. Come and see the ESSE at our Conduit Street Demonstration Kitchens, or write for Catalogues with cash and hire purchase terms, and name of nearest stockist to THE ESSE COOKER COMPANY,★ Bonnybridge, Scotland, or 63, Conduit Street, London, W.1.

*PREMIER ESSE (Catalogue EC) for large residences : ESSE MINOR (Catalogue MIN) for households up to 8 persons :*
*ESSE FAIRY (Catalogue EY) for smaller households : ESSE MAJOR (Catalogue MAJ) for heavy duty.*

★ PROPRIETORS, SMITH & WELLSTOOD LTD., EST. 1854.

*For the house with one maid or none, the ESSE FAIRY is ideal.*

IN PARAGUAY ONE DRINKS MATÉ . . ★

. . . WHEN ONE CAN'T GET

Schweppes

★ . . . . In Paraguay it was once considered a friendly gesture to exchange a maté cup, made by passing hot water over a bed of herb leaves and sipping it through a metal tube with a strainer at its lower end. Nowadays they get 'maté' over a glass of Schweppes.

**WHEREVER** YOU ARE . . . THE BEST CLASS BAR SERVES Schweppes

# Four Thousand Women Count the Days

(Continued from page 19)

spotless cleanliness. There are women at work in the lending library in an atmosphere of academic repose, and their task is a varied one. They have charge of biography, history, instructional books, fiction, and books in foreign languages for the women awaiting deportation. Two books are allowed each convict per week—fiction is withheld for the first week or so; and along the corridors outside the cells can be seen posted library lists, marking the additions to the stock. For the convicts who are unable to read (there are plenty of them) special picture books have been devised. One of the books I saw contained pictures cut from Christmas cards, but the majority contain photographs.

THE principal officers, under the Deputy-Governor, Miss Size, have done a great deal of pioneer work in the prison maintaining discipline at its present high level while carrying out the enlightened programme of humanizing the prison. I was surprised to see that among the younger women in the prison the only ones in whom the absence of "make-up" was noticeable were the prison officials. In fact, the complexions of some of the convicts quite obviously were moulded as closely to the heart's desire as those of their more fortunate sisters who can walk into any chemist's shop at will. Miss Hall explained this to me by indicating a peculiar thing to be noticed about some of the books. Those in red covers, she said, were the most popular, and the backs of these showed pale and wan.

The rouge comes from the backs of these books, and sticks the better from being closely connected with the glue under the back for the original purpose of binding. Tooth paste used to be issued in the form of a white powder, but this was used for face powder and the teeth neglected. Tooth powder at Holloway is now dirty grey colour, but the girls seem to get on very well with whitewash off the walls. Ordinary pencils are used for the eyelashes and eyebrows, and personally I would say that it is not a bad idea, to judge from effect.

Adjoining the hospital wards is a crèche, where I saw eight babies in the charge of a convict nurse. These children had been born in the prison, but to my mind a sadder sight was that of a small cot ranged beside the bed in a convict cell. The mothers have their babes with them at night and during the day those who feed their infants return from the workshops to the crèche for that purpose. One of the baby girls was the prettiest child I have ever seen, and it is to be hoped that, following every precaution and wish of the prison authorities, she will never know where she spent the first year of her life. At twelve months the babies have to leave the prison to avoid possibility of recollection, and their births are not registered as having taken place in the gaol.

AN abnormal proportion of such a population is, inevitably, mental, and there are two padded cells, in addition to special cells for those convicts subject to fits. The hospital wards compare favourably with those of other hospitals. Hospital food at Holloway varies slightly from the meals served to the prison generally, but the difference is not material. For breakfast the convicts have tea, porridge, bread and margarine (butter in hospital): at midday they have the usual meal of roast meats and vegetables: and the last meal consists of tea, bread and margarine and cheese. The star class of convicts have also an afternoon meal with biscuits and tea, and they get cocoa in the best blue-stocking tradition at night.

The population of English prisons has been steadily falling. At the end of 1930 the average number of women received into English prisons was 6,468. By 1935 the number had fallen to 4,338. One quarter of these convictions are for offences against the intoxicating liquor laws, and the same woman may be counted many times over in this total. The usual sentence in these cases is of seven days, and this constitutes a problem typical of those confronting prison officials.

There are several women in Holloway who rarely spend more than a few days out of the prison. They are arrested at night, sentenced to seven days' imprisonment next morning and arrive at Holloway still incapacitated. By law these prisoners have to be discharged from prison in a good outfit of clothes, and in practice these habituals sober up sufficiently during the short term to qualify for their new outfit and their discharge.

"If we could get a longer sentence," Miss Hall said, "we could get some constructive work done on these unfortunates. As it is, however, they have no chance to recover and they go out to sell their clothes, buy liquor, get drunk, and so return—in rags which we have to replace, so that the process repeats itself, in some cases it would seem indefinitely."

I saw the wardrobe from which these clothes are issued, and came to the obvious conclusion that these gifts provide better outfits than most working class women can afford. For women who have served longer sentences, the Discharged Prisoners' Aid cares: yet these short sentence prisoners are a drain on the prison finances.

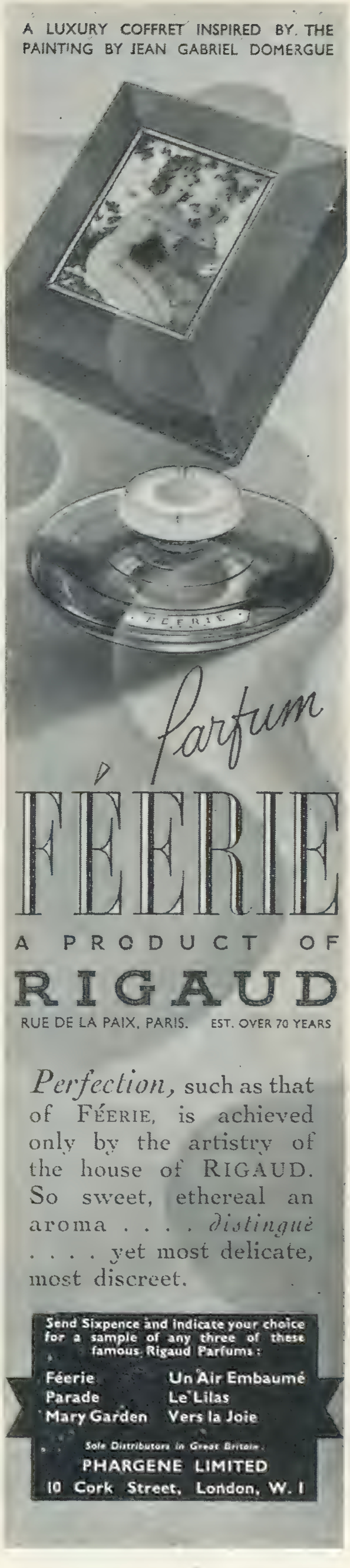
AMONG the changes introduced in recent years is the building of a Roman Catholic chapel. Convict labour from Pentonville was largely employed, and the result is enlightening. The chapel has a rare quality of repose and serenity. It is without exception one of the most beautiful chapels I have seen. I would put that chapel at one end of a comparison, at the other end of which must lie the dormitories of the chain gang prisoners I saw in the south of the United States three years ago. I never saw the execution block and the axeman in his white gloves and evening dress suit in Berlin.

I was not shown the hall where meals are served, and presumably there are punishment cells which I did not see, but I was conducted, still by Miss Hall, over rooms in a wing apart where six old ladies live. These convicts have their own common room, their bedrooms above, and their own kitchen. Working at their knitting, surrounded by their pets, and chatting amiably enough—about the Coronation, as it happened, when we entered—they might have been any six old ladies in a boarding-house anywhere. And safe inside Holloway they were, indeed, inoffensive enough.

Yet outside they were menaces to society in no theoretical manner. All were convicts who had served long terms of penal servitude, and they were now serving periods of preventive dentention. At liberty, the lives of others were jeopardized: at home at Holloway, their conduct was blameless. One old lady showed me her embroidery. "If you went into Shoolbreds," she said, "this work would cost you two or three pounds, wouldn't it?" I agreed, for I did not want to tell her that fine old store had passed out of existence some ten years ago.

IF you are on your way to Holloway Prison you are on your way to a chance to reform. A lot of good work is being done, unpublicized, in English prisons. You will be educated, you will be called by your own name and not by a number, you will be sequestrated carefully from the taint of hardened offenders against society. If you have anything to say to one of the six principal officers you will call out: "Oh—Miss Hall!" and what you get back will probably be: "Yes, Jones, what is it?" If you are sick you will be transferred to a first-class hospital. And over all I still maintain you will not be too uncomfortable in your quarters.

End



A LUXURY COFFRET INSPIRED BY THE PAINTING BY JEAN GABRIEL DOMERGUE

Parfum

FÉERIE

A PRODUCT OF

RIGAUD

RUE DE LA PAIX, PARIS. EST. OVER 70 YEARS

*Perfection*, such as that of FÉERIE, is achieved only by the artistry of the house of RIGAUD. So sweet, ethereal an aroma . . . . *distingué* . . . . yet most delicate, most discreet.

Send Sixpence and indicate your choice for a sample of any three of these famous Rigaud Parfums:

| | |
|---|---|
| Féerie | Un Air Embaumé |
| Parade | Le Lilas |
| Mary Garden | Vers la Joie |

Sole Distributors in Great Britain:
PHARGENE LIMITED
10 Cork Street, London, W. 1

## 'OH, MR. MERCURY!'

**SAID THE GIRL AT THE WHEEL**

*'What is this* **MILEAGE BONUS** *they talk about?'*

## 'It's a gift'

**SAID THE GOD OF THE ROADS**

'A gift of more miles to the gallon. And you get it with every gallon of National. It's the Benzole that does it! For Benzole is not only the most powerful motor-spirit known—it is a natural anti-knock fuel. When blended with petrol—as it is in National Benzole Mixture—it controls combustion, brings smoother running, and liberates extra power. Each gallon takes you farther, yet costs you no more. In fact . . .

**BENZOLE MAKES GOOD PETROL BETTER'**

# NATIONAL

**BENZOLE MIXTURE**

*for* **MORE MILES PER GALLON**

Motoring Section: *Conducted by The Earl of Cardigan*

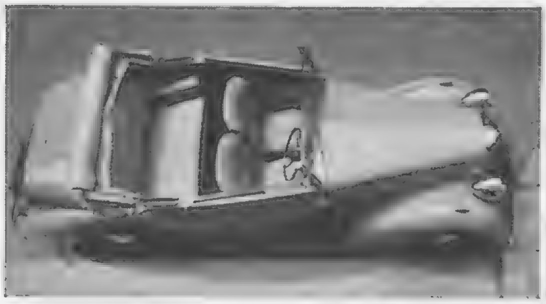
# The Charm of Convertible Coachwork

## By The Earl of Cardigan

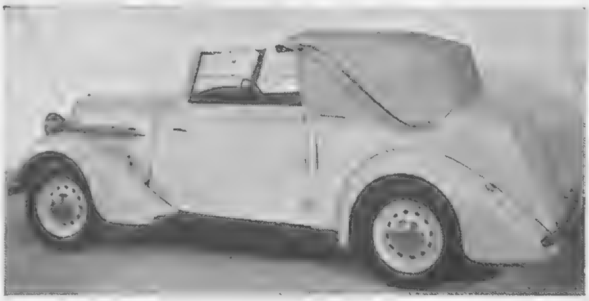
The ideal of an all-weather body, giving the full protection of a saloon when closed, with complete freedom of a touring car when open, is very far from being a new one. I am not sure whether such bodies existed before the war, but they were certainly quite common in the immediate post-war period.

Everyone, even at that time, agreed that it was a most attractive idea—to possess, in effect, an open tourer for fine days, and at the same time a closed car for spells of bad weather. But . . . there were a good many "buts!" The original all-weather body developed chinks and crannies through which draughts found their way in. It cost rather more than the average person was prepared to pay. Also, in old age, it rattled most abominably!

Hence, for quite a long time, there was a "slump" in this form of coachwork. Hardy folk declared that, given decent side screens, there was after all nothing to beat the genuine touring car. Others, less hardy but far more numerous, decided that a plain saloon was the most practical thing, even though it did deprive them of some of the old sense of freedom.



Drophead coupés are increasing in demand. Here are shown three different views of the "Stanhope" coupé on a 14 h.p. Standard chassis. The folding head, which is of very ingenious design, can be fixed in any of three positions



The coupé, however, always retained some followers. Until lately, of course, the word "coupé" invariably denoted a two-seater car, differing from the ordinary two-seater in that it had proper windows and a substantial folding head in place of hood and side screens. Three-seater coupés were avilable on the larger chassis.

Then someone had the idea of making a coupé which was an "occasional four-seater." In my humble opinion, this was always rather an abomination. The "occasional" passengers were kept in a state of gross discomfort, having very little knee-room and hardly ever enough head-room. Such a body—if one was to be honest—could only be called a two-seater with a certain amount of interior luggage space.

This "occasional" idea, I am glad to think, is now a thing of the past. If a coupé body is sold as a four- or five-seater, one can nowadays count on finding seating space in it for four or five full-grown people. There are, of course, exceptions—but these are not numerous, nor do they occur in coachwork supplied by any of the larger and better-known firms.

To a large extent, this accounts for the increasing popularity of the modern drophead coupé. It is, or can be, quite a roomy proposition. Of course, it only has two doors; but it is by no means necessarily the worse for that. The front seats are made to tilt—and the owner quickly discovers that he can load and unload bulky objects through his two wide door openings—yes, and bulky passengers also!—far more easily than would be possible through the four narrower doorways of a conventional saloon.

In every way, the all-weather body has become practical. Attractive as ever in theory, there are very few remaining "buts" to be brought against it in practice. It is still liable to cost a little more than other forms of coachwork—after all, there must needs be more workmanship in it—but the difference is certainly no longer excessive in relation to the increased pleasure which an all-purpose car can give.

The vice of rattling has finally been cured. I am not going to say that drophead coupés *never* rattle—but then that would be too big a claim to make for any type of closed coachwork. What can be said is that an all-weather body, if well built, *need* not be any noisier than the equivalent model with a fixed head.

In the matter of appearance, the modern all-weather body has plenty to recommend it. When open, it may not have quite the sleekness of a tourer. The head can hardly ever be made to fold flat enough to achieve this. When closed, however, the effect may be exceptionally pleasing to the eye—so that, considering it both in summer and winter trim, a car such as the popular "drophead" may keep a high *average* standard of good looks.

It is worth noting that, just at the moment, drophead coupés *(Continued on page 87)*

ROVER
ROVER

Consider these features of the 1938 Rover range. Allied to high quality of design and craftsmanship, they have earned for the Rover the title "One of Britain's Fine Cars." Each of them is a real contribution to safer and more enjoyable motoring.

- Powerful O.H.V. Engine
- Controlled Freewheel
- Clutchless Gearchange
- Underslung Chassis
- Inter-axle Seating
- Automatic Chassis Lubrication
- Hydraulic Jacking
- Silent Coachwork
- Girling Brakes

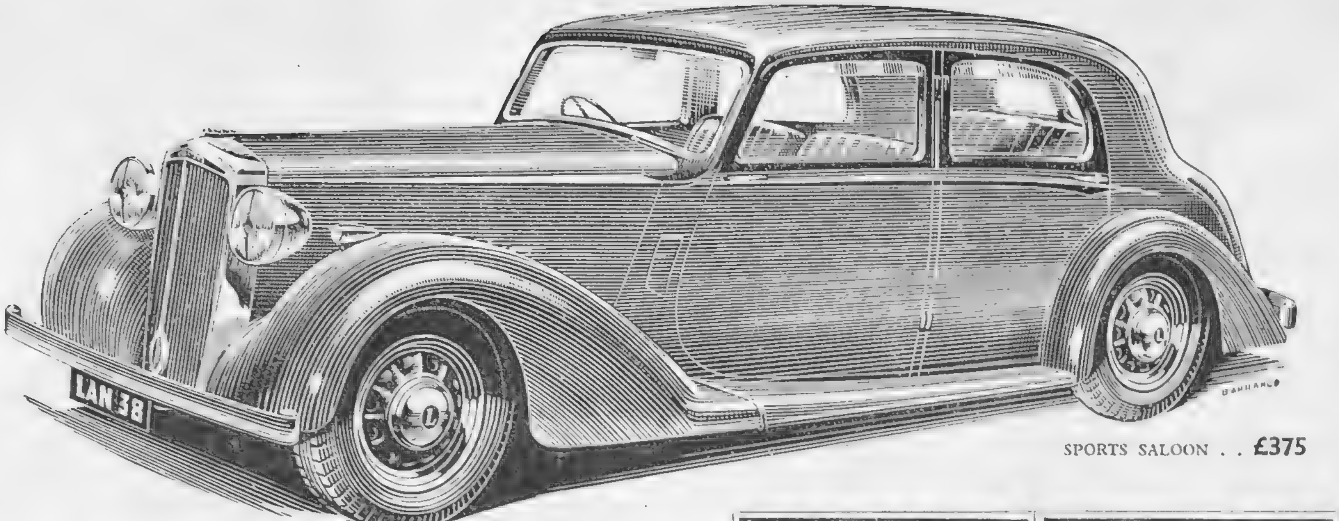
**HENLYS**

DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, PICCADILLY, W.1 (GRO. 2287)
*Nearest agent's name gladly sent on request.*

**LASTING BEAUTY**

That is the wonderful thing about "Staybrite" Stainless Steel!—Not only are the things that are made from it brilliantly beautiful today but they, quite literally, last for ever. See the varied range of beautiful and useful articles in "Staybrite" Stainless Steel at all the best stores.

**"STAYBRITE"**
Regd. Trade Mark
SUPER STAINLESS STEEL
FIRTH-VICKERS STAINLESS STEELS LTD.
STAYBRITE WORKS - - - SHEFFIELD



SPORTS SALOON . . **£375**

# *In* ONE CAR *for the first time*

The new Lanchester Roadrider is unique in this respect. It is the first time that any car has had incorporated in it every single worthwhile motoring improvement. This is a remarkable achievement in any car: for a car so low-priced as £365 it is doubly remarkable. Think what these sixteen features mean to motoring comfort. Independent front wheel springing floats the Roadrider over the most wicked ruts. The high power-weight ratio lets it speed away from a traffic block ahead of the others. The low centre of gravity and anti-roll control bars nurse it round bends at speed so that no suggestion of roll or sway is felt. And the great boon, the Daimler Fluid Flywheel Transmission, gives the driver such absolute mastery over the car *at his finger-tips* that all the strain is cut out of driving. Without a doubt, this new Lanchester Roadrider De Luxe is a joy and a pride to own.

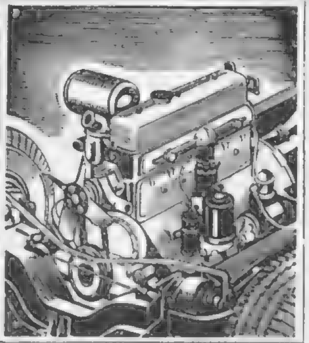
*The new*
**LANCHESTER**
*Roadrider* DE-LUXE

'Eighteen' from £525 · 'Roadrider' from £330
'Eleven' from £275

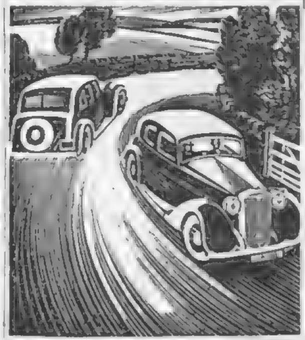
*British Cars Last Longer*

THE LANCHESTER MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, COVENTRY. LONDON DISTRIBUTORS:
THE CAR MART LTD., 3/5 BURLINGTON GARDENS, W.1

**1** INDEPENDENT FRONT WHEEL SPRINGING



**2** HIGH POWER-WEIGHT RATIO



**3** LOW CENTRE OF GRAVITY

**4** DAIMLER FLUID FLYWHEEL TRANSMISSION

*Licensed under Vulcan-Sinclair & Daimler patents*

**5** SEPARATE ENCLOSED LUGGAGE COMPARTMENT

**6** ADJUSTABLE STEERING COLUMN

**7** INTER-AXLE SEATING

**8** ACCESSIBLE ENCLOSED SPARE WHEEL

**9** RUBBER-MOUNTED REAR SPRINGS

**10** PERFECT VENTILATION OBTAINED WITHOUT PIVOTING WINDOWS

**11** HAND-BRAKE FITTED JUST BENEATH DASH ON OFFSIDE

**12** FLEXIBLY MOUNTED ENGINE

**13** THERMOSTATICALLY CONTROLLED COOLING

**14** QUICK ACTING LIFT-UP BONNET

**15** LARGE ANTI-ROLL CONTROL BARS FRONT AND REAR

**16** INSULATED EXHAUST SYSTEM

LANCHESTER 6-CYLINDER
'14' ROADRIDER DE LUXE
*from* **£365** *Tax £10.10*

FOR £25 LESS you can have the same car with synchro-mesh gearbox and ordinary clutch.

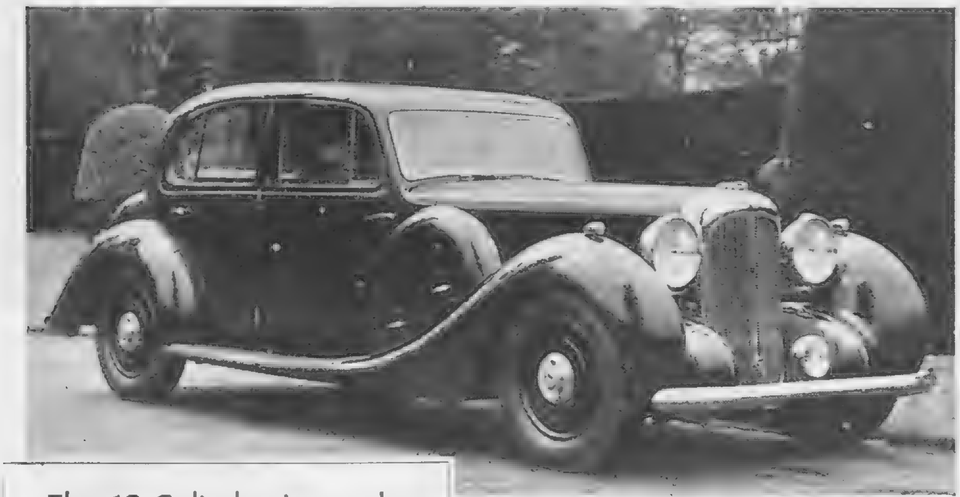
# A Superlative Lagonda

### By The Earl of Cardigan

THERE are quite a few big cars which are capable, with more or less persuasion, of doing something like 100 m.p.h. It would, however, be a wholly inadequate description of the new twelve-cylinder Lagonda if I were merely to say that it earns a place in the 100 m.p.h. class.

There is a far, far bigger claim which can be made for it. It is a car which I, personally, have driven at 100 m.p.h.—I!—*moi qui parle!*

I should perhaps explain that I am, by nature, a distinctly cautious individual. In an ordinary car, I feel that I am going pretty fast at 60 m.p.h. Even in a sports car, I am not easily tempted above 80 m.p.h. And yet, in this Lagonda, I repeat that I did a full 100 m.p.h.—not on a race track, nor even on a familiar and carefully selected stretch of road, but simply on the first good, open section which I happened to come across!



The new twelve-cylinder Lagonda de ville on the 11ft. chassis: Price £1,625

## The 12-Cylinder Lagonda in brief

*Engine: Twelve cylinders in "V" formation, with overhead valves and camshafts. Rated 42; develops 180 h.p.*

*Transmission: Four-speed gearbox, synchromesh on second, third and top.*

*Performance: Third gear 80/85 m.p.h. top gear more than 100 m.p.h.*

*Steering: Supremely accurate.*

*Brakes: Hydraulic, with big drums.*

*Springing: Independent in front, semi-elliptic at rear, giving exceptionally fine road-holding.*

*Coachwork: Luxurious; plenty of room.*

*Price: Saloon de ville, £1,625.*

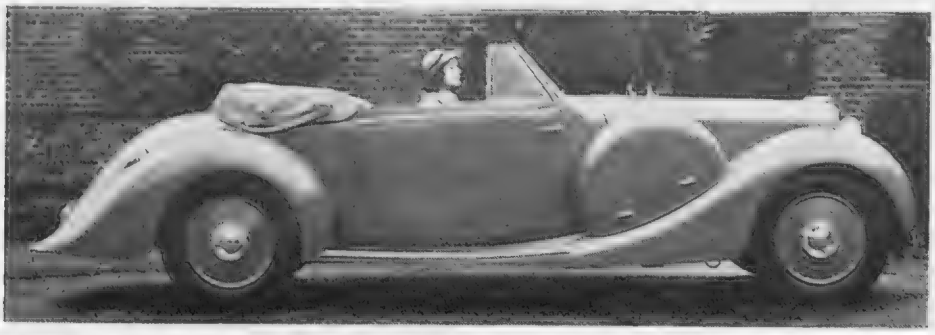
Whence came this unwonted appetite for speed? I can only say that it was fostered partly by the exceptional quality of the twelve-cylinder Lagonda engine. In nearly every other engine that I know, the rate of acceleration is relatively slow at the lower speeds. It becomes more and more rapid until the car gets within about 10 m.p.h. of its maximum. Then again it becomes relatively slow—the engine, in technical parlance, having reached and passed the peak of its power curve.

With the Lagonda, this is not so. Acceleration begins by being relatively gradual, but soon is extremely rapid, *and remains so.* The absolute maximum speed available is probably a little more than 100 m.p.h. (and I must frankly admit that I do not know what happens beyond this point). It is a solid fact, however, that the rate of acceleration, having become extremely good at perhaps 40 m.p.h., remains no less good at 100 m.p.h. It does not "tail off" at all.

I MUST mention one purely technical point in regard to the engine's design. It has, by ordinary standards, a large bore and a short stroke. This has two effects. First, it means that it is unfairly treated in this country as regards tax. It is rated at 42 h.p., when perhaps 35 h.p. would be a fairer figure.

Secondly (and far more important from the owner's point of view), it means that high "revs" will never harm it. It can do its 5,000 r.p.m., achieve the extraordinary range of acceleration which I have described, and yet suffer no more wear and tear than an ordinary engine

(*Continued on page 87*)

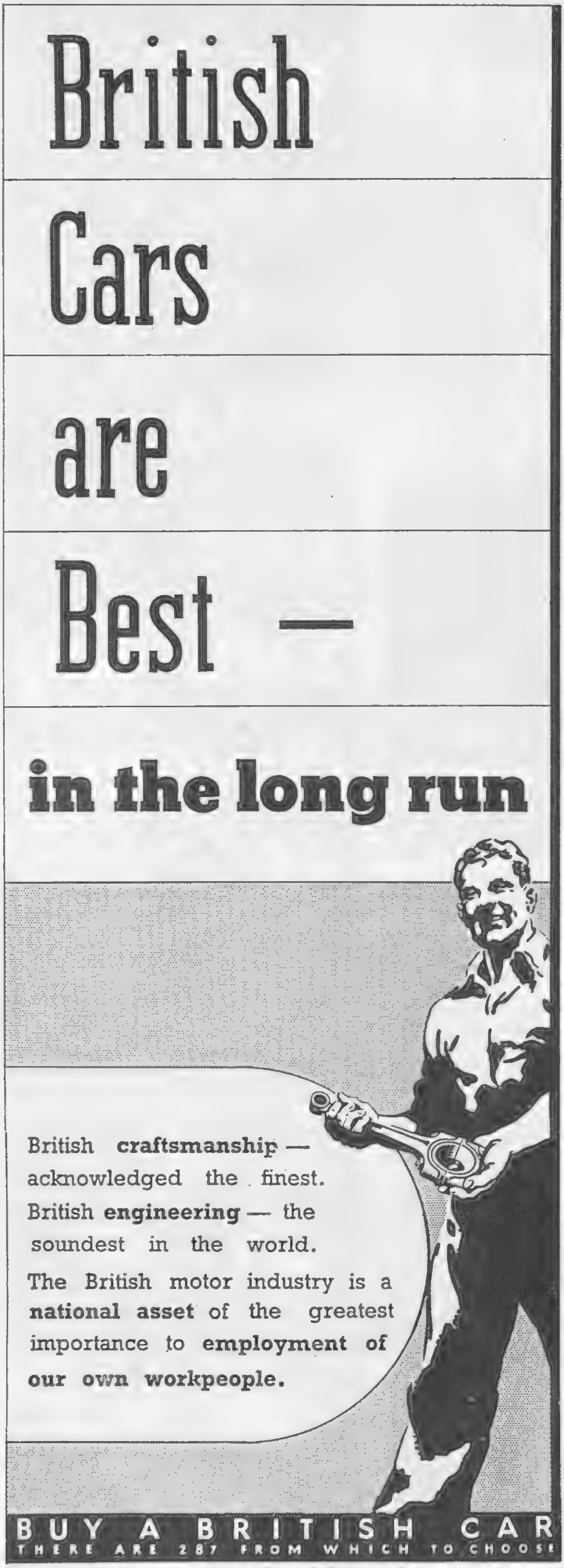


The twelve-cylinder Lagonda drophead coupé on the 10ft. 4ins. chassis: Price £1,575

You'll Prefer the Mild and Satisfying Flavour of ARDATH

CORK TIPPED CIGARETTES

10 for 6D.



# British Cars are Best —

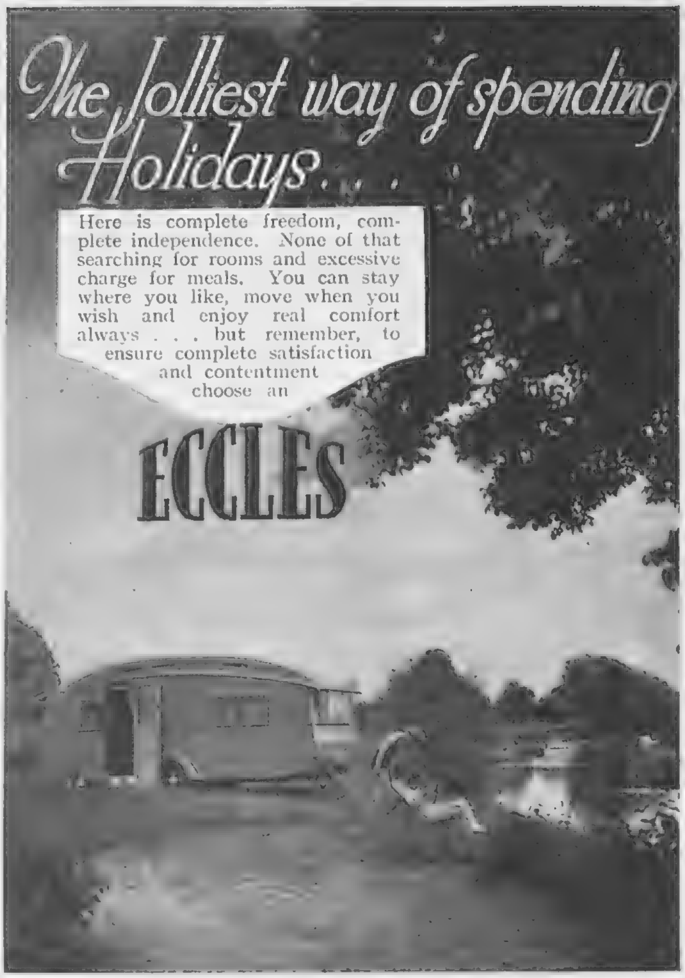
## in the long run

British **craftsmanship** — acknowledged the finest. British **engineering** — the soundest in the world.

The British motor industry is a **national asset** of the greatest importance to **employment of our own workpeople.**

**BUY A BRITISH CAR**

THERE ARE 287 FROM WHICH TO CHOOSE



## *The Jolliest way of spending Holidays . . .*

Here is complete freedom, complete independence. None of that searching for rooms and excessive charge for meals. You can stay where you like, move when you wish and enjoy real comfort always . . . but remember, to ensure complete satisfaction and contentment choose an

**ECCLES**

*Announcement of* ECCLES MOTOR CARAVANS LTD., HAZELWELL LANE, STIRCHLEY, BIRMINGHAM

## Front seat jacking

You need not get out to jack the car when it is equipped with the Jackall Built-in 4-Wheel Jacking system. You merely sit in the front seat and work a small control handle. In less than a minute the car is standing clear of the ground on four hydraulic jacks enabling you to get at normally inaccessible places without any difficulty

*Write now for illustrated catalogue, which gives full particulars and prices.*

**SMITH'S JACKALL**

**BUILT-IN 4-WHEEL JACKS**

S. SMITH & SONS (Motor Accessories) LTD., CRICKLEWOOD, LONDON, N.W.2

# An 80 m.p.h. Morris

## The 25 h.p. "Series III" Saloon

By The Earl of Cardigan

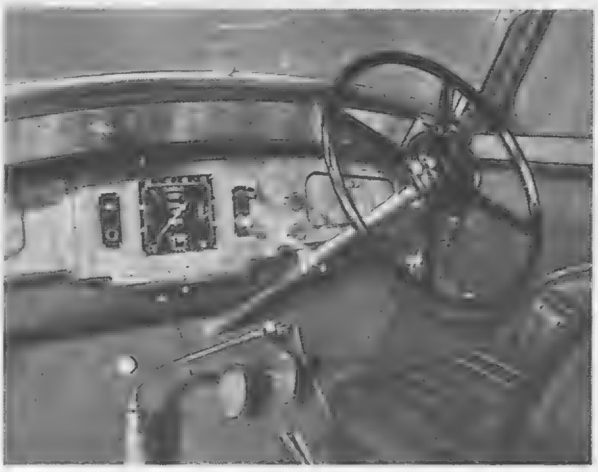
ALTHOUGH Morris cars have never been primarily designed for speed, there is no doubt that successive models have always been well able to hold their own, in this as in every other respect. One may not have thought of the Morris as a fast car; but it has certainly never, by existing standards, been a sluggish or slow one.

The latest 25-h.p. model, however, has a turn of speed which is decidedly more than adequate. Reaching 80 m.p.h. with ease, it must be placed in the fast car category. Also, with its extreme rapidity of acceleration, it must be credited with the capacity for keeping up an unusually high average over give-and-take roads.

For all this, we have to thank the design of the new 25-h.p. engine. This is an overhead-valve unit, and very markedly more lively than the earliest side-valve type. In particular, it gives a wonderfully rapid pick-up from speeds as low as 5 m.p.h.—although indeed there is no point in its speed-range at which the pick-up is other than extremely good. The result is that, whether it is a matter of speeding up from 5 to 30 or from 60 to 70 m.p.h., or even of getting the ultimate 80 m.p.h., this Morris makes uncommonly quick work of it.

The gearbox provides three speeds—and this also is interesting, since some of the smaller Morris models have four-speed gearboxes. I fancy that Cowley must be almost the first factory to standardise four speeds for small cars and three speeds for big ones.

There is no doubt at all that, from the engineering point of view, this policy is absolutely right. A tiny engine needs the help of many gears: a big one does not. It would be perfectly logical to fit a two-speed gearbox to a 40-h.p. car, but to provide six speeds for a "Ten."



The instrument panel on the Morris "Twenty-five" O.H.V. Saloon, Series III

This "Twenty-five" therefore is perfectly well geared for all normal purposes. It can do 50 or even 55 m.p.h. in its synchromesh second gear, and of course comparatively seldom needs anything except "top." Incidentally, the "gate" is so arranged that first and reverse gears are not placed opposite to each other. This ensures that the driver cannot possibly, in a careless moment, touch his reverse gear while making the preliminary change "up."

The coachwork is built on very generous lines, so that real comfort is provided for five people—the driver in particular being very well looked after. If he is a tall man, he can push back his sliding seat, gaining plenty of leg-room without cramping the knees of the passengers behind.

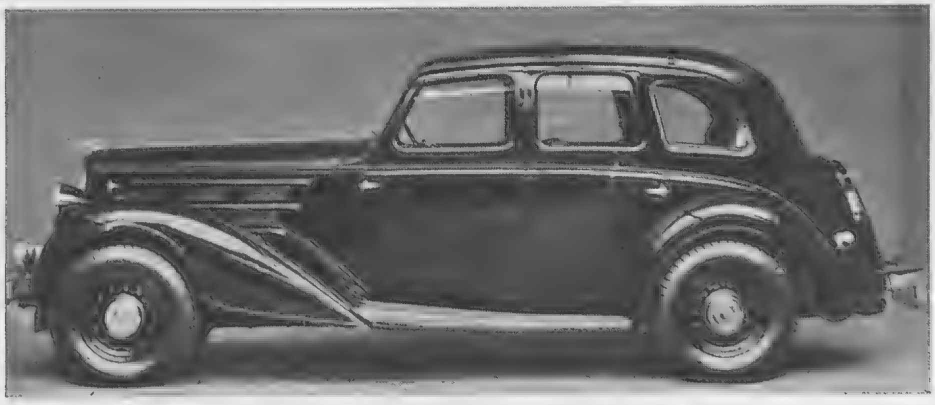
Furthermore, since the steering column is extensible, he can still have the steering wheel in the ideal position. The gear lever may become a trifle remote; but this is a relatively trivial matter.

In an 80 m.p.h.

(*Continued on page* 87)

### The 25 h.p. Morris in brief

Engine: Six cylinders with overhead valves; 25 h.p.
Transmission: Three-speed gearbox, synchromesh second and top.
Performance: Second gear 50/55 m.p.h.; top gear 80 m.p.h.
Brakes: Of Lockheed hydraulic type.
Steering: Accurate, adjustable; self-centers well.
Springing: Semi-elliptic with shock absorbers.
Jackall built-in four wheel jacks.
Coachwork: Very roomy and comfortable.
Price: Saloon with sliding head, £320.



The Morris "Twenty-five" O.H.V. Saloon, Series III. This car represents astonishing value. The price with sliding head is only £320

*Now is the time* to LIVEN UP YOUR CAR

LODGE
MADE IN ENGLAND
LODGE

by fitting a new set of

**LODGE**

THE BEST PLUG IN THE WORLD

*Obtainable everywhere from 5/- each.*

**WORLD'S LAND SPEED RECORD**
**312 miles per hour**

*Captain Eyston used Lodge plugs in the Rolls-Royce engines of "Thunderbolt"*

A neat combined key ring and plug gap setting gauge sent free of charge to motorists upon request. Fill in and post the coupon to Lodge Plugs Ltd., Rugby.

*Cut along this line*

Please send me a key ring gap gauge free of charge. I enclose 1½d. stamp to cover postage

Name........................

Address........................

BE.1

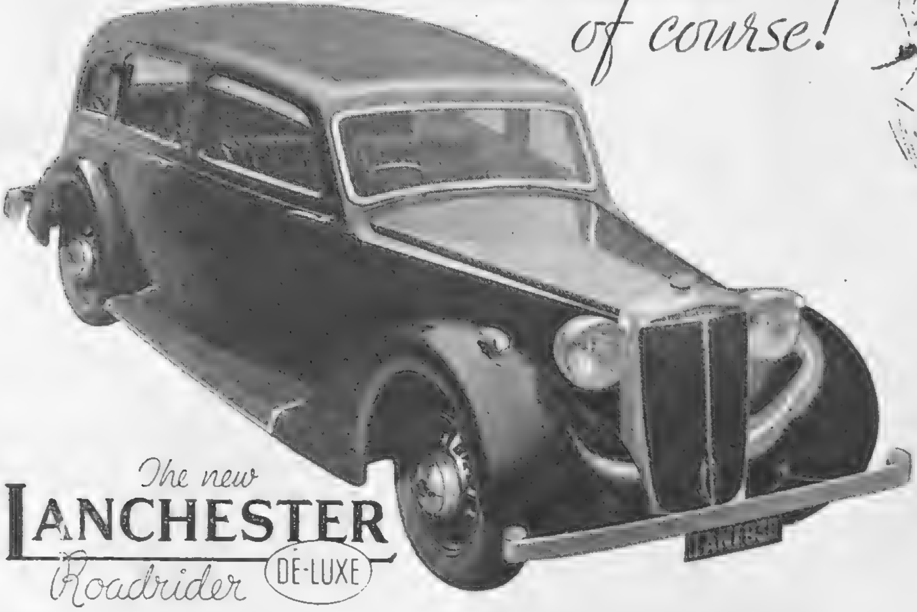
**WHERE TO LIVE**

CATERHAM-ON-HILL, SURREY. 700 ft. above sea level. S.R. 30 minutes London. Modern detached freehold residence. 4 beds., 2 recep. All main services. Built-in garage. Large garden back and front. Lovely surroundings. £1,200 (£1,000 mortgage can be arranged). Write G.M., "Britannia and Eve," 32, St. Bride St., London, E.C.4.

*- on consideration*

# LANCHESTER

*of course!*



BY APPOINTMENT

*The new*

## LANCHESTER

*Roadrider* DE-LUXE

In this superior car there are so many important really worth while features meriting your very serious consideration. To mention a few . . . special independent front wheel springing . . . low centre of gravity and anti-roll control. These make for super smooth riding over the bumpiest of roads . . . safety at speed and in cornering. Then there is the choice of the famous Daimler Fluid Flywheel Transmission self-changing gear box or of an orthodox clutch and an efficient synchromesh gear box. Appearance . . . superb lines expressing the dignity and refinement essentially LANCHESTER. Prices from £340.

*PLEASE SEND FOR INTERESTING* **FREE** *ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE NO. 7*

**Car Mart Ltd**

"LANCHESTER CARS," 3-5, BURLINGTON GARDENS, W.1 Regent 4301
146-150, Park Lane, W.1 (Corner of Piccadilly) Grosvenor 3434
Stanhope House, 320-4, Euston Road, N.W.1 Euston 1212
16, Uxbridge Road, Ealing, W.5 Ealing 3821
832, Finchley Road, Golders Green, N.W.11 Speedwell 7841

**SOLE LONDON DISTRIBUTORS FOR LANCHESTER CARS**

---

LAGONDA
motor cars by W.O. BENTLEY

The new Twelve Cylinder Lagonda de Ville. Price £1,625.

A distance of more than 700 miles was covered . . . . every one of those miles was a delight. High opinion has been formed of the car as a whole . . . . it is a docile, easily handled car . . . it is a magnificent machine. It shows itself able to go up to well over the 100 ; its acceleration is tremendous . . . . Regular passengers comment that they cannot remember travelling in a car less affected by road surface or one in which even extremely fast cornering is as little apparent.

*The Autocar, March 11th, 1938.*

LAGONDA MOTORS LIMITED, STAINES, MIDDLESEX. STAINES 1122 (5 Lines)

## An 80 m.p.h. Morris

car, accuracy of steering is essential—and the Morris is well equipped in this respect also. The steering gear is designed to have a strong self-centering action. This may mean—indeed perhaps it must mean—that extreme lightness is not attained; but it ensures that the car can be held on the road with full confidence at the higher speeds.

The car is comfortably sprung by means of long semi-elliptics with hydraulic shock absorbers. Hydraulic brakes are employed, and these of course, while developing plenty of power, have the special advantage that they act progressively and are self-adjusting to a very large extent. A firm pressure can be exerted and, unless there has been gross maladjustment, the resultant braking action is bound to be smooth and steady. The hand brake operates independently in the rear wheel drums.

A further asset—while we are on the subject of hydraulics—is that the car is fitted with Jackall built-in jacks. The result is that all four wheels, or either pair of wheels, can be raised from the ground with perfect ease for wheel-changing or any other purpose. It is a literal fact that a child should be able to carry out this operation.

The coachwork, apart from the virtue of roominess which we have already noted, is full of attractive minor features. The front seats, for example, have pneumatic "lumbar" cushions—that is, they are pneumatically upholstered at the vital point where they give support to the small of the back. They therefore adapt themselves perfectly to the contours of each individual.

The rear luggage trunk is of ample size, and the panel which can be let down to form a platform for large trunks is of admirably solid construction. Bearing all these points in mind, it is impossible not to be astonished at the value which is offered by this, the largest and finest model in the Morris range. The price of the Saloon, with sliding head, is only £320. END

## A Superlative Lagonda

(*Continued from page* 83)

at 4,000 r.p.m. or less. Another explanation for my sudden development as a 100 m.p.h. driver is to be found in the superlative planning of the chassis as regards weight distribution, steering, brakes, suspension, etc. Without discussing all these points in detail, one can safely describe this Lagonda's road-holding capabilities as being magnificent.

GENERALLY, it is safe to say that a cautious driver will never go much beyond that speed at which he feels impelled to "hang on" to his wheel. He will never reach 100 m.p.h., or anything like it, if he feels that he has to "hang on" at a mere seventy. With this car, however, my impression is that one can drive well into the "90's" before any such feeling manifests itself.

In addition to my 100 m.p.h. in daylight, I can also report having touched 90 m.p.h. at night—and in this latter case I most definitely was not trying to do anything spectacular at all. I merely happened to see that the road ran dead straight for a mile or more, and therefore decided to "speed up" for a few moments. I was really rather flabbergasted when my passenger told me what the speedometer had recorded!

All this, I am afraid, sounds as if the Lagonda was purely a speed-merchant's motor car. I must hasten to correct this impression, which is quite false.

This twelve-cylinder model is made in three chassis lengths. With the long wheelbase, it can easily take 7-seater coachwork of the most luxurious description. The car loaned to me had a medium-length chassis, with saloon de ville coachwork which I found admirably comfortable. Indeed, the amount of interior space could be described as generous.

The engine, which so easily gave me 100 m.p.h., seemed equally willing to let the car "trickle along" at a mere 5 m.p.h. Gear changing was hardly ever necessary, and at all times the same high degree of silence and smoothness was faithfully maintained.

To those who know the South Coast, it may convey some idea of this aspect of the car's performance if I say that Lewes High Street was climbed in top gear, after a standing start from the traffic lights at the foot. No mere 100 m.p.h. sports model could possibly achieve this.

In a word, this Lagonda is a supreme example of the high-grade all-purpose motor car. It can be driven with pleasure, and indeed can create enthusiasm, under all conditions. Incidentally, at £1,625, it certainly is not to be reckoned expensive. END

## The Charm of Convertible Coachwork

(*Continued from page* 81)

appear to be "booming." It is the proximity, no doubt, of the holiday season which has given motorists a special urge in this direction—for what style of coachwork could be more appropriate for pleasure touring? Many car manufacturers are doing well with "drophead" models—to say nothing of the coach-builders and big distributors.

There is a special Car Mart body, for example, which is designed for Austin, Lanchester, or Standard chassis. I was examining this the other day—and no doubt it supplies a keenly felt want. It is a full five five-seater coupé of very generous dimensions.

The folding head, which is of very ingenious design, can be fixed in any of three positions. That is, besides being fully closed or fully opened, it can be half opened, rather in the manner of a "coupé de ville." In this event, the driver is completely in the open air, while a considerable degree of protection remains for his rear-seat passengers.

The luggage accommodation is ample, as it should be for holiday touring, and the price is certainly not excessive. Anyone who still retains a prejudice against all-weather coachwork in general would be well advised to have a look at this particular example of it.

This grey Rover "Sixteen" Sports Saloon is the property of G. S. Redgrove, Esq.

*When you suffer from*

**NERVOUS DEPRESSION**

*take*

**PHOSFERINE**

Lost vitality — depression both physical and mental—nerve exhaustion caused by the stress of modern life—these are conditions so familiar to women as to be usually regarded as unavoidable.

But, of course, they are avoidable. A strain on the nervous system can be relieved, like any other kind of strain, by special support at the critical period.

Medical authorities tell you that PHOSFERINE consists entirely of approved tonics proportioned for easy assimilation and immediate effect.

PHOSFERINE should be taken at all times of nerve-strain from whatever cause.

GET A BOTTLE FROM YOUR CHEMIST TODAY

**PHOSFERINE**

BRAND TONIC

*The Greatest of all Tonics*

FOR ALL DISORDERS CAUSED BY EXHAUSTION OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM

Tablets or Liquid, 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

*The 3/- size is nearly four times the 1/3 size: you save almost 2/-*

+

*Warning: The Public is warned against purchasing worthless imitations*

C.F.H.

ROLLS-ROYCE
The Best Car in the World
PHANTOM III
ROLLS-ROYCE LTD. 14-15 CONDUIT ST. LONDON W.1 MAYFAIR 6201
BUY A CAR MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM

CHOOSE IT FOR BEAUTY AS WELL AS FOR MATCHLESS PERFORMANCE

Take, for instance, your own view from the driving seat of a Studebaker—before you is the most beautiful array of efficient instruments—the sweep of the vee-shape windscreen—the sleek beauty of its bonnet. See how the curving lines of doors, roof, windows and rear seat mould themselves into a harmonious whole. This is truly beautiful engineering design—giving maximum comfort, beauty and efficiency. Now step out—notice how the wide door closes silently at finger-tip touch—see the inimitable Studebaker flowing design, from radiator to spacious luggage boot—every curve contributing to beauty, strength and speed. 59 outstanding features include Automatic Hill Holder and Remote Control Gear Change—putting Studebaker still further ahead in everything motoring can offer—especially in value. Arrange a trial run to-day. (Name of nearest agent on request.)

Studebaker

STUDEBAKER DISTRIBUTORS Ltd., 155-7 Gt. Portland Street, London, W.1. (Telephone: Euston 4444)

# What's On Your Mind?

(*Continued from page* 13)

EVEN such a veteran world-wanderer as H. R. Knickerbocker could not evade this insatiable demand of the home editor for a meaningless interview with a name. These names, as "William Hickey" says in the *Express*, make news; and Bernard Shaw has only to sneeze to have American papers record that fact from coast to coast.

It was at the time of Professor Voronoff's experiments in rejuvenation. G. B. S. and Lady Astor were doing a junket in Red Russia. Knick. got a wire from his New York office ordering him to interview Shaw immediately. Knick. caught them on their way out from Moscow, on the railway platform at Berlin.

"Mr. Shaw," he began, "may I have a word with you?"

"Of course, of course—go on."

"I—ah . . ." Knickerbocker looked at Lady Astor, then made a gesture suggestive of the fact that he would like to speak to Mr. Shaw aside. Shaw twigged. "Well, well," he said impatiently, "what is it?"

"Mr. Shaw, you—you know that very often our profession makes us do things . . . ask questions, you know . . . that seem rude or silly . . .?"

"What *do* you want?"

"Mr. Shaw—have you had an operation for monkey glands?"

"*What?*"

Even Shaw was taken aback. Then that sprightly vegetarian guffawed: "Do I *look* it?"

"And do you know," said Knick., "he looked so damn fit and healthy I said—'Yes!'"

THIS editorial mania for meaningless scenes with personages could, of course, have but one result: the average intelligent correspondent — quickly passed into the second evolution—the cynical stage. He knew that not one in a thousand of the interviews cabled back so seriously to the United States was even worth its cable tolls. Yet he cabled them just the same. His editors wanted it. Even when he knew that some great personage was lying through his teeth, he cabled the lie.

Now this type of reporting, with its many variables, has been precisely the one thing that has been most wrong with all the reporting from Geneva, the various so-called peace, disarmament, naval, economic, and power conferences in the last eighteen years. How else, other than because of sloppy journalism, can you explain how the 1930 London Naval Conference (increasing the U.S. building by 148,000 tons, doubling the French, silently accepting an overlapping Japanese building programme) could still stand in the archives and in world pamphlets on international affairs as a "*disarmament*" conference? How else than the fact that ninety-nine per cent of the U.S. journalists —and the British—dutifully, uncritically reported the statements of the American delegation announcing the hundreds of thousands of tons they were scrapping.

The two foreign correspondents that, to my knowledge, did show the lie of this statement—Jimmy James of the *New York Times* and myself—were nearly blasted out of the water because of it.

My first exposé-cable, stating that among the number of ships they were alleged to be scrapping the Americans were counting at least one ship that had not turned a propellor since the Spanish-American war, brought a telephone call from President Hoover to my newspaper proprietor. My second, three days later, gave the number, size and cost of new ships the American would have to build to live up to this disarmament conference—and stated categorically that we, who had come into this conference with a naval building programme of $50,000,000 a year, were going to leave it with an appropriation of $200,000,000 a year.

That dispatch was never printed. Although both British and American admirals had checked my figures and accepted their accuracy. (They should have; I got them from them.)

It takes time to work out these building figures—and on Monday the next week, James, now foreign editor of the *New York Times*, got his paper to publish his dispatch giving almost identical details. The big navy group at Washington went wild with dismay —remember, *disarmament* was a serious word then—and they managed to find one small discrepancy in, I think, James's cost of a minor class of submarines. And on that one small item the big navy group, abetted of course by the remainder of the U.S. press, camouflaged the bitter truth in James's competent dispatch.

Months later, I was in India, an American Congressman introduced the naval appropriation Bill to build up to Treaty rights— it was $200,000,000 for each of the next five years.

My owner wrote me a letter expressing his regrets for some of the unkind things he had said to me when he would not print my exposé-cable stating these facts. He was one of the most idealistic and honest newspaper proprietors in the States. Yet, he ended the letter:

"But you must remember, no foreign correspondent, no matter how hard-working and well-informed he might be, is ever in a position to know as much as the members of our own Diplomatic Service and State Department. . . ."

For-*sooth!* He's been having too many dinners at the White House, I thought.

IT is things like these that drive men who intend to make foreign journalism their life profession into the third, last and most dangerous stage of our evolution. This is where you begin to put your ears back; you send out what the great personages have said—but you also send out your own report on what, to the best of your ability, you believe to be the real situation. If you begin doing this it is certain that one of two definite things is going to happen to you; you will be fired—or you will become a great journalist.

The late Frank Simons (the man who wrote *Can Europe Keep the Peace?*) was an exhilarating example of this latter type. Simons declared that no conference ever met —except to decide upon something that had already been agreed to beforehand. Even if they had agreed beforehand not to reach an agreement—which seems descriptive of most conferences during the last eighteen years. It was a joy to see Frank Simons walk into the press-room of a European conference.

"Ahhhh . . !" growled the bulk of the old-timers; correspondents who, either from cynicism, weariness, or just plain stupidity were contenting themselves with writing the doings of the delegates as they "went through the motions" of reaching an agreement: "There's that fellow Simons! Now what will *he* have to say?"

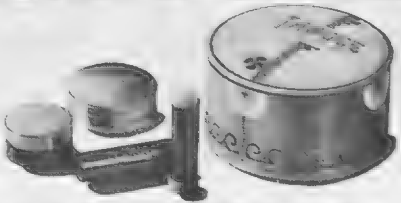
Simons usually began by saying that such-and-such a conference was dead—giving reasons why—"but it won't lie down." He pricked the bubble of many a platitude. I only know one conference where his appearance did not cause a commotion. This was the 1932 London World Economic Conference. But that dreadful session was such a fiasco that after a few days even the most sentimental Liberal journalist had to admit, weakly, that chances of agreement were slight. Secretary of State, Cordell Hull, spoke for nearly an hour to an almost empty assembly room on the abolition of quotas, etc.—the British having hastily concluded before the conference opened treaties with Denmark and several other countries, all of which involved quotas and the very things that Hull was asking to have abolished.

It was frightening, to some of us, to hear that kindly old gentleman talking so long about locking the stable door after the horse had been stolen. He (*Continued on page* 91)

Bring
NATURAL
BEAUTY
to your lips...

. . . the secret is in TANGEE'S colour-change principle. Nature decrees that lips should be lovely — and fashion dictates that loveliness should come through *natural* colouring. If you prefer more colour for evening wear, ask for Tangee theatrical. And remember, there are Tangee rouges and face powders to blend with these exquisite lipsticks . . .

World's Most Famous Lipstick
**TANGEE**
ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK



*Luft-Tangee Ltd., 88 Regent Street, W.1.*

BRITISH CARS BEST IN THE LONG RUN

# "Who decided, you or John?"

# "We both agreed—**YOU GET SO MUCH MORE IN AN AUSTIN**"

"That's all very well—providing you both want the same sort of 'more.' "

"But we didn't. I look at a car sensibly. Give me good looks and perfect comfort and I'm 'sold'. But John goes ferreting about inside the engine, asking obscure questions, throwing distrustful glances at the salesman . . ."

"I know! If you want to see the worst in a man, watch him buy a car."

". . . until, between us, we've picked every hole that's there to be picked."

"Well, at any rate, I give you full marks for looks. She's a beauty."

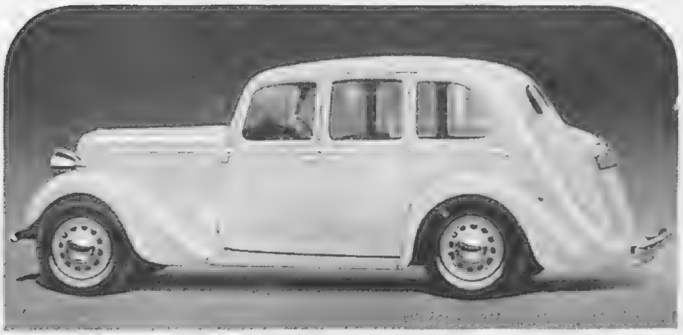
"But a practical beauty, don't forget. There's no cutting down head and leg room to get that line. No leaving the driver stranded high and dry above the controls. Or forgetting that, each week-end, we expect to cram everything bar the kitchen stove into the luggage compartment. No, she's got good sense *and* good looks or she'd never have done for me."

"And what decided John?"

"What his friends had told him, I suspect. But he's still bursting with pride about it all. You know—the 'can't fool me' sort of attitude. And certainly we are getting extraordinarily good averages on quite a modest petrol consumption."

"So you won't be changing again yet awhile?"

"Does an Austin owner ever change?"



THE 'FOUR' THAT'S MORE LIKE A 'SIX'

*It is part of an Austin tradition to design a "four" that is more willing, smoother-running than "fours" are expected to be. That is why the Ascot Twelve might easily be taken for a "six." It is such a quiet, well-mannered car.*

*All-steel, sound-insulated body with "wing-to-wing" vision. Dual wipers. Triplex toughened glass. Luggage locker with enclosed spare wheel. Light positive steering. 4 speeds. Girling brakes.*

**ASCOT TWELVE SALOON £220**

ASCOT DE LUXE *with Pytchley sliding roof* **£230** (at works)

OTHER MODELS

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| SEVEN | from **£112-£135** | FOURTEEN | from **£250-£267** |
| BIG SEVEN | from **£139-£149.10** | EIGHTEEN | from **£350-£383** |
| TEN | from **£185-£199** | TWENTY | **£650** |

*Have you seen the Austin Magazine for May?*

*You buy a car — but you invest in an*

# AUSTIN

The Austin Motor Co. Ltd., Birmingham & 479 Oxford St., W.1. London Service Depots: 12, 14, 18 & 20 h.p.—Holland Park, W.11. 7 & 10 h.p.—North Row, W.1. Export Dept.: Birmingham seemed as obsolete as the map of extinct volcanoes outside the committee room door.

There was a perfect case in point of that "horror" I mentioned at the beginning of this article that we foreign correspondents often experience when we watch world statemen at work. Here is really another and more terrifying example:

When the Japanese entered Manchuria in 1931 they began their long-planned outward expansion policy on the Asiatic mainland. Nevertheless, the League of Nations, after some deliberation gave them an ultimatum, setting a definite date for them to evacuate. Knowing that the sentimental Liberals, supporters of the League, were doing more harm to it by putting it at impossible fences than the Fascists ever could, I went to a great British statesman—now spoken of on the Continent as the "Vulture of Peace"—and asked:

"Did you have any reason to believe that the Japanese could be persuaded to leave Manchuria by the date that has been set? Or do you think the League can make them get out?"

To both of these questions he answered a grudging: "N-ooo."

"Then," I said, "if it doesn't sound too impertinent, may I ask you why you pressed the League to face such an unnecessary humiliation?"

You can believe it or not, as Ripley says, but after a few fretful paces up and down before his cosy fire, the great man wheeled and snapped:

"But we had to do *something*!" he said.

Now did this great man, a respected figure in world affairs, know anything about the seriousness of Japan's outward expansion movement? All of us did who were in Moscow, in 1929, when Japan clearly showed her hand and intentions so unmistakably in her behind-the-scenes actions in the Chinese Eastern Railway dispute. Or did he really cherish the belief that the League's ultimatum would make the kingdom of the Rising Sun back down to a policy which it believed was its only way to hold its place against Western nations? If he did believe in the seriousness of Japan's policy—then he was giving another death blow to the League by pitting it against it; if he did believe that the Japanese had embarked upon a mere miliary lark—then he knew nothing about Japan. Whatever he believed, his actions were wrong.

Yet he has only to make a platitudinous utterance about world peace to-day to have every Liberal or Labour journal quote him as speaking from Olympus.

It is true that it is not the duty of the world's press to state how the world should be run—although leader-writers in the more responsible papers do take on this burden. It is true that shocking statements, such as given above, are what the great man *did* say—therefore, report it. But it is also true that there is a time-lag between the assurances of statemen in office—only a time-lag—before truth catches up and the realities of a situation will out. In the meantime the public has been lulled into a false sense of security. Ramsay MacDonald lulled the British into a false paradise regarding naval disarmament—violent protests of a most intelligent Admiralty notwithstanding —until Mussolini, and now the Japanese, shook them awake. Truth is usually a shock; in this case it is a shilling, probably another extra sixpence on the Britisher's income tax. . . .

"My fr-r-riends," said MacDonald during the 1930 London Naval Conference, "I may tell you this morning that we have reason to believe we will reach an agreement—and when I say r-r-reasons—I mean good r-r-reasons . . . !"

At that very moment, over in the Carlton Hotel, only a few hundred yards from St. James's Palace where Ramsay was speaking, the French delegation was packing its bags to quit the conference and take the afternoon train for Paris.

"There will be no agreement," its spokesman said. "The Five Power Conference is ended, as far as we are concerned. Any one who wants to know what the French are going to do can find out by buying a copy of the *Statut Naval*—it costs only seventy-five centimes. It says we intend to double our fleet."

For what rhyme or reason did the world press still go on writing about that session as a naval disarmament conference? Britain, it is true, did agree to dispense with 98,000 tons, either by scrapping a few ships nearing over-age, or by not building new ones. But her example was followed by nobody else—much to the taxpayer's sorrow to-day. The Japanese left that conference with 92,000 tons of submarines—and they had them at the 1935 naval talks.

An explanation of a lot of this soothsaying journalism may come from the fact that from 1924 on to the 1931 "panic" elections in England the Liberal and alleged Labour press was in its hey-day. A Liberalism that was dangerously sentimental; a bourgeois Labour paper or so that liked to appear "advanced" on such popular subjects as world peace-pacts and disarmament. Whether dictated to from above or not, the correspondents of these papers usually reported the wish for the fact and hopefully reported the ten years Geneva fiasco and the various naval conferences, trying, no doubt, to use every influence in their power to influence public opinion to make statesmen live up to their promises to reach agreement. They were wrong, these well-intentioned humanitarians—a more cynical attitude would have been of more service to world opinion.

This need for a more realistic, hard-boiled, interpretative reporting of facts is being felt even by the American world-wide press agencies. These hair-trigger men, fighting with split-seconds to be the first to rush the news to you, were formerly so pressed for time that they had no time for an expression of opinion. *Flash the news . . . !* That was their order. With the exception of one Washington paper, I know of no American journal that has a diplomatic correspondent. The *interpretative* reporting of world events was usually left to a paper's special correspondents abroad—and very few papers had these. The result was that, aside from the home-town editor's comment on "what is wrong with Europe," millions of American readers had very little realistic knowledge of the "news behind the news"—the forces of unrest that were seething in the Old World. There was also, as I have pointed out, this unceasing deluge of interviews with names, meaningless and in nearly every case reassuring interviews. And then, like a succession of blasts going off, come the shocks of reality. The result is this rabid isolationist feeling so strong in the hearts of the American people to-day.

Now if there is one characteristic which is common to the two biggest American press agencies—the United Press and the Associated Press—it is that they are unsentimental to the point of being distinctly hard-boiled. They are also surprisingly unpartisan in their reporting of world news —neutrality naturally the outcome of the fact that they were accustomed for a long time to do nothing but just flash the bare facts. But both these agencies have for some time been promoting their higher foreign correspondents into "interpretative" positions.

Webb Miller, European manager of the United Press, is an excellent example. Webb's flair, in the past, was his astounding knowledge of knowing how to "get out the news." He knows a dozen ways to slip the shackles that the toughest of censors might clamp on him. He beat the British censorship in India simply by cabling his story of one of the worst salt-pan beatings from a little country telegraph office. Half of it had gone out to the outside world before the telegraph office in Bombay realized what it was sending—then the British tried to pull that first half back from the air . . . ! By a trick he was able to

(*Continued on page* 93)

★ WOMEN WHO WEAR (or ought to wear) GLASSES
★ MUST DO THIS

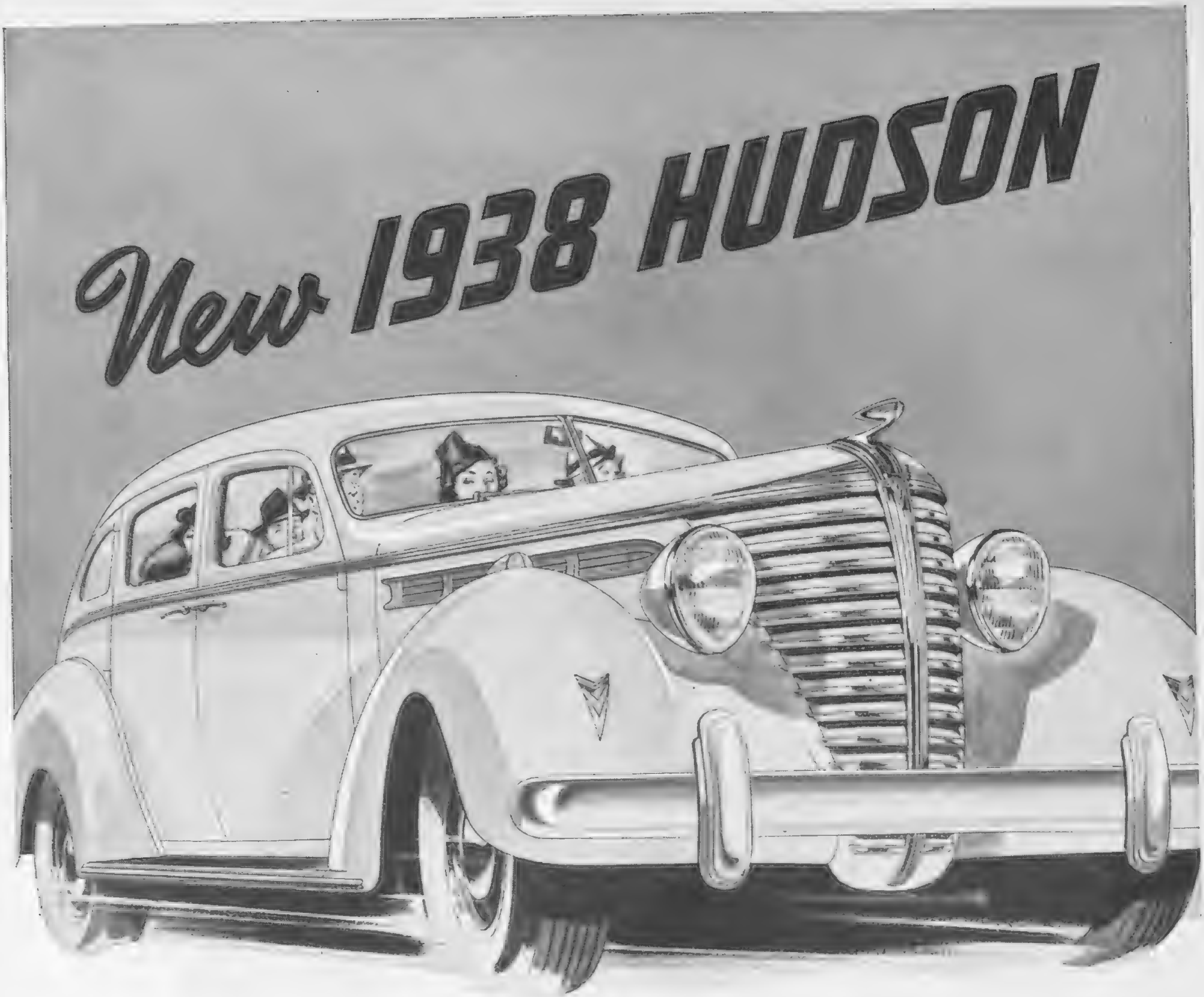
Look! Look at this. Look at that. What a life of looking it is—and what a lot of tiring things we look at! Small print . . . fine needlework . . . other peoples writing . . . films seen a bit sideways . . . hedges and houses rushing past . . . bright artificial lights . . . No wonder women who need spectacles need Optrex.

An eye-bath with Optrex soothes your eyes after any sort of strain and makes quite sure that a tired look does not become permanent. It prevents crowsfeet from being prematurely caused. It is recommended by optical experts for everyday use, right from infancy.

*Whether you wear glasses or not you should have your eyes examined at regular intervals by a Qualified Practitioner.*

**Optrex**
BRAND
**EYE LOTION**

On sale at all Chemists at 2/- (with free eye bath): Triple Size 3/6 (without eye bath). For interesting booklet "Sight—the Master Sense," full of vital information, write to Dept. B.E.57, Wilcox, Jozeau & Co. Ltd., North Circular Road, N.W.2.



*Built to Excel*
**IN STYLE**
**PERFORMANCE**
**LONG LIFE**

Your money, invested in a 1938 Hudson, buys more style *outside* . . . more room and increased luxury *inside*. It buys championship performance, with outstanding economy . . . greater safety, with Hudson's Exclusive Safety Brakes . . . greater driving ease, with Selective Automatic Gear Change. And it buys longer life, with low upkeep cost, as thousands of Hudson owners already know.

*WRITE FOR FULLY ILLUSTRATED FOLDER TO—*

**HUDSON MOTORS LIMITED**
WORKS AND SHOWROOMS: GREAT WEST ROAD, LONDON, W.4

HUDSON 112 FROM £265. ● HUDSON TERRAPLANES FROM £299. ● HUDSON SIXES FROM £399. ● HUDSON EIGHTS FROM £450.

*Drive* **HUDSON**

12 VOLT ELECTRICAL
EQUIPMENT AND SAFETY
GLASS THROUGHOUT
ARE FITTED STANDARD
ON ALL HUDSON CARS.

announce the Italian opening of the Abyssinian War from inside an Italian military encampment itself.

Webb felt keenly on the Indian beatings. He went to great personal risk and pain to write more than the bare facts of the Abyssinian business. He felt so keenly some of the atrocities he saw in Spain that it affected his health. But, to put it mildly, his stark descriptions of the things he saw have been interpretative journalism of the highest form—cables which bring the scene into focus before your very eyes. And Webb, freed now from the fear of "spot" news, the necessity to send a *flash* to "break" a story even before he is quite sure of its import, is quite possibly perfecting a new type of reporting by the big press agencies.

An "interpreter" writer functioning at the head of a world-wide organisation of news-gatherers. The unbroken flow, almost instantaneous flashing of news events that these agencies maintain between world capitals furnishes a man with sound judgment at the head of those offices with invaluable information to use in interpretative dispatches.

AMERICAN papers are considerably less partisan than the British on international affairs. You are too close to Europe—and too close to your Foreign Office. The Spanish Civil War has shown the amazing variations that responsible newspapers can place on identically the same incident; Right or Left—Black or Red. Partisanship so open, unashamed, and cynical that even the reading of both Right and Left London papers leaves one still wondering as to just what did, or is happening beyond the Pyrenees. And, being in Germany as I write this, I can well understand the German outraged protests over the London papers' handling of the February "Army purge," the Cabinet re-shuffle, Dr. Schuschnigg's visit to Berchtesgaden to see Herr Hitler.

"Hitler, Hitler, Hitler . . . !" raved a German scientist, himself an ardent Hitlerite—"Why don't the English papers talk about something else than *him*? Why don't they say something about what *is going on inside of Germany*? The workers, their life, the sense of self-respect and pride he has brought back to us . . . the 5,000,000 unemployed we had a few years ago, and the less than 500,000 we have now. . . . Why don't you say something about that? Then you'd know more about Germany—also more about Hitler."

He, of course, had put his finger on what has probably been the worst omission of modern journalism: the undue importance attached to the power of personality in world politics. By throwing all the spotlight of publicity on some spectacular figure, such as Hitler, Mussolini, or Roosevelt, they leave in the shadows, often overlooked in total darkness, the forces that made the man. And they are forces, very often, still working. Anybody who had been along the Ruhr and Rhineland in 1924, or who had even spent the night with the depressed workers in the 1930 threatened electrical strike in Berlin, should have known that Bruening, well-intentioned as he was, was only the Kerensky of a Germany in *inevitable* transition.

But instead of putting the full glare of publicity on the real culprit, instead of writing candidly and at length about the wave of resentment in Germany against the Treaty of Versailles that was to sweep Hitler into power—nearly all the world's great journalists just wrote about Hitler, Hitler, Hitler. . . . The latest painful effort to explain Hitler as well as what he has done to the complacency of the outside world is an article in *Physical Culture*, New York. It is entitled: "Sex is the Secret of Hitler."

THIS mania for sensationalizing public figures at the head of various world countries—and explaining everything that happens in terms of their personalities—can reach some surprising limits. A recent best-seller which includes a vivid dossier of political figures in Europe makes the incredible statement that MacDonald went to the country in the 1931 elections as to whether or not England should remain on gold. The elections were in November—England went off gold September 20 (September 17, to be quite exact). The author was, of course, trying to explain England in terms of MacDonald—and a little careless, shall we say, about his chronology.

The best story I have encountered along these lines was when the German army marched into Cologne to re-occupy the Rhineland. The French Consul in Cologne, alleged to be head of the French Secret Service in Germany, had been declaring to his colleagues that the Germans would never do it.

"But," he protested, "where will they put so many soldiers? Where will they live? There are no barracks for them. Impossible!"

A brother consul cried with delight when he told me how one morning he telephoned to the French Consul: "The Germans are coming," he said.

"Impossible, my dear friend—how many times have I told you . . ."

"All right," said my friend. "But just look out your window at the Hohenzollern Bridge—the Germans are marching across it right now."

"It must have been quite a shock to him," mused my friend as he pictured the startling grey-green uniforms, prancing horses, tin-helmets, bayonets, rattle of gun-limbers—the first German soldiers in uniform to cross that bridge since the World War. "Yes, I wonder how he felt when he realised that he was the best *mis*-informed man in all Germany!"

But perhaps the worst, certainly the latest malady to plague our profession has been the passion for European political appellations: "Fascist," "Communist," "Totalitarian State," etc., etc. Used in their proper place, they usually give in one or two words, a correct version of a local situation. They have meaning. Used however as mere tabs to pin on some political situation, they are often completely misleading. The political amateurs and journalistic intellectuals have been fascinated by the profundity the use of such tabs will give to even the most superficial article. This has become as bad as the dope-habit with Left-wing weeklies in New York and London. One or two Blackshirts do not make a Fascist summer.

Political intellectuals wrote of the danger of American Fascism—as a bogey-man to frighten Roosevelt supporters. For a few months that was quite *à la mode* with New York political weeklies. Then these political amateurs discovered another playground—South America.

In a recent trip I made through South America I found the Americans and British in nearly every capital, when they weren't bored, either amused or infuriated by the glib way New Yorkers were trying to pin these tabs on the local political parties. In Brazil, where the Rightists had some 10,000 political prisoners in jail, there might be some slight justification for calling the present government Fascist. But the real situation seems to be that the big navy admirals (and munition lobbies) in Washington have seized upon this term gleefully to justify the huge new naval building programme and get it accepted without too much protest from the Senate and American people. The danger of Fascism to the Monroe Doctrine! Politicians, when they find journalists *like* using these European bogies—will exploit the journalists. The absolute, openly admitted Military Dictatorship in Ecuador is the old-fashioned model of South American governments since long before Hitler, Mussolini or Stalin were born. Yet it justifies lots of its drastic actions now on the danger of Communism. The less-openly-admitted Military Dictatorship holding down Peru tries to pin the tab "Communist" on the *Aprista* movement—the leader of the *Apristas* was a guest of Moscow and came back openly declaring that Communism was the

(*Continued on page* 95)

SHORT HEADS in six colours

**Tek's the shorthead with the long life,** the brush that fits the arch of your teeth, routs out decaying accumulations and leaves your teeth white and polished and healthy Dentists all over Britain have given Tek their signed approval. Next time you want a toothbrush, buy a Tek. After that you'll find you'll *always* buy Tek. ★ *Sold surgically clean in a sealed carton. Hard and medium—6 colours and crystal. Extra hard—white and crystal only.*

*Tek is a guaranteed product of Johnson & Johnson (Gt. Britain) Ltd., Slough and Gargrave.*

★ *Prices do not apply in the Irish Free State*

Tek 2/-

*and worth it!*

FOR THE CHILDREN—**TEK JUNIOR 1/3**

IT FITS THE ARCH

# BEAUTY WITH BRILLIANT PERFORMANCE

Engineers and motorists of long experience know and appreciate the many qualities in design and performance that, whatever the price they pay, they can only find in an ALVIS. For perfect smoothness with complete silence, extreme simplicity of control, rock steady steering and road-holding at all speeds THERE IS NO OTHER CAR QUITE LIKE AN ALVIS

*Sidney Henschel, writing in the "Financial News" on March 4th, 1938, says:*

". . . . Now, as always, the ALVIS is an individual car of beauty and brilliant performance—British automobile craftsmanship at its best."

# ALVIS
## SILVER — CREST

*There are ALVIS dealers in all centres who are anxious to demonstrate to you the outstanding qualities of this brilliant car.*

| | | 16.95 h.p. | 20 h.p. |
|---|---|---|---|
| *4-light Saloon* | ... | £565 | £595 |
| *6-light Saloon* | ... | £565 | £595 |
| *Dropbead Coupe* | ... | £575 | £605 |

ALVIS LTD., COVENTRY (Tel. 5501) and at BYRON HOUSE
7-9, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1 (Tel. Whitehall 8506)

H.P

---

# MINTY
## *Bookcases*
## Neo-Craft Styles

**COMBINATION** 30N shown right. A neat Wall Fitment incorporating Bureau. Height 4ft. 6¾ in. Width 8 ft. 9 in. Oak £25 . 2 . 6. Prices of separate stacks leading from left to right, £5.13.0 £6.16.6 £12.13.0. Also in Walnut, Mahogany, Waxed and Limed finishes.

**COMBINATION** 24N shown below. Height 3 ft. 11¾ in. Width 2 ft. 11 in. Price for complete stack. Oak £7 . 11 . 0.
Also in Walnut, Mahogany, Waxed and Limed finishes.

COMBINATION 24N

Minty Bookcases are adaptable equally to present and future needs. New sections may be added as the library grows, and a simple re-arrangement of the units makes fullest use of the space available.

Designs are modern, but not over-elaborate. There are no useless embellishments, no gadgets, no complications—just handsome, well-proportioned furniture, built by masters of their craft.

**As exhibited at the Ideal Home Exhibition.**

**MINTY BOOKCASES CAN BE PURCHASED BY DEFERRED PAYMENTS**

*Write for ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, containing fullest particulars of MINTY Bookcases, including various period Styles at Moderate prices.*

Minty LTD

**(DEPT. 86) . . . . 44-45 HIGH STREET, OXFORD**
**London Showroom . . . 123 Victoria Street, London, S.W.1**
**Manchester Showroom - 5 Exchange Street, St. Ann's Square, Manchester**

one thing *not* suited to the new type of civilization he was trying to bring about along the Pacific terrace of the Andes.

Before I reached Chile I heard a lot about the strong Chilian Nazis. In Chile I saw that they were a German party, almost exclusively contained in the small but intensive German colony whose centre is Valdivia; that up until the last elections they had not run separate candidates to oppose the Conservative combination in power—and at the elections at the beginning of this year, when I was in Valparaiso, I think they managed to secure only three or four seats in Parliament. Yet in a recent political weekly, an article pretending to give a profound analysis of the South American situation—dwells upon the "strong Nazi movement" in Chilian politics.

## What's On Your Mind?

There are probably Red Shirts and Black Shirts in every South American capital. The students wear them. They like them. But in the opera of South American politics, be it comic or otherwise, they had gone into the dressing room to put them on. They are trappings. Because a fat German opera singer puts on his papier-mâchè buckler and winged helmet, a good dramatic critic does not shout: *"Here is Siegfried!"*

Names—instead of situations that made the names. Tabs—pinned on the wrong political parties. The glib use of these is more often than not a substitute for hard thinking—and journalistic digging.

END

# Fur Sense

*(Continued from page 47)*

gazing in mirrors and otherwise admiring themselves who are blissfully unaware that they are dupes in rabbits' clothing.

Even ermine, fur of kings, can be magnificently copied by the rabbit-skin specialist.

Recently a woman attempted to evade the Irish customs duty on her new ermine coat, bought at bargain price in London, by wearing it past the customs barrier. An official suspected the trick and asking the woman for her coat went away to have it tested for newness. When he returned the downcast guilty one, bag open, asked how much she would have to pay.

"Nothing," said the official cheerfully. "There's no duty on rabbit."

Ermine to the naturalist is a stoat—any stoat—in his winter white, but to the furrier and to the woman who wears furs, the only real ermine is the Siberian stoat and stoats from Europe and America mere impostors.

The unusually large French rabbit, bred in French backyards, and thereafter rechristened with the more elegant name, French seal, is invaluable in imitating sable, king of furs. Though most women buying such an expensive fur would know the difference immediately, there are still quite a few snobs left who are annually sold rabbit for sable and remain none the wiser.

Somehow furriers don't seem to like even the mention of the word rabbit!

They call it coney, hare, buck, lapin, nubian, beaverette, sealine, erminette, etc.: in fact anything but the right name.

Muskrat, however, is the backbone of the furrier's art and, used in thousands of millions, when dressed and dyed becomes musquash over here and Hudson Seal in the States.

Fakers dye muskrat to resemble Alaska seal, and process marmot to sell as mink.

At the present time while sable and mink have increased in value, chinchilla is showing a peak price owing to its scarcity. This fur comes from the Andes. The governments of Chile, Bolivia and Peru allow only four hundred per annum to be exported.

So scarce that it is always snared nowadays, never shot, it is mostly used for trimming, and the coats of it that are made occasionally fetch the highest prices in the trade.

Mink, which is the fur of a large weasel, has its own reputation, but after three years wear is apt to lose some of its original appeal. Remember when buying, if ever, for prices range from £150 to £500 and upwards, that this fur is particularly subject to faking. Also that the darker the pelt the more valuable the coat. The real thing will last you nine to twelve years—unless you get tired of the fashion!

Never buy a "bargain" Persian lamb or Astrakhan coat. It will have come from Iraq and you'll never try to get anything cheap again. Russian skins are the best, with others from Ankuy, Herat, S.W. Africa, Bessarabia completing the list in that order.

A good Persian coat ought to last for at least eight to nine years, or you should ask why not. Caracul from either China or Russia is a risky fur since there is no way of telling how long it will last—anything from three to ten years.

A fine investment is a good musquash coat, but nothing cheap. A cheap musquash holds about forty-five pelts and some of the weakest sections of the animal are included, the head being used at the bottom.

Russian squirrel of which there is a huge variety, is unpractical; it looks good but doesn't last. Australian opossum is growing fashionable as a sports coat; looks good and lasts about two years with easy wearing.

Moleskin, everyone knows, is right out because it doesn't last, but monkeys are in and in this order of precedence: Gold Coast, Congo, Abyssinian and Black Paws.

If all you want is a coat, try bear skin; it's tough and reasonably priced.

New furs are to a woman as a new car is to a man, and nowadays are treated as importantly.

Thus any kind of fur coat can be obtained by instalments, so don't be scared to ask if you have that in mind.

All furriers give a guarantee with purchases, and give reasonable "after sale" service; some have a refund system for goods that do not come up to expectations.

Old fur coats can be traded in for new ones on the part-exchange principle without the furrier having apoplexy.

Furs are internationally treated before reaching the wearer. Trapped, perhaps, in Siberia, a model may be roughly tailored in New York, re-designed in Hollywood for glamour or in Paris for chic, and sold eventually in a London furriers.

In a way no mere man can understand furs add personality unto a woman; and whether she choses a formal, dress or sports model in a silhouette, a swagger or princess design, she knows the one she thinks she wants immediately she looks in the mirror. But the choice of such an expensive item as fur calls for more than mere looks.

Mary may well have to warm herself: "Make certain of it, Mary. It's the only one you'll get."

And when she's got it she ought to comb it and shake the dust out regularly. After being worn in the rain, it should be carefully wiped, combed, and brushed with the flow of the fur; shaken—not too roughly—and left to dry on a hanger well away from a fire.

A coat worth hundreds could easily be ruined beyond recognition in a few hours by being put to dry before a roaring fire. It is even damaging to wear good furs in strong sunshine.

Mary ought to remember that continually carrying a bulky bag under her arm is quickly going to wear out that part of the coat, and that before sitting down she ought to undo the buttons and make sure that the back of the garment is not being strained.

It is pretty certain that she is not going to take all this trouble, but if she only would she could lengthen the life of her fur coat by two to three years.

And possibly, by that time, she would not need to worry any more, for nowadays scientists and furriers are getting together to make synthetic furs that will be perfect copies of Mary's Lamb, her mink and her sables, ermine and chinchilla—all at the price of coney.

END

CYNTHIA WRITES...

'FATHER'S ECZEMA IS BETTER—

*the doctor says he mustn't use harsh soaps.'*

'MOTHER LOOKS YEARS YOUNGER—

*she's got quite a girlish complexion now.'*

'CHARLIE HAS BEEN MADE SCOUTMASTER

*he is always so bright and fresh-looking.'*

'AND I'M WORKING AS AN ARTIST'S MODEL—

—SINCE WE HAVE USED

WRIGHT'S Coal Tar SOAP

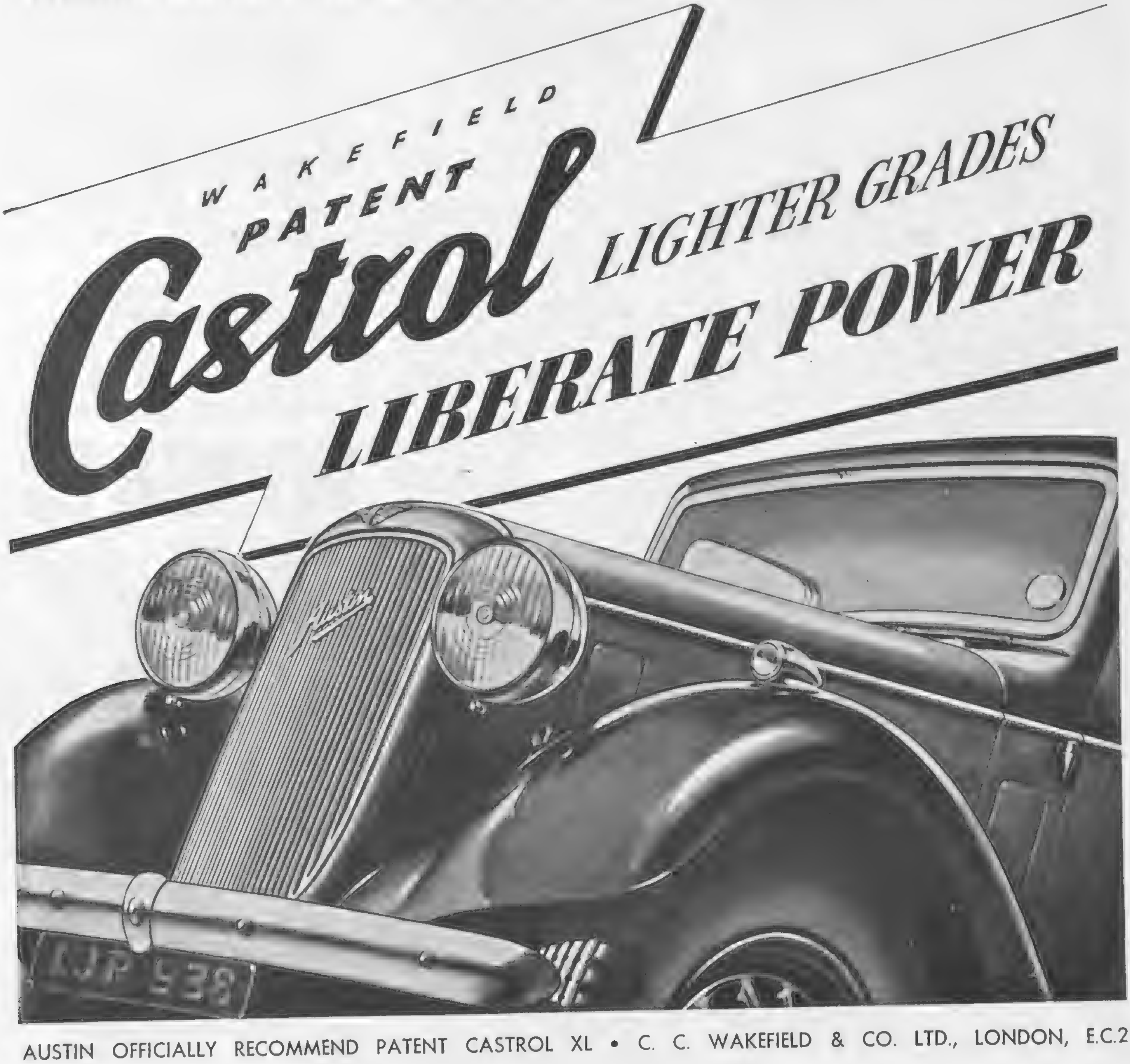
**FREE!** *Slow-motion "Flickers"* of **HEALTH AND BEAUTY EXERCISES.**

Here's the way to carry out *your* part in the **"Fitter Britain" Campaign!** These exercises and regular use of Wright's Coal Tar Soap provide the finest health and beauty course possible. Early morning exercises & Wright's will make you feel 'as fit as a fiddle'—always fresh and alert and full of life! Each flicker shows 2 simple movements, and can be obtained *free* in exchange for *two* outside printed yellow wrappers from tablets of Wright's Coal Tar Soap. (Complete series for 6 wrappers.) Post your wrappers to:—Dept. A.81, Wright's Coal Tar Soap, 46 Southwark Street, London, S.E.1. Mark envelope 'Flickers' and enclose your name and address. (1183)

# “INVEST IN PATENT CASTROL”

## —*say Austin*

“Lighter oils which circulate more freely will always help an engine to produce its maximum power and at the same time give substantial economies in wear and petrol consumption. Austin owners will be wise to invest in Patent Castrol.”


WAKEFIELD
PATENT
Castrol
LIGHTER GRADES
LIBERATE POWER
Austin

AUSTIN OFFICIALLY RECOMMEND PATENT CASTROL XL • C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO. LTD., LONDON, E.C.2

# Love Set Him Free

(*Continued from page* 11)

vivacious, but so restful when rest was required. So quick to sense the mood and shape the moment. Was it possible that, after all, hating himself as he did, he might yet be big enough, brave enough—as big and brave as Joan had always been—to let name and fame and public honour be stripped from him so that he might be free to go to her openly? Free? This kindly woman, this Marie, this sister of real mercy had written to him to let Richard go free. . . . "Let him go free, for love's sake. . . ." she had written from her warm heart.

Free! His lordship shivered although the court was warm with sunshine and the pack of humans filling all its benches. He, the judge, was also Richard the prisoner—a prisoner of circumstance every bit as much as that wretched man huddled dejectedly in the dock. . . . Oh, Joan, Joan, I want to come to you. We're still young with so much before us. . . .

"M'lud—I object—I . . ."

Dear, dear, of course. . . . That's quite right, Dabney. Really, really, I mustn't wander like this. But I am not myself this morning. Joan needs me, Joan is dying—in this very sunshine that was meant for joy—Oh, God, make her well, make her well. . . .

He sat upright, grave and impersonal, his human frailties that were his private self completely sublimated as he watched and listened, bewigged and robed, personifying jealous justice. But, he thought as he bent to write a note, I'm only human, this Me that loves and hates, and doubts and hopes, and longs for Joan. . . . That day you went was a death in me; that night I walked in the covering fog and fought my battle alone and lost more honour in that one chill hour than I might ever lose or sacrifice if I came to you now. . . .

Down below, Sir Giles Sefton was finished—and now Mark Dabney was rising, moistening his lips, fingering his gown nervously, turning to jury and judge and then to the silent one in the dock. What was his surprise? What was the sensational alibi the defence must surely have been hiding for so long?

Dabney was smiling; a strange, deprecatory smile as he pushed his wig back from his hot brow. ". . . and our defence is an alibi. It is more. It is surely one of the strangest, one of the most incredible alibis on record." He paused and raised his eyebrows as he looked along the jury's benches. "But it is the truth. That is the only reason for telling it here with its one tremendous—you may be inclined to say, damning—weakness. That weakness is the missing link of corroboration which we have done everything humanly possible to trace and to fit into position. I will show you advertisements from the press appealing to the unknown witness to come forward; I will show you the reports of investigators . . ."

Counsel for the defence shook his head. The court waited, with a swift undercurrent of excitement running through it like a breeze. His lordship leaned forward, intent now, trying to concentrate on the case as he watched the young K.C. shake a bundle of cuttings in one hand and point to the accused with the other.

"These," he said, "are paltry things compared with human testimony spoken before you. I am going to put the accused man into the witness-box. He wants to go there and tell you on his oath in plain, homely language his unforgettable story of that night of fog and doubt when his wife was found murdered.

"We know that she was murdered. Jemina Porson met her death—as medical evidence has proven to you—between the hours of nine and ten of the clock. But her husband was not there when she died. He was not there when she was attacked. Where he was is his story, as it was lived during those fateful, tragic sixty minutes. John Joseph Porson will tell you the truth. Only an honest man would dare tell you such a story. You will not doubt the truth once you have heard his story."

Mr. Justice Brockster scanned his papers. Then he watched the accused rise up and leave the dock and walk briskly, his head thrust forward nervously. He heard him take the oath.

His lordship brushed a handkerchief across his lips. He thought again of Joan, and of his wife; of a quiet bedside within sound of the Mediterranean; of this man who was Porson—and as he looked something stirred in the dim recesses of his mind, a memory stirred to vital awareness. The accused man began to speak. He saw the mask of fear fall away, the tense features become mobile, animated—and vaguely familiar again. . . . "I—I had a row with my wife that—that night I—I . . ."

"Please speak up a little louder, Porson. We all want to hear."

"Yes, your lordship. Thank you, sir." A frightened smile fled across the pale face. "I had a row with my wife. I'd come home after a trip. You see, I'm a commercial. I'd been in Birmingham that week. I—you see—it's just sort of how a man gets. You know, suspicious at first. Then he tries to make certain although all the time he's hoping it isn't true. Well, I found it was true. About my wife, I mean. She . . ." He hesitated and bit his dry lips. "She—well, you see, there was another man. When I arrived home unexpected—I'd planned to do that, see?—well, he was there!"

A murmur ran through the court and his lordship frowned.

"But I didn't see who he was. Because he rushed past me in the hall before I could flick up the light-switch. I struggled with him. In the darkness. But he got away. I never saw who he was. And Jem—my wife—she refused to tell me. We had a row. Bitter, angry words and shouting at each other and threatening and feeling sick—and the shock of it all . . ."

His lordship, alone on his dais, closed his eyes and shuddered. Suddenly he was icy cold at his depths. He opened his eyes again and saw the accused rubbing the back of his neck and gazing up at him with his brown eyes wide and his lips moving silently, as if he were looking at something and trying desperately hard to see it properly. Then speech came flooding back and the brown eyes were averted.

"I couldn't believe it. Not really believe it. You see, I—I loved my wife. But—it was true. It was true, all right. I'd trusted her. And there she was defying and sneering, just as if it wasn't herself at all but another woman. She told me I was a fool; she told me I'd never know the other man, that he had money and—and—well, I banged out of the house, running away from it all and not knowing where I was going or what I was going to do.

"It was half-past seven. The clock of St. Mark's, in Germaddon Street, showed the time . . ."

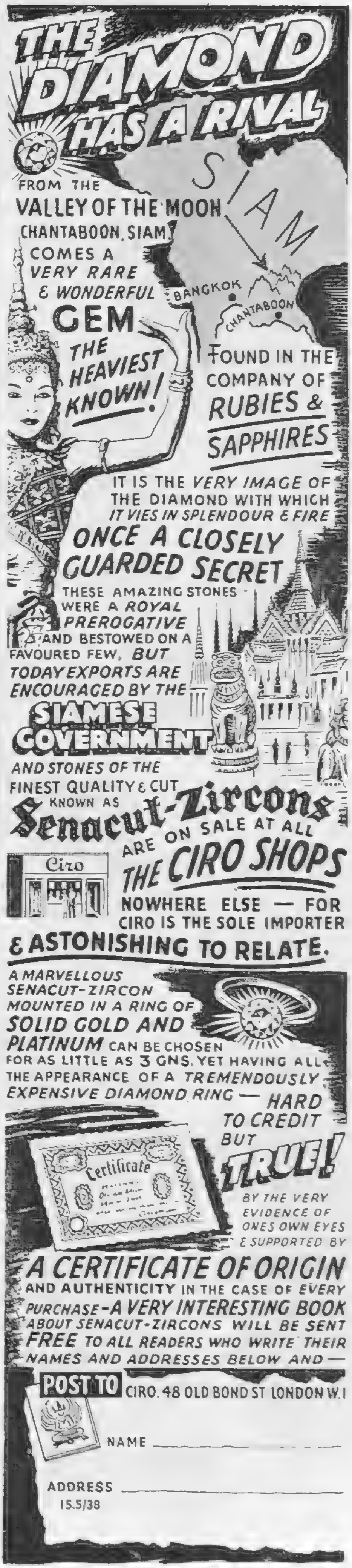
"There was no fog then?"

"No, your lordship. It didn't come down till I was walking along the Embankment. Just wandering and trying to see if I'd wake up like. I went towards Blackfriars. And Big Ben was striking eight. Just then the fog came up quick. Off the river. It cut me off from everything and got so thick that the trams stopped and not even a motor was moving.

"I was all alone. It was sort of queer. I got all worked up. Outside of myself. Couldn't think properly. And I climbed to the parapet and—and was just going to jump when—when somebody pulled me back.

"It was a man. He held my arm. He just said: 'Don't be silly—what are you doing, man?' Silly! It *did* seem silly then, when he said it to me like that. His voice was kind. He held my arm. 'Wouldn't you like to talk things over? It helps, you know,' he said. I'd had such a shock, and I was so glad I wasn't

(*Continued on page* 99)



THE DIAMOND HAS A RIVAL

FROM THE VALLEY OF THE MOON CHANTABOON, SIAM COMES A *VERY RARE & WONDERFUL* GEM *THE HEAVIEST KNOWN!*

FOUND IN THE COMPANY OF RUBIES & SAPPHIRES

IT IS THE *VERY IMAGE* OF THE DIAMOND WITH WHICH *IT VIES IN SPLENDOUR & FIRE*

*ONCE A CLOSELY GUARDED SECRET*

THESE AMAZING STONES WERE A *ROYAL PREROGATIVE* AND BESTOWED ON A FAVOURED FEW, *BUT TODAY EXPORTS ARE ENCOURAGED BY THE* SIAMESE GOVERNMENT *AND STONES OF THE* FINEST QUALITY & CUT KNOWN AS **Senacut-Zircons** ARE ON SALE AT ALL THE CIRO SHOPS NOWHERE ELSE — FOR CIRO IS THE SOLE IMPORTER

& ASTONISHING TO RELATE.

*A MARVELLOUS SENACUT-ZIRCON MOUNTED IN A RING OF SOLID GOLD AND PLATINUM* CAN BE CHOSEN FOR AS LITTLE AS 3 GNS. YET HAVING ALL THE APPEARANCE OF A *TREMENDOUSLY EXPENSIVE DIAMOND RING — HARD TO CREDIT BUT* TRUE!

*BY THE VERY EVIDENCE OF ONES OWN EYES & SUPPORTED BY*

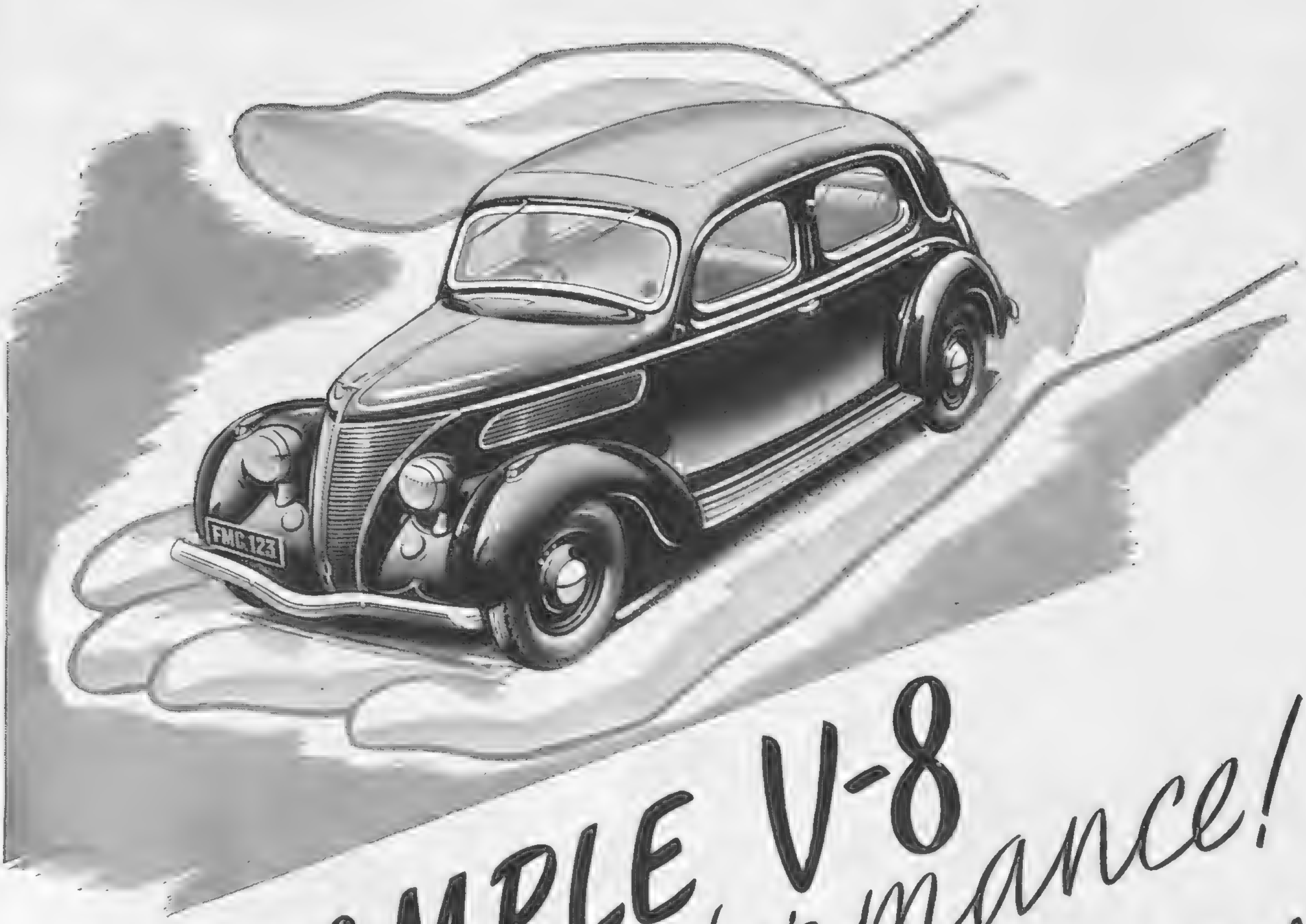
*A CERTIFICATE OF ORIGIN* AND AUTHENTICITY IN THE CASE OF *EVERY PURCHASE*—*A VERY INTERESTING BOOK ABOUT SENACUT-ZIRCONS WILL BE SENT FREE TO ALL READERS WHO WRITE THEIR NAMES AND ADDRESSES BELOW AND—*

POST TO CIRO. 48 OLD BOND ST LONDON W.I

NAME __________________

ADDRESS __________________

15.5/38



SAMPLE V-8 performance!

NO COST! NO OBLIGATION!

Until you have driven a Ford V-8 you don't know what twentieth-century motoring can mean. Power, silence, speed, flexibility, wonderful acceleration, splendid steering and brakes, clutch-action and gear-changing of an exemplary order, plus a degree of fuel-economy, in relation to performance, which will amaze you! Comfort, roominess, beauty of finish, completeness of equipment . . . Really, you have still something to learn, if you don't know the Ford V-8.

**Completely equipped FORD V-8 "22" Saloon de Luxe, £240, at Works. Catalogue on application**

*Overseas Delivery of any Ford Car can be arranged by any Ford Dealer, or through our London Showrooms.*

WATCH THE FORDS GO BY!

**FORD MOTOR COMPANY LIMITED, DAGENHAM, ESSEX. LONDON SHOWROOMS: 88 REGENT STREET, W.1**

drowning in the river below that I started to weep. I just wept as I hadn't done since I was a kid. He kept holding my arm and not saying anything. Not till I'd sort of recovered and began to feel downright ashamed of myself.

"Then he said: 'Now you'll feel better. That helps, too, you know.'

"He was a tall man with a sort of young old face. He wore a heavy coat with the collar muffling his throat, and a black hat—a soft one. He smiled again. Sort of sad, it was. 'You don't look a coward,' he said. 'I'm sure you could fight this trouble. Come with me and we'll talk it over just like two friends, over a glass of beer. You know, I'm troubled, too!'

"Well, I went with him, him leading me through the fog and not saying much while we walked . . ."

Outwardly, his lordship was of granite, cold and incorruptible. But through his mind hideous fire was streaking. . . . Oh, God, not that, not that! Stop him before he says anything more. What hellish contortion of fate, that this—this should come floating out of a winter fog into a day of summer sun. . . .

". . . I think it was somewhere round about the Temple he took me. I heard the Temple bell striking. He took me into the narrow entrance of an old block of buildings that had bare trees round it. He took me to a warm room like an office, yet it was like a comfortable sitting-room and a study. With a bright fire and easy chairs and bookcases and a big table-desk. I saw he was about forty, maybe. With grey at the temples. When he smiled he was young and it made you feel you'd found a friend.

"Well, he got some beer out of a cabinet and made me sit near the fire. Then he began to talk, and he asked me what was troubling me and—and I told him everything.

"He talked. Like a friend. He showed me how foolish I had been. He showed me my life wasn't completely ruined and said that one day I'd maybe meet a woman who was good and who'd make life worthwhile again . . ."

The judge's face was deathly pale. He sat forward, a cold sweat trickling from under his wig. Those staring eyes of the accused were upturned to him in mute appeal, and the free sunlight seemed to be lighting up his anxious face so that misery was chased away and faith burned brightly. But the fiery thoughts in the judge's mind were flaring madly. . . . Can't someone stop him? I'm not a man sitting here. I'm justice. This is not I who—oh, Joan, Joan, I was so tired and heartbroken that night you went away. . . .

". . . and he told me how he had been fighting some awful battle of his own all day. Someone—a woman he never knew he loved half so well—had gone away, to save him, so that he could be successful. You see, he was married. But his friendship with this other woman was a decent thing. Only, his wife would never understand that . . ."

Joan, dear Joan, they know now. But do they? Joan, this is our own story he is telling the world. That little man I was so sorry for in the midst of my own anguish—he does not yet recognize me. Not with my wig; not through the impersonal legal Me. Joan, I'm not big enough for you. Not brave enough. I can't let this happen—not all the cheap sensationalism, the glaring headlines, the scandal, the foul talk about you and me. . . . Oh, Joan, if you could hear him now. He talks and talks and is never finished, and he looks at me with those stricken eyes. I wonder if he is beginning to *see* me? He is inarticulate—caught up in a frenzy. This is hideous, this knowing the wrong of it and trying to fight against the right of it. . . .

"Now, now, Porson, keep calm. It's all right. Just tell the judge your story as you told me. Simply."

That was Dabney counselling, smiling his encouragement, flashing a swift apology to the judge.

". . . and then after he'd talked to me and said something about success being many-sided like truth, he stood up and leaned against the mantelpiece and stared and stared into the fire. Then he said: 'I hope you can be a bigger man than me.' I felt better right enough. He said that he'd walk with me a bit. That he was going home anyhow. That was funny. I thought he was at home already. And me not knowing him, his name or anything, but praying that I'd know him, for he was the sort of friend I'd like to know for ever. It's not often you meet a man like that and know that you've met something big and fine that is worth a lifetime. . . ."

Joan, dear heart, still he talks and talks. Why didn't I stop him when first I knew the truth? I should have brought an end to this betrayal, for I am this man's missing witness. I should have adjourned the court, called counsel to my room, set this man free. If my love were big enough it would set him free—and set me free, too. . . .

"Well, it was midnight when I left him. I came out of the fog at the end of the Strand, hugging the right-hand side of Duncannon Street. I walked all the way home, feeling better. I fumbled for my keys, but the downstairs door was slightly ajar. And she—my wife—she—she was dead. Lying in the hall. I didn't do it. As God's my witness, I didn't. It was her lover. He must have sneaked back. Maybe she rang him up. She maybe threatened him, maybe demanded him to take her away. You've got to believe me—believe me. . . ."

The man's cry for mercy rang through the startled court. His lordship sat like a stone image. In his mind were words as he mentally read again the letter from Sister Marie—"If you have ever loved a woman, let this man free to go to her so that she may live. God will bless you for it. . . ."

"Sir, sir, please!" the accused man was appealing with his arms outstretched. "Honest to God, that's the truth. If only my friend would come. If only he knew, he wouldn't fail me, he wouldn't fail me . . ."

The judge struggled to his feet, gripping his robes at the shoulders. His face was ashen and his limbs were trembling.

"I—I am . . ."

"M'lud—why, m'lud, you're unwell," Sir Giles cried out in alarm.

"No, no, I'm all right. Leave me," he said to his clerk, who panicked to his side. He looked at the wide-mouthed Porson, then across the sunlit court into the distance. "I—I'm sorry. I wish to see counsel in my room. The court is—is adjourned. . . ." Oh, Joan, those upturned staring faces, the hubbub—and, look, I think Porson knows me now. He stares and stares, his lips sagging, his eyes almost falling out as if a vision transfixed him. But he is free. Free! It is the judge who is condemned—*judex damnatur cum nocens*. . . . No, no! I, too, am free, Joan . . .

JOY danced in the sun and sparkled like laughing eyes on the bright face of the Mediterranean. Up from the town of Pont-les-Pins, hurtling out of the Rue de la Concorde, came an ancient taxi, its engine gasping with the effort as it climbed the circuitous road and coughed itself to a swaying stop within the flagged court of The Hospital of the Little Innocents of St. Francis.

Sister Marie walked down the broad steps. Then she halted, standing on her excitement, until the tall stranger had paid the driver. He came running, like a youth, hat in hand.

He stopped and looked at the pink-cheeked, smiling woman.

"Sister Marie?"

"Yes—and you are—Richard! I got your telegram and am so glad. Come!"

Into the cool hall, and along a shining corridor, past closed doors and open windows and on to the sunny balcony.

"How is she?"

"So weak—but now You have come. She will live."

He paused. His face was working. "I can never thank (*Continued on page* 100)

TAKE NO CHANCES
with a ½ Way Dentifrice
Do this
TO MAKE
TEETH GLEAM

FOR teeth that gleam with jewel-like lustre gums too must be cared for. So don't trust to ordinary dentifrices. Get the two-way protection so many dentists advise.

**1. Clean teeth** by brushing all surfaces with Forhans in the usual manner.

**2. Massage gums** briskly with half-inch of Forhans on the brush or finger. Results are amazing! Gums are stimulated, soon teeth show a new brilliance.

Forhans Brand Dentifrice was originated by Dr. R. J. Forhan, eminent dental surgeon, to do both vital jobs—clean teeth and safeguard gums. It contains a special ingredient found in no other dentifrice. End half-way care. Buy a tube of Forhans to-day! On sale throughout the world.

NEW 1/3 SIZE Now on Sale

FORMULA OF R. J. FORHAN, D.D.S.

**Forhans**

BRAND *Original* DENTIFRICE

DOES BOTH JOBS { CLEANS TEETH SAVES GUMS

Give your RED TILES this lovely finish . . .
Cardinal

Cardinal gives a lovely red gloss to red tile floors and porches. Also splendid for Red Composition Floors, Brick and Cement Paths, etc. Will not wash off in rain.

*Also in Green, Cream, White, Buff and Transparent. Of all Dealers.*

CARDINAL POLISH TINS 6d & 1/-

Made by makers of Mansion Polish. CP/AC/3

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE RONUK

because I love to play on the floors and Mummy knows it is safe when she has used Ronuk to make them clean and wholesome.

That's why I like RONUK FOR POLISHING FLOORS

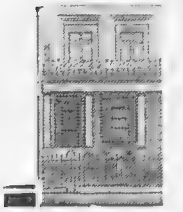
Ordinary Bare Wood
Easily made to look permanently like real polished oak by using the right materials—

COLRON
WOOD DYE
and "RONUK" FLOOR POLISH
Ask your Dealer or write for particulars
RONUK LTD., Dept. B.E. Portslade, Sussex

HAIRS Superfluous Hair

*Not a Depilatory*

*Not Electrolysis*



CAN YOU LOOK YOUR BEST WITH A GROWTH OF HAIR? OR FEEL YOUR BEST?

My method is perfect, it is painless, harmless, and permanent in its effect. At first treatment all hairs are removed, a definite cure started. If you cannot call, I will send you the Home Treatment with instructions and advice.
Home Treatment 13/-
Personal Treatment at Kensington 10/6
Post and Packing for abroad extra 2/6
Hours: 10—5. Sat.: 10—1.
Telephone: Western 4518.

Helen Lawrence
81 EARL'S COURT RD.
Kensington, London. W.8

you enough for writing as—as you did."

Ecstasy filled her eyes. "Love casts out fear; it works miracles, too. I think that your great judge must know the love of a good woman when he set you free to go to your own love who needs you so." She clasped her hands tightly on her breast. "He must surely know the wonder of a magnificent love."

Richard Brockster nodded. His smile was tremulous.

"I'm sure he must," he whispered.

### Love Set Him Free

He turned swiftly as Sister Marie opened a white door to a peaceful room. On the threshold he said, with joy transfiguring his face and awe in his voice: "Yes, a magnificent love!"

Then he went forward quickly, with his hands reaching out to where Joan lay waiting for him, her cheeks no longer pale, but gay with the fever of her yearning. . . .

END

# Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page* 46)

of King Ferdinand was within the frontier and was devastating the country. The Pope's army was causing equal havoc. Opposed by all the forces that Lorenzo could muster, the conflict however, continued for some time with alternating losses and gains on both sides. It also happened that, just as he was relying most on the help of the Venetians and the Duke of Milan, they abandoned him with the consequence that he suffered a considerable set-back at Poggibonsi, and, to add to the distress, the flow of gold to the war chest showed signs of giving out.

Lorenzo knew that the war was being waged against an individual, not against a nation, and that the nation was suffering solely to defend an individual. This thought convinced him that by sacrificing one life, he would most likely save thousands of others. So he conceived an act of heroism that in the history of rulers remains almost without parallel.

One day in the beginning of December 1479, Lorenzo secretly left Florence and proceeded to San Miniato. From there he sent a messenger back to Florence with a letter for the Senate. It read as follows: "Lorenzo de' Medici to the States of Florence. If I did not explain to you, before I left Florence, the cause of my departure, it was not from want of respect, but because I thought, that in the dangerous circumstances in which our city is placed, it was more necessary to act than to deliberate. It seems to me that peace is become indispensable to us; and as all other means of obtaining it have proved ineffectual I have rather chosen to incur some degree of danger myself, than to suffer the city to continue longer under its present difficulties: I therefore mean, with your permission, to proceed directly to Naples; conceiving, that as I am the person chiefly aimed at by our enemies, I may, by delivering myself into their hands, perhaps be the means of restoring peace to my fellow citizens. . . ."

This was only the opening of the letter, and every member of the Senate was already moved to tears. The document continued, explaining circumstances and expressing hopes and feelings that revealed Lorenzo's high-souled nobility. There was nothing to be done, he was already on his way. The heart of all Florence went with him.

He embarked for Naples, avoiding that part of the country that belonged to the Papal States. Such an unexpected and unique move astounded everyone including King Ferdinand. He could not understand that any man would willingly place himself in the hands of his enemy before losing the war, and he refused to give credence to this information until he saw the actual vessel entering the Bay of Naples.

As the ship dropped anchor, Lorenzo's eyes were fixed on the gigantic fortress of Castel Nuovo with its huge towers of granite. He knew that that would most likely be his residence. Castel Nuovo was something very similar to the Tower of London. Fortress, royal palace and prison, and there was only one probability against a thousand that he would not end in the last named.

Contrary to expectation, the ship was not boarded by armed guards, nor was it subjected to any act of submission. Instead a launch flying the Royal Standard came alongside. King Ferdinand had sent his son to receive Lorenzo as an honoured guest. It was evident that the king did not wish to be outdone in a matter of chivalry and trust.

When Lorenzo and the king faced each other, they both realized that a strenuous duel was about to commence. Old Ferdinand, being one of the craftiest men in his century, came *en garde*, with all the sharpness of his arguments. Lorenzo had the gift of persuasion and it was with this weapon that inch by inch he gained ground.

Three months of labour brought about a complete reconciliation between Naples and Florence. Lorenzo had won. His popularity had grown every day with the easily excited Neapolitans. Out of his private coffers he gave many generous presents and provided a handsome dowry for every marriageable girl of the poorer classes.

From Rome the Pope was exerting all possible pressure on Ferdinand to persuade Lorenzo to go to him, but without success. Eventually, after having exhausted all diplomatic patience, Sixtus sent a peremptory order to the king to deliver Lorenzo without delay. But fate, having destined the artistic glory of Florence, preserved for it its most indefatigable patron.

The stern order reached Naples after Lorenzo had left. The inexorable claw of Temporal Power had almost reached its object, but this time its ferocious contraction failed to crush its victim.

The vessel with its sails and banners displayed to the wind was bearing Lorenzo safely towards his beloved Florence, where the most brilliant future awaited him, where capricious Fortune had reserved for one of his sons the supreme revenge of occupying the Papal Throne, where his gifts, his superiority and his labour gained for him the glittering and immortal name of "THE MAGNIFICENT."

END

# Now You are on Your Own

(*Continued from page* 65)

restless in his cot or pram. Tiny babies get weary of one position and cannot move.

Again, if he seems to like the idea, give him some boiled water to drink. He can't have too much of it.

Don't let the bright light stream into his eyes when you put him in the garden in his pram. Don't let the light fall on to his face when he lies in his cot. Be sure that his feet are warm. Keep your wits about you, but don't fuss.

You will soon get used to your new responsibility. If you don't overtax yourself your apprehensions will all have disappeared in a week or two. But remember, look after yourself as well as him and both of you will be happy.

END

# LOVELINESS that outlasts the Years + +

The passing of the years need not mean the passing of beauty. For the foundation of beauty is a perfect, youthful complexion. Keep that and you hold the secret of lasting loveliness.

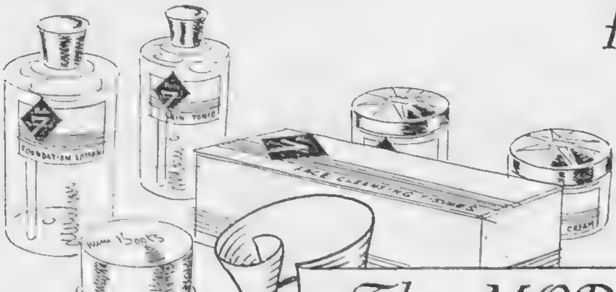
There is a simple and sure way—the regular use of the world's finest Beauty Preparations—the "NUMBER SEVEN" series.

◆

"NUMBER SEVEN" preparations are the finest in the world for two very simple reasons. They are made by Boots The Chemists who have been making Toilet Preparations for 50 years. There is no substitute for experience. The second reason is that they were created in Boots' world famous Research Laboratories and are therefore the finest that science can produce for Beauty's needs.

For the loveliness that lasts, use these perfect, but inexpensive, products.

## NUMBER SEVEN
## Beauty Series



Obtainable only from branches of

**Boots**

7 NUMBER

*The MODERN way to LOVELINESS*

BOOTS PURE DRUG CO. LTD

# They Fall Through the Air

(*Continued from page* 35)

a parachute which has a maximum rate of descent consistent with a reasonably safe landing speed.

Garnerin's exploit was the occasion of great excitement in London, as well might be imagined. It seemed at that time a crazy kind of stunt to undertake, and one which could lead only to a spectacular and mournful end. But that did not prevent all fashionable London gathering at the Volunteer Ground to witness his ascent by balloon and subsequent drop by parachute. After some delay in affixing his parachute to the balloon which was to take him to the desired height, all was ready and he ordered the release of the balloon. Swiftly it rose into the air. Beneath it, by means of a line which was so arranged that Garnerin could cut himself free of the balloon when the time came, hung the parachute canopy. Below that was an open basket in which lay this brave Frenchman.

Having reached a height of 8,000 feet, and with the eyes of all London gazing anxiously up to his tiny figure, he prepared for his descent and then, "with a hand firm from a conscience void of reproach, and which had never been lifted against anyone but in the field of victory," he cut the line which held him to the balloon. Released of its burden, the balloon rose away and was next heard of when it landed at Farnham in Surrey. Garnerin fell rapidly until the canopy filled with air and offered the necessary resistance for a slow descent. Almost immediately, however, it developed a violent oscillation, swinging the basket, in which lay Garnerin, high up on either side so that at times it was above the canopy itself. The crowd which was following its drift so that it could be in at the "kill" was horrified at seeing this violent movement, but Garnerin was apparently unperturbed until after he had landed when the warmth of his reception was temporarily chilled by the dictatorial revolt of the hero's stomach. Among those who had followed the descent in their carriages and who were among the first to congratulate Garnerin were the Duke of York and Lord Stanhope, a noted scientist of the day.

There was among the crowd who watched Garnerin's descent a young man named Robert Cocking. He was fascinated by the idea of parachuting and, after seeing Garnerin's violent oscillating, determined to evolve a parachute which would descend in a more desirable manner. He saw that serious injury to the parachutist might result if he was swung into an obstacle at the moment of landing. In other words, the advantage of a slow descent might be nullified by a last minute increase in that rate of descent.

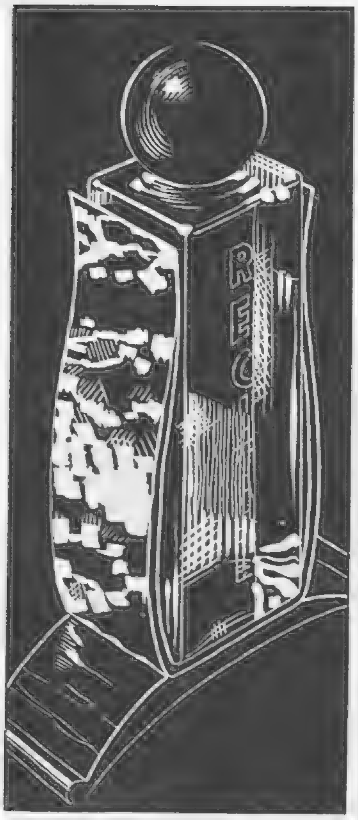
Poor Cocking's intentions were good, but he went about his task in the worst possible way. He reversed the established principle of the parachute canopy having the shape of an inverted cup, and constructed one whose apex was at the bottom and whose perimeter was at the top. The canopy was kept in this shape by means of the customary hoops and sticks. Apparently the discovery that a parachute of this shape would not oscillate blinded him to the obvious fact that it would offer very little resistance to the air. But one must remember that what appears obvious to-day was anything but obvious in the days of the pioneers. One would have thought, however, that a simple experiment with a weight attached to a 'chute of such design would have shown him that a man would have little chance of survival from making a drop with it. Either he never made such an experiment or his data totally misled him because we find him, as long as twenty-five years after Garnerin's successful drop, preparing for his own and using for it his suicidal canopy.

Mr. Dixon describes it as a cumbersome affair in the shape of an inverted thirty degree cone about ten feet high and with the topmost hoop, which formed the perimeter of the base of the cone, measuring one hundred and seven feet round. The skeleton structure was covered with Irish linen. Cocking realised that it would be subject to strong air pressure during the descent for he supported it on a structure of ribs and wires rather in the same fashion as linen fabric is affixed to aeroplane wings nowadays. The result was a parachute that was so heavy that there was no balloon in England large enough to lift it and its faithful inventor-demonstrator into the air.

Society and the Press did not share Cocking's optimism in his device, so that even after a balloon had been built that was big enough he met with much opposition to his plans. The balloon was one of the largest that had ever been built, and Cocking had great difficulty in persuading the owners to be party to his experiment. Eventually they reached a compromise, whereby the crew of the balloon were to leave the actual release of Cocking and his parachute to Cocking himself. Accordingly a device was rigged up which enabled the parachutist to make his own release.

The ascent was made from Vauxhall Gardens, where the parachute had been made and where its canopy had been decorated in the gay colours that were always the fashion for the "aerial machines" of those days. Last minute attempts to dissuade Cocking failed. The big balloon rose clumsily and with difficulty, but after much ballast had been thrown overboard, it rose into the evening sky and was soon drifting out of sight of the anxious crowd that had seen it off. At a height of some 5,000 feet, Cocking shouted up to the two men in the balloon basket that he was ready. After saying a cheery good-night he pulled the release and fell rapidly to earth. The two aeronauts left in the balloon watched his mad plunge down and away, watched the linen of his canopy flutter wildly, watched the framework of the 'chute collapse, and watched the tiny figure beneath it pass into nothingness and death. This brave, misguided pioneer was sixty years old.

A gentleman named John Hampton was the next parachutist in this country. Hampton was an opportunist and he was quick to seize on Cocking's death as a means of exploiting the dangers of parachuting to his own financial advantage. Clearly the public would pay to watch a madman fall to his death. Hampton, however, had no intention of falling to his death, though he had every intention of falling and encouraging the public to think that death was inevitable. For his parachute he sensibly returned to the inverted cup-shaped canopy which Garnerin had proved as being safe on many occasions in France, though only once in England, and that many years earlier. The contemporary generation had forgotten all about this safe descent, and their minds were clouded by Cocking's ghastly death. Unfortunately for Hampton, he found much influential opposition to his scheme, although he well knew that the public would flock to see any drop. After much difficulty he managed to obtain permission from the authorities and he made a successful drop. Indeed, he made any number of successful drops, but in order to give the public value for their money, he was careful to land in an exhausted and prostrate condition and write and speak vividly of his sensations. He described, for instance, the sensation of falling as one of extreme suffocation. We know now that there is no such sensation. It has been calculated by timing the descents of parachutists doing delayed drops—falling considerable distances before opening their parachutes—that they attain a maximum speed of 119 miles an hour and never exceed this. The sensation is not one of falling at all. Rather it is as though you were suspended free in mid-air and the earth was coming gently up to meet you. Only when you get within a thousand feet or so of the ground do you begin to appreciate that you are falling at a high speed. Apart from watering of the eyes, the wind occasioned by the 119 miles an (*Continued on page* 104)



*A new, bewilderingly beautiful creation, attuned to your lighter, gayer moods. The lilting perfumes of Spring are here: the fragrance of Hyacinth, of Jasmin, and of Chypre . . . harmoniously commingled. Only 5/- for the "Introductory" size.*

**RÉCITAL**

*distinguished perfume by*

**F. MILLOT**
PARIS

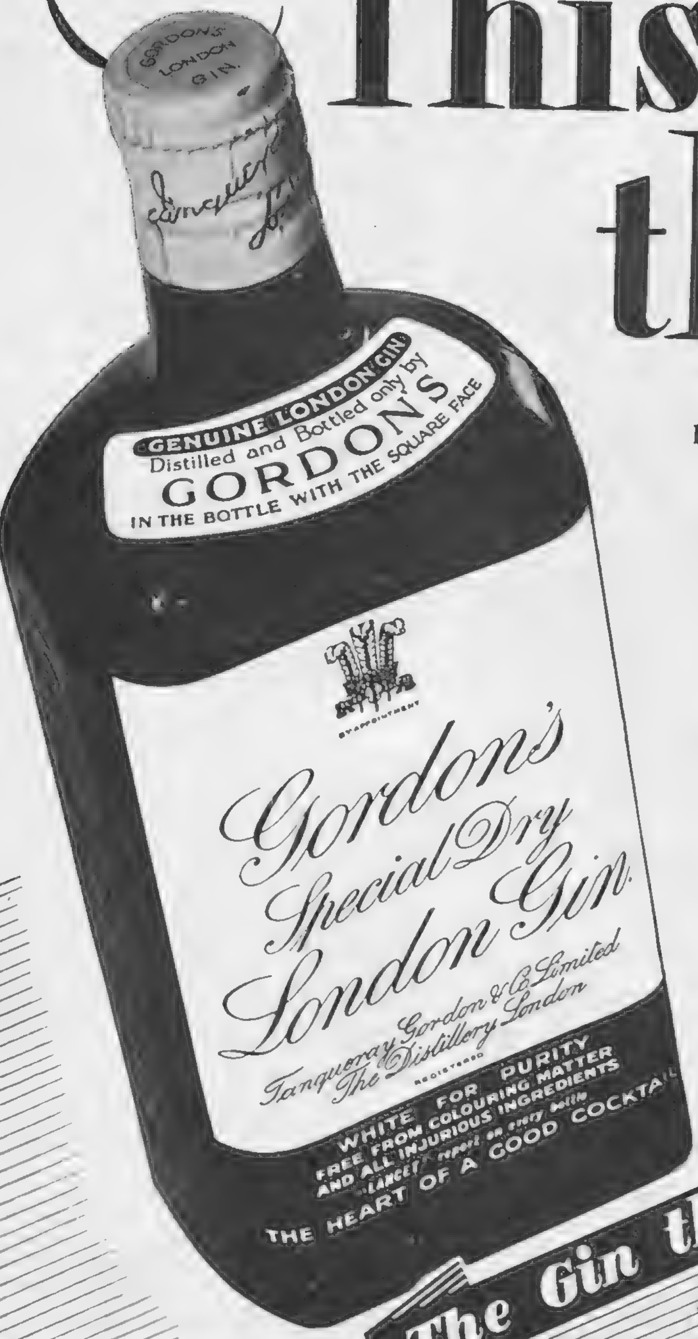
F. MILLOT, PARFUMEUR, 11/12 CLIFFORD STREET
NEW BOND STREET · LONDON · W.1

**HELEN GRANT LTD.**
**Université de Beauté, 7 Park Lane, W.1.**
(Branch of the Académie Scientifique de Beauté, Paris.) Gives training in the theory and practice of all branches of BEAUTY CULTURE and SLIMMING MASSAGE. The training, which includes practical Salon experience, is the most thorough obtainable. The latest methods only are taught. Classes are graded so that students may begin their courses at any time. London and Paris diplomas granted.
**PARENTS ARE INVITED TO CONSULT THE PRINCIPAL**
GROSVENOR 2111

ICH DIEN

BY APPOINTMENT TO
THE PRINCE OF WALES
1925 TO 1936

# This is the Gin


GORDON'S LONDON GIN
Tanqueray
GENUINE LONDON GIN
Distilled and Bottled only by
GORDON'S
IN THE BOTTLE WITH THE SQUARE FACE
BY APPOINTMENT
Gordon's Special Dry London Gin.
Tanqueray Gordon & Co. Limited
The Distillery London
REGISTERED
WHITE FOR PURITY
FREE FROM COLOURING MATTER
AND ALL INJURIOUS INGREDIENTS
"LANCET" report on every bottle
THE HEART OF A GOOD COCKTAIL

made as only the purest and best Gin can be made, by the process of distillation and rectification, the secret of the House of Gordon since 1769.

**The Gin that has medicinal properties**

*If you value your health—insist on*

# Gordon's

TANQUERAY GORDON & CO. LTD.,
GIN DISTILLERS, LONDON

*The largest gin distillers in the world*

for FACE and HANDS

A complexion in harmony with the kiss of Spring—fresh, glowing, exquisite . . . hands and arms that are white, smooth, immaculate. That is beauty's reward for a little care and the regular use of Larola. This delightful skin tonic has a beneficial effect on the face, hands and arms from the very first application, speedily eliminating all roughness and redness. There is *nothing* to equal its soothing, beautifying and protective qualities. Whatever the weather, Larola ensures a glorious, flawless skin and complexion, enchantingly clear and young, and it is the perfect base for powder.

Larola

1/6 and 2/6 per bottle

*From Chemists and Stores, or Post Free in U.K. direct from:*

M. Beetham & Son, Cheltenham, Eng.

*Write for free booklet, "The Cult of Beauty."*
*Larola Soap: Boxes of 3 Tablets, 2/-. Single Tablets, 8d.*

CARROT JUICE

Spinach, Dandelion, Celery and other juices have firmly established a successful technique of sane healing and regeneration. Every reader of "Britannia and Eve" is urged to write for a copy of the authoritative and absorbing booklet by a famous Continental Physician, describing how these life juices, cold-pressed from living plants, supersede the use of inert chemical drugs in the treatment of ill-health, and the promotion of full-blooded vitality. Send your name and address, together with 3d. in stamps for postage, etc., to J. A. Hofels' Curative Foods, 2 Artesian Road, Westbourne Grove, London, W.2, mentioning **Biogold Juices.** B.E.6.

hour drop causes no discomfort. It is quite easy to breathe and you are in full possession of your faculties.

Until Irvin did his "free-fall" drop in 1919, it was thought that a falling man quickly lost consciousness. For this reason, as well as the difficulty of designing a parachute that would work with hundred per cent regularity, the line that pulled the parachute open was always attached to the aircraft. Its opening was therefore entirely automatic, and the escaping airman merely jumped and let the natural tautening of the line do the rest. This method was used from the time that moving aircraft were invented until Irvin came along. It had one obvious and serious disadvantage. There was always a very great danger of the parachute fouling the aircraft, due to its proximity when the canopy was opened by the line attached to the aircraft.

Irvin's enthusiasm for anything that had to do with the air showed itself early, when as a boy he carried out experiments with balloons and model aeroplanes. Almost from the first his interest turned to parachutes. He would release hot air balloons to which were attached an open umbrella-shaped parachute and some form of weight hanging beneath it. The idea was that as the air in the balloon cooled, so it would lose its lift, and the parachute would then come into operation and gently bring its burden to earth. A small measure of success with these experiments and Irvin found himself wanting to experience the sensations of parachuting. He soon got the chance, and in 1911 made one of the first drops from an aeroplane ever made. He had great difficulty in finding a pilot to take him up, because of the risk of the canopy becoming entangled in the machine. It was also thought that the sudden release of a man's weight from an aeroplane might affect its trim to a dangerous degree. However, he managed to find a pilot in the end, and Irvin became successfully launched on a parachute career.

Soon after this he took to diving—aquatic diving. He started at humble heights and gradually, as he became more proficient, made higher and higher dives until, as already mentioned, he could dive from seventy feet. It was his ability to do this, and the knowledge of human reactions when falling that he acquired from it, that led him to design a "free-fall" parachute. He knew for himself that a falling man retained full possession of his faculties, contrary to contemporary opinion, and was therefore able to pull some sort of device which might open a parachute. Equipped with such a device, the old danger of becoming entangled in an out of control plane was tremendously reduced.

The feeling of the American officials who were gathered at the aerodrome to see this young man demonstrate his belief may well be imagined. Even these days, when parachutes most rarely fail to open, it is an anxious, frightening experience watching a tiny figure crawl from its cockpit to jump into space. A human body falling through the air somehow presents an unexpectedly eerie, horrific sight, even when one knows that very soon a parachute will open and its tumbling fall will be checked. But imagine the fear that lay in the minds of those gathered to witness the first jump into space, and the anxiety with which they viewed young Irvin calmly climb into the cockpit of the machine from which he was going to jump.

It took off and slowly climbed to about 2,000 feet, when the pilot turned and flew back towards the aerodrome. As it neared a point directly above the centre, a deep hush of fearful, anxious expectancy settled on the assembled company. Many of those present turned their faces away, failing at the last moment to summon courage enough to watch the great experiment, on the success of which depended not only the fate of the confident inventor, but also thousands of young lives in the future. What a blessing for all flyers that Irvin had the strength and courage of his convictions!

Suddenly the watchers far below saw him jump from the machine. He looked like a tumbling fly falling with broken wings . . . falling . . . tumbling over and over . . . His parachute had failed . . . must have failed . . . he couldn't be leaving it so late on purpose . . . nearly half his height had gone. . Oh, God! What a sight to sicken!

And then . . . there debouched from this black, somersaulting form a little white speck, fluttering madly in the sunlight. It swelled swiftly into a bulbous, shivering oblong of linen, dwarfing the tiny figure below from which it had so suddenly gushed. Then, with a smack that could be heard, the formless canopy tautened into a shallow inverted bowl of glistening white china, and beneath it, swinging gently from side to side, his mad fall checked into gentleness, hung Irvin. The tension among the crowd relaxed into a murmur of relief that quickly swelled into cheer upon cheer.

Irvin had done it! The life-belt of the air had arrived!

Since that day, the parachute has become an essential part of the equipment of every Service airman. It is not so universally used in civil aeroplanes for many reasons. For the ordinary private aviator, it is considered a somewhat expensive luxury.

The first opportunity to determine the status of the parachute in aerial combat has been afforded by the Spanish war, although the Great War saw the use of the old type parachute by crews escaping from captive balloons. The aeroplane's battle-ground, however, is mostly many thousands of feet up and the ability of an escaping airman to float gently down by parachute without being shot on the way by enemy aircraft, was largely a matter for conjecture. The idea of shooting him while thus helpless appeared to be anything but sportsmanlike, but sportsmanship necessarily does not hold much place in modern war.

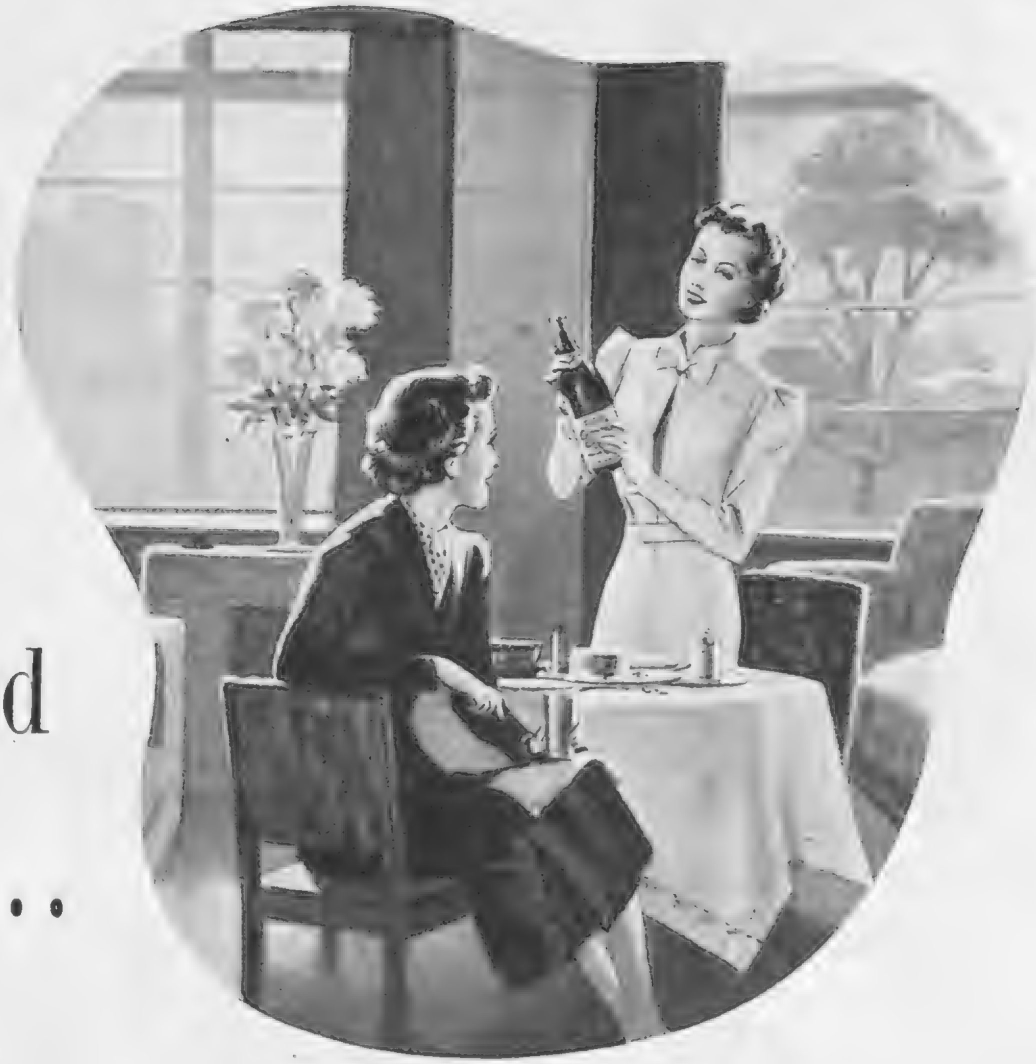
In order to make the actual parachute descent as brief as possible, the delayed drop has been largely used. In this type of drop, the airman escaping from his damaged machine does not pull open his parachute until he is as near as possible to the ground. His falling, tumbling body presents an impossible target to enemy aircraft so that in this way he can fall clear of the danger area before his actual slow descent by parachute commences. If he is over enemy territory he is, however, open to the fire of men on the ground as he comes floating gently down. A Russian airman, fighting for the Spanish Government, overcame this danger in an ingenious fashion. I saw him myself in a front line hospital when I was in the Madrid battle area last year.

This man, a youth of only twenty, had been engaged in bombing the Nationalist lines when his machine received a direct hit and burst into flames. He immediately jumped, and found himself gently floating down on to the heads of those he had been bombing. He knew that a thousand rifles were upturned towards him waiting until he came down within range, and he pictured his canopy being punctured by bullets until it was of no more use than a sieve. But this man was a man of resource. The watchers down below saw him pull out a revolver from his hip pocket, point it at his temples. Then they saw his head drop limp on his chest, the revolver falling from his grasp. A few seconds later they heard the crack of a shot after the sound of it had travelled the intervening distance. The men had been robbed of their prey. The airman had committed suicide.

The parachutist dropped in No Man's Land. That evening, under cover of darkness, a party crept out to where he lay in order to see if he had any papers of importance on him. All they found was the silken canopy of the parachute sprawling over two shell-holes. The "corpse" had vanished. Twelve hours later, after an attack when the Nationalists gained some ground, they came upon this resourceful airman lying wounded. The burns he had received before leaving his aircraft had proved too much for him, and he had not strength enough to crawl back to his own lines. And so, one of the most spectacular individual ruses ever perpetrated met with undeserved failure.

END

# It's all in good taste . . .



Whether you like your Cyder sweet or dry, you'll find none more delightfully refreshing and thirst-quenching than Gaymer's. There's a blend to please every palate. Sparkling like champagne, with the juice of choice English apples, Gaymer's is full of good health and invigoration. Here's the drink that will give you a zest for your meals and help to keep you fit and slim. Gaymer's Cyder makes many cooling summer drinks—send for the interesting recipe booklet—it's free!

*There is a type of Gaymer's Cyder to suit every taste—*

**In flagon:**

| | |
|---|---|
| **GAYFLAG** - | *(medium sweet)* |
| **GAYSEC** - - - - - | *(dry)* |
| **CYDETTE** - - | *(non-alcoholic)* |

**In bottle:**

| | |
|---|---|
| **POMMETTA** | *(like champagne)* |
| **POMMIE** - - - - | *(dry)* |
| **GAYMER DRY** - | *(pale dry)* |
| ★★ - - - - | *(medium dry)* |
| ◇ - - - | *(medium sweet)* |
| **V.D.** - - - - - - - | *(dry)* |

## Gaymer's
## CYDER

To William Gaymer & Sons Ltd.
(Dept.3), Attleborough, Norfolk.
*Please send me FREE copy of "Sidelights on Cyder"*

Name ........................................................

Address ........................................................

........................................................................

**FREE** Send *now* for your copy of **"SIDELIGHTS ON CYDER,"** the valuable recipe booklet that tells you how to make delicious long and short drinks and tells all about cyder cookery.

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HIS LATE
MAJESTY
KING GEORGE V.

BY APPOINTMENT
TO THE
PRINCE OF WALES
1933-36

**INDEPENDENT**

*Now*

AT 55 WILL YOU STILL BE INDEPENDENT?

*An income for "Bachelor Girls" when they retire*

TO-DAY and for many years to come you can be independent. But eventually, like all of us, you must retire. Then you will appreciate a regular income. To obtain that, you should begin to provide *now*.

The Norwich Union Endowment and Pension Policy is created especially to make it easy for bachelor girls to save—and save at a big profit—for their later years. A few shillings a week and at 55 you make sure of

**A PENSION for LIFE,**

Or you can have a big cash sum if you prefer it. THERE IS NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION. All premiums are returned in the event of decease before the policy matures. Get full details by sending the coupon for interesting leaflet, but do it TO-DAY. Your future independence is too important to disregard.

**NORWICH UNION**

**INSURANCE SOCIETIES**

**To the Superintendent, Ladies Pensions,**
**The Norwich Union Insurance Societies,**
**8 Surrey Street, Norwich.**
Please send me, without obligation, leaflet describing your Endowment and Pension Policy.
*Name* ..............................
*Address* ..............................
..............................
**I can save about £ .................... a month.**
**Age ........ Block letters please.**
B.E.1. (½d. stamped envelope.)

*The Land of Perpetual Daylight*

**ORKNEY and SHETLAND**

The summer sun never sets in these islands—the unique holiday land you must see. The cliff scenery alone is a magnet—but there is fishing — walking — boating — in bracing, invigorating conditions. The climate is usually serene—and our ships are modern and equipped with every comfort.

Inclusive Tours – 3 to 12 days
£3 . 10 . 0 to £12
The latter includes a week's stay in the finely appointed St. Magnus Hotel, Hillswick.

*Write for free booklet to:—*
**THE NORTH OF SCOTLAND AND ORKNEY AND SHETLAND STEAM NAVIGATION CO., LTD.**
Dept. No. 23. Tower Place, Leith.
Dept. No. 23. Matthews' Quay, Aberdeen.

# Shoe Leather

(*Continued from page 27*)

"I made the man at the flower shop at the corner buy them off me. And I paid the newsagent's account with the money. Ever so nice they were. Purple, and tied up with silver ribbon and two pearl pins as good as real. I kept the pins. There they are! Stuck on your pin-cushion."

Laura couldn't be exasperated for long; especially with Annie. And there, in fact, were the two pins on the dressing table! But when, as she drank her coffee, Annie said in her most conclusive tone, "Never judge a man neither by his vests or by his double chins!" Laura protested, "I'm still young, Annie. Even after everything that's happened, I still believe in love . . . and Annie," she said, suddenly grave and intent, and leaning foreward so that the tray slipped on her knees and was caught by Annie's gnarled deft hands, "I couldn't marry a man I didn't love—not for all the riches in the world."

"There's love *and* love," said Annie, "just as there's men *and* men! . . . And what's more," she said, leaning over Laura and putting her knife and fork into her hands as if she had been Marigold at the age of five! "what's more, there's riches and riches. Good riches. And bad riches. And now if I don't get on with my ironing that child won't have no blouse to-morrow morning to go to school—nor you no slip neither! . . ."

THERE'D been several young men who were in love, or half in love, with Laura since the end of her brief wretched marriage. But Paul Langtry was the only one who made her wonder sometimes whether her resolution never to re-marry was going to hold fast.

For Paul had something that was more than all his qualities added up together; more than his bronze faced, grey-eyed good looks; more than his vitality and sense of fun; more than his generous, light-hearted behaviour.

He had fascination . . . charm. . . . When he came into a room, the dullest person felt a little gayer; and all the inanimate things in the room somehow brightened up as if his presence were a sort of spring-cleaning. When Laura was with Paul, she got that spring-cleaned feeling at once. However hard a day she'd had—if the forewoman had been snappy, the other girls tiresome and grumbling, the customers exacting and capricious—once she was with Paul, she forgot it all and felt as if she'd spent a day in the open air. . . .

Paul came the next evening after Edward's visit, to take her out to dinner. When she came into the sitting-room, where he was waiting for her, he looked so handsome—and his evening waistcoat so impeccable *and* fitting him!—that she couldn't help contrasting him in her imagination with Edward! . . . and, again, it was this more-than-handsomeness in him, that charmed her, a sort of sparkle in his mood, a way he had of looking at you when one of his brown eyebrows peaked up higher than the other—and then delight at seeing you—always as if you were the one thing in the world he'd been hoping for!

His glance told her that she looked lovely this evening—Paul never paid obvious compliments. It was like him to sum up his whole eagerness and admiration in the phrase, "Now I'm going to enjoy myself!"

As they were going down to his car, he asked her if she'd got the orchids all right the day before . . . and it was so like him too, when she, rather apologetically, told him the story of Annie selling them to the shop at the corner, to burst out laughing.

"Annie doesn't mean to have her beloved eldest child spoiled," he said, and ordered his chauffeur to drive to a florist on their way to the restaurant, where he bought her a trail of gardenias to go on her white dress, and ordered three dozen red roses to be sent, by special delivery, to Annie!

At the restaurant he'd had the perfect table reserved for him—in a corner by the window, and with a view of the lit-up city—and away from the orchestra. And there was a menu, printed in silver, with "Laura" at the top, surrounded with a wreath of silver "laurels." Only Paul thought of absurd luxurious things like that.

During dinner he set out to amuse her, to make her laugh, and yet, every now and then, he would pause, and look at her with a sudden tenderness—and once, in the middle of one of his absurd anecdotes, he stopped, leaned across the little table, and took her hand—and then, as suddenly, let it go again.

Then, when they were having coffee, he said, "Laura. I've got three things I'm going to tell you."

He lit her cigarette, keeping his look on hers. Then he snapped out the flame of the lighter.

"Three things?" she said.

He smiled. "Isn't three a lucky number?"

"Perhaps," she said, her whole feminine awareness enchanted by him.

He put his elbows on the table, and leaned across close enough towards her for her to feel his nearness as something extraordinarily warm and radiant and magnetic.

"Firstly," he said, "I'm going on a trip around the world. I'm going to see all the beautiful and strange and exciting things; all the queer people, and the marvellous places just hidden round each turn of the globe, and waiting to be enjoyed.

"Secondly," he said, "I love you. I adore you . . . and I want you terribly, darling.

"Thirdly," he added, "I want you to marry me, and come with me."

Very few women, especially if they are young, and poor, and romantic, could feel altogether reasonable and calm, when the world is, almost literally, laid at their feet by a young man like Paul Langtry.

Laura didn't feel a bit reasonable. Her heart beat very fast, and she had a lovely glamorous sense of life beginning again.

And it was only a curious mistrust, not of Paul, but of her own intoxicated judgment, that made her say, her eyes looking into his, and her heart still beating so fast, "I'll tell you, Paul . . . in . . . three . . . days!" And she added, as he took her hand in his, "After all, three is a lucky number, isn't it?"

THE morning after the evening with Paul Langtry, Marigold was standing in the narrow lobby with her beret on the back of her head and her coat half-buttoned, waiting to start for school. She said, "Mother, I've got something very important to ask you."

"What is it? . . ." Laura was apt to be worried and hasty tempered at this hour

"Well . . . mother."

"Yes, dear."

". . . It's very . . . at least, it is rather important. . . ."

Laura was just going to make some rejoinder about being sure it's "importance" would wait, when she looked at the child, and was suddenly touched by the gravity of her expression, and the round sweetness and freshness of her face in the dull light of the hall. Laura put her hand on her shoulder.

"What is it, my darling?"

"Well . . . mother . . ."

"Go ahead."

Marigold took a deep breath and ducked her head as she often did at the beginning of a sentence. "Well, you see, it's *this*. You know I'm going to do that dance at the school party."

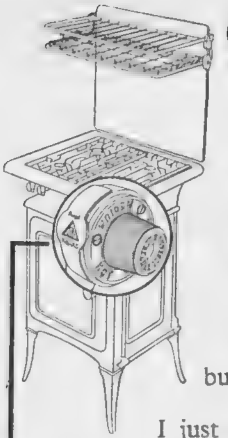
"Yes."

"Well," down went the head again, "well—of course all the girls are going to be in their very best—and so will I be . . . won't I? . . . 'cos I'll wear my white frilly organdie that you and Annie made last spring, won't I?"

"Yes, of course, darling."

"Well, mother," this time there was a very deep breath indeed,

(*Continued on page 108*)



# 9 in the 'Regulo' triangle and

# a 3-course breakfast ready in 15 minutes

"It sounds too good to be true, I know . . . but it isn't, really . . . it's easy when you know how! Take this morning's breakfast for instance. I just set number 9 in the 'Regulo' triangle, lighted the oven and popped in the porridge. When the oven was nicely warm, in went the whiting and the eggs and bacon; and in just fifteen minutes a breakfast—fit for a king—was perfectly cooked and ready to serve.

"Of course, John marvels how I manage it. I tell him to thank goodness for the New World Gas Cooker. ★

Reg'd.
9
REGULO

*The 'Regulo' is fitted on Radiation Cookers only. See the number in the triangle—the distinctive sign of the 'Regulo.'*

"If that's the case, says he, the more New World Cookers there are installed, the fewer will be the husbands who'll be wanting to leave home. Cynic? well, perhaps. But I think he's right all the same!"

★ The three features of the New World Gas Cooker are: (1) the **'Regulo' Oven Heat Control** which maintains the correct cooking temperature throughout the whole of the cooking time (2) the **Bottom Flue Outlet** which ensures a cooler zone in the lower part of the oven, and (3) the **Single Oven Burner** which keeps down gas consumption and saves your money and time.

A **Radiation** PRODUCT

# NEW WORLD

**REGULO**-*Controlled Porcelain-Enamelled*

**GAS COOKERS**

**SEE THEM AT YOUR GAS SHOWROOMS**

May we send you full particulars of the Regulo-Controlled New World Gas Cooker and Recipe Book—free and post free? If so, fill in and post this Coupon.

NAME ..............................................................

ADDRESS ..........................................................

..........................................................

To Radiation Ltd (Dept. S53/S)
164 Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4

# "Alkalize" Acid Indigestion

People everywhere are adopting this remarkable *NEW* way

I'M CERTAINLY GLAD Dr JONES TOLD ME ABOUT 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' TABLETS FOR MY ACID STOMACH

On all sides, people are learning that the way to gain almost incredibly quick relief, from stomach upsets arising from over-acidity, is to alkalize the stomach quickly with 'Milk of Magnesia.'

You take either two teaspoonfuls of the liquid 'Milk of Magnesia' after meals; or two 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets. Almost instantly "acid indigestion" goes: flatulence from hyper-acidity, "acid-headaches"—from over indulgence in food or smoking—and nausea are relieved. You feel like a new person; forget you have a stomach.

Try this amazing new way if you have any acid stomach upsets. And try it particularly, for quick relief. You will be surprised at the results. Get either the liquid preparation or the new 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets. They're delightful to take and you can carry them in your pocket or purse. Each tablet is equal to a teaspoonful of the liquid.

*Sold by all Chemists.*
'Milk of Magnesia' 1/3 and 2/6 (*Treble Size*)
Also 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets 6d., 1/-, 2/- and 3/6.

**'MILK OF MAGNESIA'** (Regd.)

*'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' Preparation of Magnesia.'*

*UNIQUE OPPORTUNITY!*

**UNFURNISHED FLAT**

**Golders Green, N.W.11**

**Completely Redecorated. Some Furnishings Left.** Sunny, self-contained second floor, overlooking pleasant gardens, separate tradesmen's entrance. 2 double, 1 single bedrooms. Large reception room, lovely bathroom, separate toilet, fitted kitchen, refrigerator, constant hot water. Rent £150 per annum. Lease 2 years 8 months to run. No redecorating clause.

**Write Box D.G.M., Britannia & Eve, 32/4 St. Bride Street, E.C.4**

**MRS. SHACKLETON**

has a great demand for Ladies', Gentlemen's and Children's Clothes, Furs, Jewellery, Linen, Oddments, Household Articles, Underwear, etc. Best prices possible given. All parcels answered by return. Ladies' waited on. Only Address—

**122 Richmond Road, Kingston-on-Thames**

*Tel.: Kingston 0707. Banker's reference.*

"the *only* thing is that my shoes, my dancing slippers that I've been wearing all term are so awfully worn out. . . . They do look so shabby—and the others have teased me about them already this term—and most of them have got new ones for the party specially, and as I'm going to dance, and as everybody will see my shoes, won't they?—do you think you would *please* buy a new pair?"

"Oh, but Marigold—and the pair you *got* were new at the beginning of this term—how *can* they be worn out?" And there'd been another special letter this morning for three payments—and a bill she'd forgotten all about, nine pounds for doctor's fees last year for the child.

Marigold's gaze was troubled and apologetic.

"Well, mother . . . the toes have got so *worn*!"

"Of course," Laura conceded.

Annie appeared from the kitchen and was waiting bundled in her time-honoured mackintosh, purple velvet hat, to take Marigold to school.

"And," persisted Marigold, feeling Laura's indecision, "and you see as I try *very* much, naturally I wear my shoes *very* much!"

This irresistible logic made Laura laugh—for a moment—but fifteen shillings—that last pair—and then, over everything else was the electricity bill, and there'd be the extra bill at the end of the term for her dinners. She said, sort of helplessly, telling herself that somehow she'd hit on some solution, "Well, darling . . . I'll think it over."

Marigold's eyes began smiling and then her lips and her funny little soft nose twitched with pleasure like a rabbit before a meal. "Oh, mother!" She threw her arms round Laura, and for Laura, worried, and strained from this eternal rushing-off in the mornings, there was something deliciously vital and carefree in the child's renewed gaiety and something, too, abruptly touching in the words that followed: "Oh, mother, that is a load off my mind." Babies that age shouldn't have loads on their minds, Laura thought!

Most women who go to work, take with them some little set of thoughts that they have recourse to during the day—to brighten and freshen their mood just as they whisk out their compacts and lipsticks. When they are young, these thoughts are likely to be about—some man, some moment, some cherished carefully-wrapped up little hope—in short, about love. . . .

When Laura had got up that morning she'd had a very special little packet of thoughts to take with her—a pretty enough set of little jewelled dreams—given her by Paul Langtry the night before. . . . She had even foreseen, as she dressed that morning, now, in her "odd moments," she'd get out this and that thought—and secretly flash it before her enchanted fancy. . . . There are a few men who give a girl the globe itself, sparkling in miniature, to take with her to work.

Then—came that little scene with Marigold.

And what Laura took to work wasn't her "dream package," mysteriously shimmering and flashing, but a solid lump of worry that seemed to get larger every time she looked at it.

For Laura realised—as the day went on, and the customers came in and out, and the forewoman scolded, and the other girls snapped and tittered and gossiped—that she wanted Marigold to have those shoes for the party more, much more, than she wanted anything or anybody. And that silly little pair of worn-out dancing slippers kept dancing across her mind and across her heart—until by the time she came home she had made up her mind to swallow her pride, and her independence—and to ask Paul Langtry to lend her the money to get those shoes.

After all, if he loved her. . . .

"YOU are going to get 'them,' are you, mother?" was Marigold's question before saying "Goodnight." "They started teasing me about my old ones again to-day, when we were rehearsing the dance but I told them that you were getting me a lovely new pair for the party."

Laura put her hand on the child's forehead and pushed back the curls. She said, "Of *course* you're going to have them, my darling."

IT was the "third day." She was waiting for Paul to come. He'd called up Annie and left a message that he was coming round about six o'clock.

She felt nervous, waiting. Like lots of independent people she hated "asking," even for things that might be easy to get.

And somehow because Paul was coming to hear if she was going to marry him made it worse. It seemed almost as if she were "bargaining"; saying "yes" so as to grab out for some money at once! It seemed sort of gold-digging even though it was only for such a small sum; and not even for herself. That's what independence does for a lot of women. They aren't so good at "grabbing" as the women who don't work; and think they have a right to everything.

Yet Laura kept telling herself that since Paul loved her, that he'd be bound to understand! Didn't loving anyone enough make you understand them? and feel with them? and see into those complicated and queer sensitive corners of their hearts that seemed to need odd things, like children's dancing slippers?

But for all her self-consolation she waited anxiously.

At last the bell rang.

She started up and went to the door herself before Annie could go. She opened the door—and started back.

"Oh . . . it's you . . ."

It was Edward; solid, pink-faced; with that same affectionate smile, the same grave glance. He said, "I've just come to stay a few minutes, my dear—I have to say good-bye to you."

She kept thinking of Paul; that he would arrive the same minute—she broke out, "Well! You might have *told* me you were coming."

Instead of replying he looked at her. But not resentfully—only with a long careful scrutiny—a loving but respectful intensity. Then he said, reasonably, "But I told you, my dear, I'm not 'coming,' I'm 'going.'" There was his funny little note of irony again. He added, "And I'm going now—I see you are expecting company." And with his unexpectedly quick glance at the two glasses beside the sherry bottle he added, "If you should want me, my office will always forward anything. I leave to-morrow night."

Then he went. He didn't even take her hand. He went abruptly, out of the sitting-room shutting the door after him. She heard Annie come out into the lobby to give him his overcoat. Poor Edward, she thought. So unromantic and square. . . . So stolid!

Yet somehow, though she'd certainly not been welcoming, the abruptness of his going out of the room startled her. For a second it left her with almost a sense of chill. . . .

But within five minutes the bell rang again.

This time it was Paul.

PAUL came in, vital, eager, charming, lighting up the little room by just being in it. He seized both her hands.

"*Well?*" he said. "Is my third day lucky?"

"I . . . I think so. . . ." She held back. Somehow, until she'd got this—this request explained she felt sort of unspontaneous. . . .

"You mean, 'Yes, of course, darling!'" He was entirely confident. There was something reassuring and exciting in this confidence of his.

"Don't you?" he repeated, putting his arms around her.

". . . Yes."

"Laura, darling," he bent to kiss her.

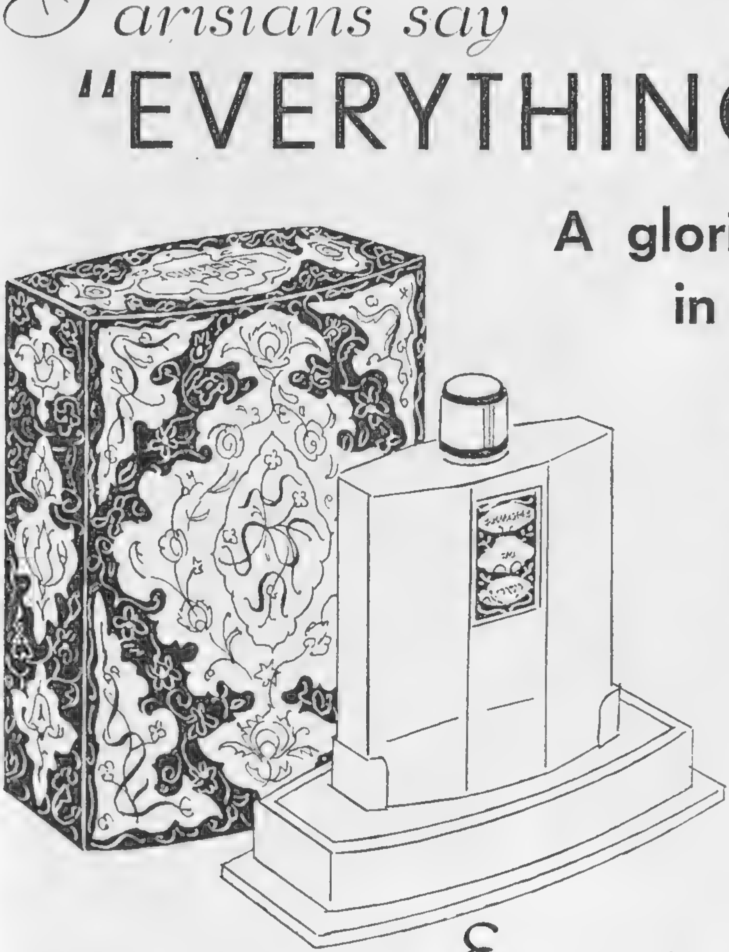
". . . only, Paul . . ."

(*Continued on page 110*)

# *Parisians say*

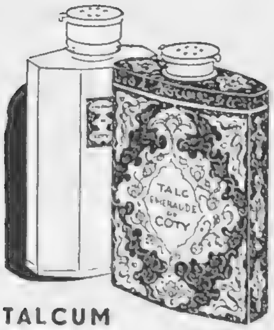
# "EVERYTHING TO MATCH"

## A glorious new perfume embodied in every single toilet accessory

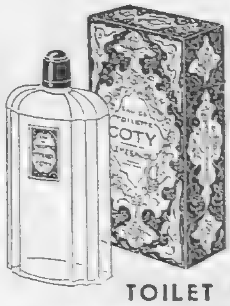


NOT content with creating *Emeraude*, most compellingly lovely masterpiece of the parfumeur's art, Coty have dedicated this exquisite fragrance to the enhancement of ten different toilet necessities which you use every day.

Coty



**TALCUM POWDER**



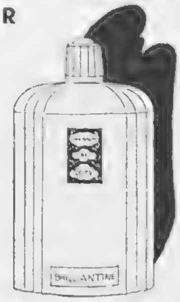
**TOILET WATER**

### *Emeraude* — WHICH BESTOWS ITS NAME AND FRAGRANCE on the WHOLE TOILET RANGE

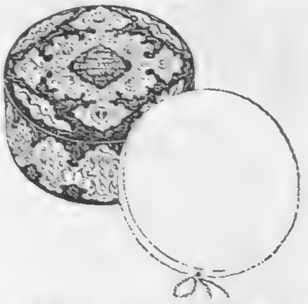
*Emeraude* has captured the dark disturbing fire which lies hidden in the heart of the emerald. This rich, sensuous, strangely individual perfume is appropriately packed in a box of oriental design, copied from the ancient manuscripts of Persia. *Emeraude* in cut-crystal bottle with gilt cap, costs one guinea. Smaller sizes at 15/6, 9/6, 6/6 and 3/9.

### RANGE OF COTY TOILET ACCESSORIES HARMONISED BY THE FRAGRANCE OF EMERAUDE

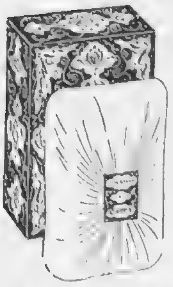
To emphasise the unity of the various items in the *Emeraude* toilet range, each has been packed in a box bearing the same rich Persian design as the perfume which gives its name.



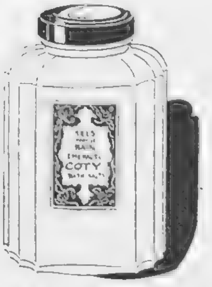
**BRILLIANTINE**



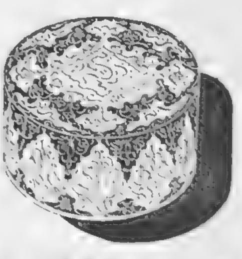
**BATH DUSTING POWDER**



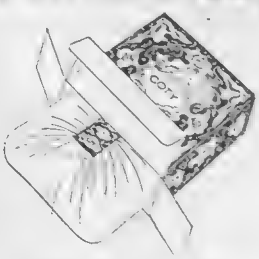
**BATH SOAP**



**"FEATHER" BATH SALTS**

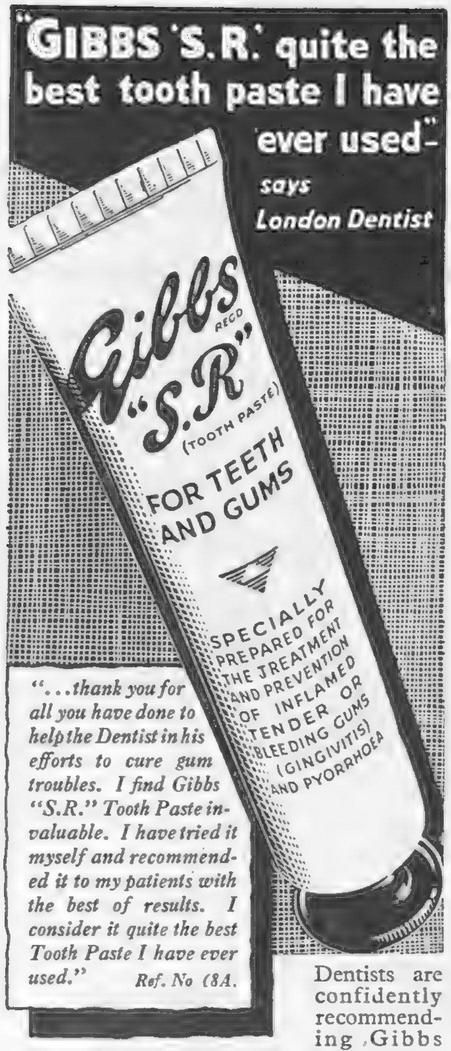


**"AIR SPUN" FACE POWDER**



**TOILET SOAP**

AT YOUR FAVOURITE SHOP, OR THE COTY SALON, 2 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON


Gibbs
"S.R"
(TOOTH PASTE)
FOR TEETH AND GUMS
SPECIALLY PREPARED FOR THE TREATMENT AND PREVENTION OF INFLAMED OR TENDER OR BLEEDING GUMS (GINGIVITIS) AND PYORRHOEA

"GIBBS 'S.R.' quite the best tooth paste I have ever used" says London Dentist

*"...thank you for all you have done to help the Dentist in his efforts to cure gum troubles. I find Gibbs "S.R." Tooth Paste invaluable. I have tried it myself and recommended it to my patients with the best of results. I consider it quite the best Tooth Paste I have ever used."* Ref. No (8A.

Dentists are confidently recommending Gibbs "S.R." Tooth Paste, secure in the knowledge that Gibbs "S.R." is an excellent tooth cleanser, polishing the teeth safely to sparkling whiteness, guarding the precious enamel, and eliminating risk of decay. And more than that. Gibbs "S.R." contains a specific which has long been used in the treatment of Pyorrhœa and Gingivitis, but which is only now available in a form suitable for daily home use. Ask your Dentist about Gibbs "S.R."

Gibbs "S.R."
(TOOTH PASTE) For Teeth and Gums
1/3 per tube of all Chemists
D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.1. GR36M

HOT ACHING FEET

Whenever your feet ache, sting, swell, or are sore, chafed, or feverish—use **Dr. Scholl's Massage Cream** for immediate relief. Invigorating, penetrating; soothes irritated nerves, sore muscles and aching joints; reduces inflammation and swelling; dispels foot odour. From all Chemists and Dr. Scholl's Depots. Price 6d. and 2/6 per jar.

Dr. Scholl's MASSAGE CREAM

He murmured, his voice so close that its sound was a caress, "*Now* what is it?" His look was half-smiling.

"Paul," she said, intoxicated, and yet so strangely, absurdly afraid to let this delicious intoxication overwhelm her conscience. She said, his arms about her, "Paul . . . I . . . have to ask you something."

"All right! Go ahead!"

She told him.

And when she'd told him, he caught her closer in his arms laughing and then kissing her lips in half laughing, half passionate enchantment . . .

". . . darling . . . darling. . . . Why the kid can have ten dozen pairs of slippers—we'll go right away to-morrow and buy them. . . ."

He grew suddenly grave, tender, impassionate. "Do you think anything in the world matters to me, Laura, now I'm sure of you? . . . now I know you belong to me. . . ." He added, "Now I'm going to confess something."

"What?"

"I bought a special licence—all ready—and we're going to be married in two days—and we're sailing next week."

"Next week?"

"Yes."

"But, Paul . . ."

He kissed her again.

"Why not, my sweet? If it's a matter of clothes, I'll get you everything you want in Paris."

"It isn't that . . ."

"What then?"—and there was the faintest note of impatience.

"It's that . . . that Marigold's school party is next week!"

"Well . . . what's that got to do with it?"

"Well, that means that I want to be there."

He said, "Darling sweetheart, there'll be a lot of Marigold's school parties you aren't going to be 'there' for, in the next two years!"

"*Paul!* Two *years!*" She started back, away from him. "Two years!" she repeated. And with a chill apprehensive feeling, she added, "But . . . you said six months. . . ."

For the first time she saw a glint of anger in his eyes, a slight but stubborn hardening of his mouth. "I may say six months, or I may say two years. That's not the point." Then as abruptly he was grave and tender and persuasive again. "Laura, my darling, d'you think when I love a woman, as I love you, that I don't want to make our honeymoon last as long as possible!"

"Yes . . . but Paul, you see . . ."

He took her hand and raised it to his lips, "What should I see?"

She hesitated. She took a deep breath. And then, as she spoke, she knew that she was taking the big risk of her life; for she was risking her great—perhaps her last—chance of romance, as her imagination and senses desired it. "You see," she said, very calm and grave and looking deep into his eyes. "You see, my dear . . . I *am* in love with you. I want, with so much of me . . . to come with you . . . to marry you . . . to do as you want. . . . But Paul," it was she who caught his hand now as he drew away, "you must *see* that there's *another* me, who isn't free to be romantic . . . and petted . . . and . . . in love. . . . Try and understand me dear . . . that I love Marigold too. . . . She's been the only thing in my life . . . the centre and reason for my existence . . . for eight years! She's got a part of my heart that I can never give to anyone else . . . and a claim on me, too, because she loves me back. . . . I'm so close to her not just because she's my child . . . but because we're friends . . . and she needs me. . . . How could I go for a whole two years? . . . Children change so quickly! In two years, I should have lost my little girl. . . . We'd be strangers . . ." Her voice faltered. She added, "Do you understand, Paul?"

Then she saw his face . . . hard, impatient . . . worse than impatient, utterly adamant, and in his voice, when he spoke, there was a tone with a cruel edge to it.

"I'm afraid I *don't* understand! When I want a woman and I ask her to marry me, I don't understand *anything* which prevents my taking my wife where I like!"

"But. . . . Paul . . ."

There was no softness now in the brown eyes, no charming flicker of a smile on his lips.

"You can hardly expect me to 'adapt' my plans on account of someone else's *child?*"

"But, Paul . . . it isn't that I wouldn't love you, *too*."

"I'm sorry, Laura. I don't care about marrying any woman unless she's prepared to love *only* me! *See?* and do what I say! and love me *first!* . . . And not to expect me to hang around while she spends the emotion that I've a right to on a kid that's better put in a school and darned well left there! *See?*"

Staring at his face, Laura moved instinctively away from him. Was this love? Was this the love and trust that meant understanding? . . . What she saw now in front of her was a man . . . who only understood one thing . . . which was that he had been cheated of what he counted—so easily! so charmingly!—on *getting!* A man whose desires had been cheated.

". . . do you *see?*" he repeated.

"I see," she said.

He turned on his heel; and went. But as he was at the door she cried out, in spite of herself, "Paul?" and saw him hesitate. But only for a second. And then go.

NEXT morning, Laura and Marigold were going through their usual scramble in the lobby—Laura listless and nervous, hardly caring whether she got to work or not. No packet of hopes, dreams, anticipations to take with her this morning—nothing but all the anxieties and misgivings for the future that she'd been going over and over in her mind all night. And somehow the worst bit of despair being about the child's party and that shabby pair of slippers.

"Mother?"

"Yes, darling."

"Mother—when will you be getting my shoes?"

Laura took up her gloves. What was the use now of keeping up the child's hope? It was only more cruel and just moral cowardice on her own part to go on deceiving her.

"Marigold?"

"Yes, mother?"—eagerly smiling.

"Marigold, darling. I'm afraid I've got something disappointing to tell you."

The gay face shadowed.

"Oh—what, mother?"

"Darling, I—I've been thinking very hard about—about practical matters and I find that I just can't possibly afford those new shoes."

"Oh!—but mother . . ." there were tears in the child's voice though she was blinking them back gallantly in her eyes. "Only, mother, you did promise!"

"Darling, it was wrong of me. I shouldn't have. But I believed I'd be able to manage it."

Marigold nodded, keeping her lips pressed together now to stop them trembling. She let Annie put her satchel over her arm, passively. Then she turned to go with Annie out of the door. Only when she was on the threshold she stopped, and for a moment looked timidly round at her mother and said,

"I—I think, if you don't mind, mother, I'd rather not go to the party."

"Oh, but, darling."

". . . you see, mother, I told them all I was getting those slippers. . . . And then if I was to have to explain. . . . You *do* understand, mother?"

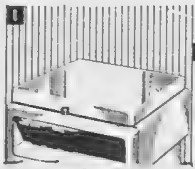
Laura turned away.

"Yes, my darling. . . . I do."

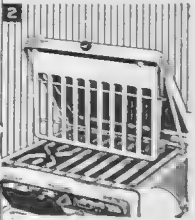
THE whole day was a nightmare for Laura. Somehow business was slack and there seemed to be hours and hours to sit about, only half attentive to what (*Continued on page 112*)

# *For* Better, Cleaner & Cheaper Cooking

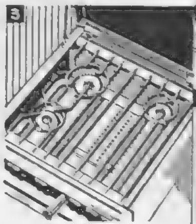
At last! The cooker the modern housewife has long been awaiting. Stream-line appearance . . . smooth, white porcelain exterior for easy cleaning . . . fold-down splash back and automatically disappearing plate-rack gives extra table-top in the kitchen . . . patent high-speed rustless-steel griller cuts down toasting time . . . improved quick-heating oven saves extra cost of gas . . . Flavelstat oven control . . . and a Registered Users' Plan which ensures an efficient after-sales service. The Flavel Kitchen Grand costs no more than an ordinary cooker. Visit your local gas showrooms to-day **or call or write for full particulars to Sidney Flavel & Co. Ltd., 38 Welbeck Street, London, W.1.**



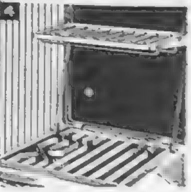
*1. Closed top forms extra table.*



*2. Raised it forms a splash back.*



*3. And reveals extra size hot-plate.*



*4. And folding plate-rack.*

## *The new* FLAVEL *Kitchen Grand* MODEL 37

FLAVELS
*of* LEAMINGTON
*Stove Makers since 1777*

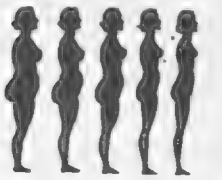
**ASK TO SEE IT AT YOUR GAS SHOWROOMS**
OR AT THE IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION, STAND No. 84

**Age 30...*but the* SCALES *say* 40**

A woman is as young as her figure. You may be 30 or less, but if you allow ugly, unnecessary fat to accumulate, you will look much more. Look around and you will see that it is the slim, youthful looking woman who gets on. For people, quite rightly, believe there is some relation between slimness and vitality. Fat, doctors say, is unnatural, a crippling burden that overloads the heart and liver and must be got rid of. And here is the easiest way to slim safely.

**SEE HOW EXCESS FAT GOES WHILE YOU EAT**

Between the first and the last figures there is 42 lbs. difference in weight; 42 lbs. of unhealthy, burdensome, figure-spoiling, unnecessary FAT! These figures show the progress of your slimming with Natex. It gets rid of fat, safely and surely, while you eat. We must say quite clearly that Natex is not a drug. It is a tonic slimming food that acts by re-invigorating the thyroid gland with the organic food it needs to help the absorption of fat. That is why Natex is the *sensible* and *natural* way to slim



**19 EDITRESSES OF WOMEN'S MAGAZINES RECOMMEND NATEX. THOUSANDS OF LETTERS FROM DELIGHTED USERS TESTIFY THAT NATEX:**

1. Loses Fat Reduces at the safe rate of 2-4 lbs. weekly.
2. Improves your looks. Keeps your complexion clear because it banishes poisons.
3. Increases your Vim. As you lose weight you gain vigour.

Why not start slimming with Natex right away? The sooner you start the sooner you will attain a younger, more graceful figure. And remember, the steady, gradual removal of fat is permanent. Get your first packet of Natex to-day, from Chemists and Health Food Stores **2/-, 5/6 and 9/6.**

**FREE** *The Truth about How to Slim and Stay Slim*

If you want further evidence of what Natex can do, send for free booklet. It tells exactly why Natex slims and gives the experience of women in all walks of life. Send 1½d. stamp or postage to Modern Health Products Ltd., 181 Natex House, 38 Langham Street London, W.1

**Natex** *Tonic* **SLIMMING FOOD**

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

**Removed by Electrolysis at home**

The Vandré Home Electrolysis Outfit now enables any lady to remove disfiguring hairs by the genuine Electrolysis process in privacy at home, saving pounds. The only known permanent way. Electrolysis removes each hair and root completely, without any discomfort, leaving the skin lovely; it has never failed. Indispensable to modern woman, and so simple a child could use it. Guaranteed. Complete with full instructions, £4.4.0, or 10/- monthly. Trial free. Illustrated particulars free in plain envelope.

**VANDRÉ LTD. (Dept. E.), 189, Pitt St., Glasgow**

the others were saying—to sit and think—to see Marigold's face with its rosy eagerness suddenly gone—to hear her grave, carefully controlled little voice—". . . . only, mother—you *promised* . . ."; to dread the evening when she would see the child again, and be afraid to meet that troubled gaze that tried so hard not to be reproachful. . . . And then, the other opposing, haunting theme, that kept coming back however much she tried to drive it from her. . . . Her love—that might have been . . . the sweetness of an embrace . . . the gay confident persuasive notes of Paul's voice.

Business was so slack that the forewoman told some of the girls, Laura among them, that they could go home early.

When she got back, Marigold hadn't come in yet from school. And Laura sat waiting for her; over and over again doing those sums in her head which she hoped each time "would come out," so as to prove that after all, there *was* going to be a little surplus cash this week! But they never did. Every sum, the electricity bill, the insurance, the overdue rent, above all those awful premiums, added to the same—and were more than she was going to be able to pay this week—*or* next week—or the week after.

SHE heard Annie and Marigold come in. She hadn't the heart to call the child in to see her. Then she heard Marigold's voice,

"Mother?"

"Yes, dear?"

There was no answer. Then the door handle clicked. "Come in, dear."

The door hardly opened. There was a chink. Laura repeated, trying to make her voice sound cheerful: "Come in, darling!" She saw the chink in the door widen. Then she heard a chuckle; subdued laughter; a faint scuffling. Then, through the lower half of the chink came a—a scarlet leather—toe—a slipper—a small, scarlet slipper on a small foot—now a white sock and a leg above it!

"Mother!!!" And now, higher up the door, coming round it like a puppet in a show—a flushed, laughing, radiant face. "Oh, *mother, look*!" And now the door banged wide open—and Marigold, in three pirouettes and a gale of laughter, was in the middle of the room—and Annie, purple velvet hat still crammed on her head stood in the doorway beaming right across her brown, stubborn old face!

"Well, M'am?" she said.

"*Well*, mother?" said Marigold.

And after another staring moment.

"Well!!!"—said Laura. And then, ". . . . but Marigold? But Annie?—how?—when?—where?—why? Has a miracle happened?"

"There's miracles *and* miracles," said Annie. Marigold's toes were twirling.

Laura turned to Annie. "Is the child mad? Are we all mad? Did you buy the shoes, Annie?"

"*Me* buy them? With all the bills there is to be paid, M'am?"

"Then *who?*" demanded Laura. "I don't understand—who gave them?"

"Who gave her the chicken broth for dinner?" said Annie with a deliberate grim humour. "Who fetched her every mid-day from school in a motor car? Gave her a dinner as if he was her father an' drove her back again?"

Marigold was swaying now, adept as any girl, pointing one toe and then the other in time to her little satisfied, little chuckling chant—". . . to-day was to be the last, love—ly dinner—there was brown potatoes, strawberries and cream . . ." here she perked her head on one side in mock-sorrow, now! "But I was too sa—ad to e—eat pretty nearly!"

"Gosh!" said Laura. It was dawning on her now.

"Gosh, indeed!" said Annie a little severely.

". . . . When I told him, he said 'What?—Why, just eat up your strawberries right away and we'll go out and buy some slippers to *match* them.'"

"He said *that*?"

"What?"

"About the strawberries matching?"

"Yes, he said 'Little girls should have scarlet strawberries and scarlet slippers whenever they feel inclined.'"

"Well," said Laura. She glanced at Annie. ". . . and I thought he had no imagination!"

"There's imagination *and* imagination," said Annie.

Marigold stopped still suddenly. "But when he left me back at school, he seemed awfully sad, mother. I asked him if he didn't want to go away; and he said, 'Here's my address and just you write if ever there's anything in the wide world you want.' But he made me promise not to tell—Only, of course, Annie *would* let on!"

Annie by this time was drawing herself up and taking the centre of the floor with the same air of grim and forceful disapproval with which Laura had once seen her receive the boy from the greengrocer when he brought her some inferior potatoes.

"It isn't often," said Annie, looking at Laura, "that I speak my mind . . ."

Laura felt more and more like the greengrocer's boy must have felt. She said hurriedly to Marigold, "Run in your own room, darling, and practice your dance there." Marigold sped off; a twinkle of scarlet toes, a banging door.

Annie crossed her arms. Laura fumbled for a cigarette; lit a match; dropped it before the cigarette was alight.

"But," said Annie, "when I see you just throwin' your best chance of happiness out of the windows as if it was a cabbage stalk!"—and then she broke out suddenly, her indignation getting the better of her, "*That Paul!*" she said. "That *good for* nothing!—and anyways now you haven't got neither of them! I knew he'd play you false—I knew that once it was a question of having you he wasn't going ter consider anybody else's feelings."

Laura interrupted, angry, hurt, bewildered. "But how do you know?"

Annie's reply was smug and sanctimonious. "There's times when its the duty of even the best of us to listen at the keyhole!"

"Oh!"

"Anyways," repeated Annie gloomily, "I daresay you're content now Mr. Williamson is gone. I daresay you're even wondering if that Paul won't be coming around again all the same."

As Annie spoke, something happened in Laura's mind. She saw two pictures; of two men. She saw Paul's face, as she had seen it in those last moments, before he went. And Edward—somehow not quite so staid as she'd always like to imagine him, but with that certain humour behind his strength, a funny elusive wit in his kindliness. The man who'd known her real heart better than she knew it herself. Who'd been capable of loving her child—and yet, deliberately avoided using that love to play on her feelings. A man who had imagination—and scrupulousness.

But Annie perhaps had fewer scruples. She considered Langtry's heart (much as she considered her kitchen) as something to be managed with the utmost efficiency and common sense.

So that now when Laura broke down and cried, Annie judging her moment, opened the door into the aforesaid kitchen, and called in Edward himself.

Then she left them.

WITHIN three minutes the front door-bell rang.

Annie, in a new frilled and festive apron opened it.

Paul Langtry was on the doorstep. He was carrying a florist's box as long as himself; and as elegant. He was almost ingratiating.

"Is your mistress in, Annie?"

"She is in, but she is engaged."

He was charmingly, smilingly insistent.

"Engaged?"

"Engaged," said Annie firmly, "to be married."

She slammed the door.

END

AT HER FINGER-TIPS

Like many of the fair sex who prefer a cork-tipped cigarette she smokes Player's Navy Cut because—Medium or Mild—It's *the Tobacco that Counts*

Player's Please

MEDIUM OR MILD

CORK TIPPED OR PLAIN · 10 FOR 6d 20 FOR 11½d

N.C.C.425.C

HORMONE CREAM

FOR THE REJUVENATION OF THE SKIN

The formation of new skin tissue is controlled by certain glands in the human system, and scientists have found that by the introduction of specific glandular extracts (Hormones) it is possible to stimulate the action of those glands, thereby accelerating the process of skin renewal.

Taking advantage of these facts, Leichner produced a cream which is now placed before you as Leichner Hormone Cream, which cream has the special function of stimulating the formation of new and perfect cellular tissues, which means nothing less than the rejuvenation of the skin.

The regular application of this cream will produce a decided improvement, relaxing tissues will tighten up, lines and wrinkles will be suppressed, and the freshness of the complexion revived.

**Leichner Hormone Cream**

is absolutely harmless and may be applied without fear of the slightest ill effects. It is a biological product of absolute purity; every detail of its preparation is under constant expert supervision.

*From all leading Stores and Chemists*

Per Jar 21/- and 12/6

LEICHNER
MAKE-UP & BEAUTY SERVICE
89, Regent Street, London, W.1.
Expert advice on any question of make-up or the care of the skin, free of charge.

LEICHNER

*Laboratories and Offices*

LEICHNER HOUSE, ACRE LANE, S.W.2

WANTED

Persons with average drawing ability to cater for increasing demands of textile trade. We offer a remunerative spare-time occupation to all prepared to study our requirements and carry out floral designs according to our suggestions. Write for prospectus of our individual postal tuition and SALES SERVICE, which enables you to increase your income long before the course is completed.

**"B" QUEENS STUDIO, 100a QUEENSWAY, W.2**

OVER 3,000,000 IN USE

Thor ELECTRIC WASHERS & IRONERS

THE HURLEY MACHINE COMPANY (ENG.) LTD.,
55/59 Oxford Street, London, W.1

# How to see Sweden

SWEDEN is some twelve hundred miles from tip to toe. A tidy length, indeed. Long enough for more than one change of scene. Even so, the variety of Sweden is simply astonishing; not content with scenic variation, the very race inhabiting the country changes as you move north! The Nordic blonde hair turns black; cheek bones widen and become prominent; full blue eyes narrow to brown Mogul slits. And all within the compass of a few hours' run in those fast, comfortable and exceedingly cheap express trains for which Sweden is famous. It can be imagined, then, what a paradise such a country is for the holiday-maker.

First of all, in the south province of Scania are to be found those unfailing attractions, sea and sunshine—the latter possessing a vigour surprising to newcomers. Inland is a wonderful array of old castles, culminating a little further north in that almost perfect example of the four-square moated type, Kalmar Castle. Kalmar has another distinction; for from there, one can go overnight to that strange place, Visby, on the Island of Gothland—relic of a forgotten twelfth-century walled city, amazingly well preserved. Once a great Hansa town, leader of the Hanseatic League, Visby is now a unique example of a medieval city by the sea. From Visby, another boat takes you in a few hours to Stockholm.

Of that beautiful capital of islands and bridges, it is scarcely necessary to speak. Or perhaps it would be more exact to say there is so much to be said that a few words are altogether insufficient to convey the spell which this "Northern Venice" casts upon all comers. Stockholm is equally remarkable as a storehouse of beauty; in its superb position built on its thirteen islands and in the excellent health given by its clear air; in architecture, in arts and crafts, in a magnificent blend of ancient and modern; in economy, comfort and matchless cuisine; and in the excursions it offers, nearby on Lake Malaren and the archipelago, and throughout the beautiful Swedish countryside which surrounds the city.

AS a centre for holidays further afield, Stockholm is also most convenient. You pass the province of Dalecarlia, where folk-tales are still to be heard and old costumes still to be seen on Sundays and festivals; through the mighty forests and over the roaring rivers of Angermanland; across the Arctic Circle in an electric train; for twenty-four hours you can thunder north in supreme comfort, and awake to a new world. Lapps in their red, blue and yellow costumes wait about a little chalet hotel on the banks of a deep blue lake; snow-capped mountains rear up almost from the hotel door and great antlered reindeer can be seen on the slopes. Lapland—yes, but still Sweden. As much Sweden, as spotlessly clean, as ready to talk English, as pleased to see you, as the food and the steamers and the people on that remarkable waterway further south which no traveller must miss—the Gota Canal.

Those three hundred and fifty miles of delight can be either the beginning or the end of a visit to Sweden; for the winding canals, the beautiful rivers, the blue lakes and the little stretch of archipelago, which comprise the Gota Canal, string out from Stockholm on the east coast to Gothenborg on the west. Literally, a sail *through* Sweden for three days. And a fine chance for a bad sailor to enjoy a cruise without the penalties so often attaching to one. Never was there a more restful, a more unique, or a more thorough method of getting to know a country.

IF, however, you do not wish to pass through Stockholm again, there is a railway branching west on your way back from Lapland, leading into the mountainous province of Jamtland. At Are or at Storlien, on this line, there are excellent hotels which you can make your headquarters for exploration. Finally, on the way home, you may break pleasant new ground by going through Dalecarlia to Varmland, and so in a few hours to Gothenborg. And Varmland, epitome of Sweden, quiet, old, very very beautiful, is no bad choice for a last look at the country. They call it Sweden-in-Little.

"Crocus" a statue in bronze by Tore Strindberg, on the waterside terrace of the Town Hall, at Stockholm

A Gota canal boat arriving at Vadstena

# "OUR NEW TRIPLEX TWENTY-TWO IS A MARVEL MY DEAR"

"H'm—what's that ? Oh, the new slow-combustion cooker. Well I must say it turns out a pretty meal."

"Yes. Mary is ever so pleased with it. She's delighted with the fine big oven and the large hot plate. Anyway, I'm glad *you* like it, dear."

"Like it? I've never tasted finer cooking in my life. And there's another thing I've noticed, bath water is more plentiful now."

"Yes, that *is* a blessing . . . So is the boiling hot water in the kitchen, Mary says."

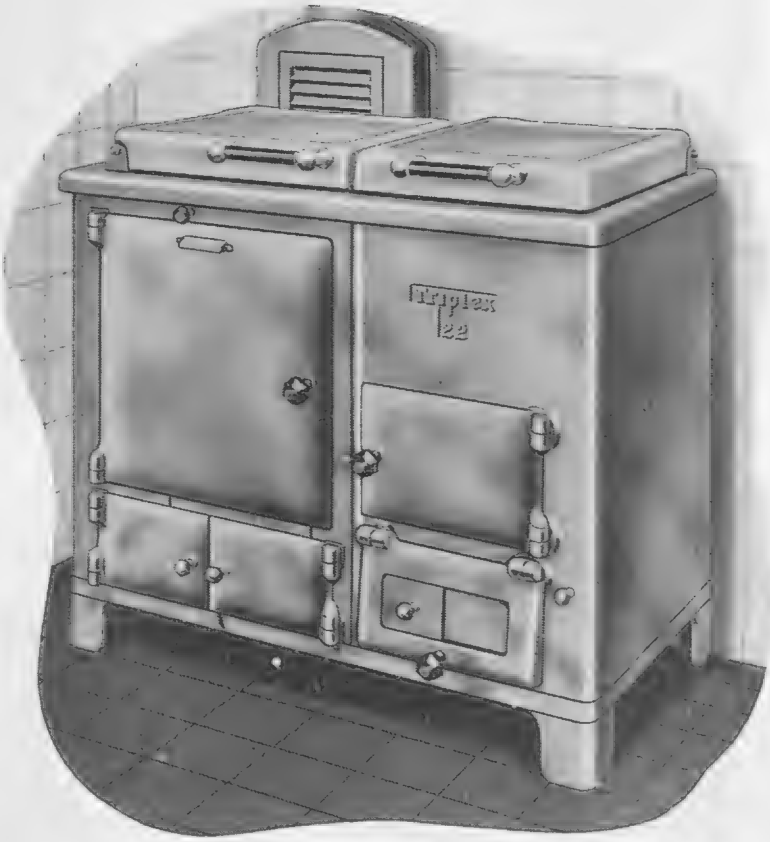
"What does this cooker burn, by the way ?"

"Coke or anthracite—we're using coke. And how much do you think we use for all the fine cooking you're praising ?"

"Tons, I should imagine."

"No, dear, just two stokings a day does everything—and another last thing at night gives us hot baths and a hot breakfast in the morning."

*THE NEW TRIPLEX '22' COOKER has a spacious oven, full-width hot plate and large plate warmer. It is effectively insulated to save heat wastage and equipped with a high pressure boiler which will maintain a 40-gallon hot water supply cylinder. Finished with the famous Triplex easy-to-clean Porcelain Enamel, it is offered in 4 modern shades : Mottled Grey or Green, Shaded Green or Brown.*



**Write for special catalogue and details of our Simple Hire Purchase Terms.**

**TRIPLEX FOUNDRY**
**LTD.**
**GREAT BRIDGE, STAFFS.**

*Showrooms :*

**London : 12 Newman Street, W.1**
**Birmingham : 508 Moseley Road.**
**Manchester : 33 Princess Street.**
**Liverpool : 22 Richmond Street, Williamson Square.**

# The New TRIPLEX "22" COOKER

## For the Larger House

5

There's Danger in your larder

**FREE!** Test your larder's safety for yourself. A Guaranteed Food Safety Thermometer will be delivered free for use in your home if you fill in and post the coupon included in this advertisement.

DANGER
50°
ZONE
SAFETY
ZONE
FREEZING
ZONE
FOOD SAFETY THERMOMETER
Guaranteed by the British Electrical Development Assoc

Is your larder's temperature below 50°F. today? Almost certainly it is not. Yet official tests prove that dangerous germs multiply enormously in food kept at anything over 50°F.—hence "tummy upsets" and other family ills.

Test your larder's safety for yourself with a Food Safety Thermometer guaranteed by the British Electrical Development Association, offered FREE for use in your own home (see coupon below). If you find that the temperature in your larder is too high for food safety, your safeguard is an *electric* refrigerator—they are the only refrigerators that have the Food Safety Thermometer as part of their standard equipment.

It's not enough just to *hope* a refrigerator is cold enough—with an *electric* refrigerator you *know* it is—the Guaranteed Thermometer tells you so at a glance, and then you know your family is safe from "food upsets." But remember, it is *only electric* refrigerators that give you this splendid safeguard.

CHEAPEST to buy
YOURS FOR 1d A DAY
(per person in the average family)
—and CHEAPEST to run

for Size & Safety use an

ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR

All these leading makes of *Electric* Refrigerators contain a Guaranteed Food Safety Thermometer as part of their standard equipment—

**COLDAIR · ALBA · CROSLEY · FRIGIDAIRE · "H.M.V" · WESTINGHOUSE**
**KELVINATOR · MOFFAT · PRESTCOLD · STERNETTE · COLDSPOT · B.T-H**

**FREE!** Please send me, FREE AND DELIVERED FREE, a Guaranteed Food Safety Thermometer to test the food safety of my larder and kitchen.

Cut out this voucher and post it (½d. stamp—unsealed envelope) to Dept. "A," The British Electrical Development Association, 2 Savoy Hill, London, W.C.2.

Name . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

Address . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

## Eight Hours

(*Continued from page 21*)

opened wide. He remembered all three of them. During prohibition days they made champagne and whisky out of almost anything they had at hand. They'd sold cider, a little alcohol and soda water as champagne.

"I don't like Spivildi and those other two," Mark said.

"They're no bargains but you can't laugh them off, boss." Chuck was a little anxious. "They mean business. They say we gotta buy more of that Glen Ayr or else."

"Or else what?" Mark's voice was cold.

"Just—or else," Chuck said miserably.

"Well, Chuck, we've heard that kind of talk before. Don't those guys know the racket days are over? We're legitimate now."

"But they ain't, boss," Chuck said. "Listen, boss, you heard about the *Club Français* closing up last week? They weren't using much Glen Ayr whisky either. Yeah, one night there was a fire in the kitchen. The next night the waiters went on strike. The third night someone dropped one of those nice smelly bombs in the place. The fourth night someone sprinkled acid on those velvet walls of the place."

"So Spivildi is like that?"

"Spivildi is like that," Chuck snorted. "You know Delaney's on East 48th Street. Well, Delaney closed up three nights ago. He had a nice place too."

"Delaney is a nice fellow?"

"Delaney is broke," Chuck said dryly. "They killed his place in two weeks. He thought the racket days were over too."

"So Spivildi is like that?"

Chuck nodded. "Yeah, Delaney didn't like that Glen Ayr whisky either. Spivildi has all the cheaper places lined up and now he's going after the high-class places."

"Hasn't he heard about Dewey? Doesn't he know rackets are dead in New York?" Mark was annoyed. "Doesn't he know that Schultz is dead and that Luciano is in jail?"

"Yeah, he knows all that," Chuck said softly, "and he thinks he's the new big shot around town. He's selling over a thousand cases of cut Glen Ayr a week. I figure it's about at least fifteen dollars a case profit. That makes fifteen grand a week the three of them, Spivildi, Calvo and Raiss split. That ain't hay, boss."

Mark nodded. "I wouldn't feed it to a horse." He looked thoughtful. "Well, Chuck, we'll see Spivildi to-night and we'll see Calvo and Raiss."

Chuck nodded happily. Sometimes he and Big Mack wondered if the boss wasn't getting a little soft. Yeah, ever since he'd married that good-looking dark girl he'd been a little different. Sometimes he let people take advantage of him, Chuck thought. People who had ought to get slugged in their teeth. But now the boss seemed real upset.

The car purring quietly drew up in front of the green-and-white *marquee*, with the Club Hundred standing out small but in bold relief.

Mark walked into the lobby of the club and a girl hurried to help him off with his coat. He turned to Chuck. "Get Spivildi on the phone for me, Chuck."

He turned to a mirror to adjust his tie. He took a cigarette out of a gold case and gazed for a moment at the case. Dora had given him that. He looked at the engraving inside. "Have a smoke with me, darling," it read.

He turned to the booth when Chuck said: "Here he is, boss."

Spivildi's voice was full of delighted surprise. "Why, Mark, are you okay?"

Mark winced a little but with his voice full of friendliness said: "Joe, maybe you and I can make a deal on that Glen Ayr Scotch. What are you getting for it now?"

Spivildi hesitated. "We're getting twenty-five dollars a case. You can't get good Scotch for that anywhere in the city, Mark. If you use enough of it maybe we cut the price, hey? Suppose you was to make it your bar Scotch?"

"Let's talk it over." Mark lowered his voice to the right confidential pitch. "I'm always willing to make a dollar, Joe."

There was delight in Spivildi's voice. "Mark, I knew you'd fall in . . . I knew you'd be glad to listen to a proposition."

"Bring your partners over," Mark said casually. "We'll cut up a bottle or two of grape and see what's what."

"About two? Good, Mark. Okay, up in your office."

Mark hung up grimly. Spivildi and his mob had brought in a new kind of racket. The price of good Scotch whisky was high. By cutting good Scotch they could undersell the legitimate concerns. Mark hummed softly under his breath; this promised to be an interesting evening. He walked into the main room of the club.

It was comfortably filled with men and women in evening dress. Mark couldn't but feel a great thrill of satisfaction as he looked about the room. The walls were mirrored and framed with rich black velvet. On the silver ceiling there were murals painted by El Dorenzo. They had cost him thirty thousand dollars Mark reflected. His feet sank into heavy black carpet and his eyes warmed as they gazed on the ebony chairs, each one covered with red morocco leather. There were four hundred of them and each one cost one hundred dollars. Mark walked past the circular bar with its pyramided glass shelves which contained every known type of drink. No one had ever asked for a liqueur or a cocktail in vain.

There was no known drink that wasn't behind that bar. If one wanted Kümmel, the bartender could ask: "Dutch, Polish, French or Russian Kümmel?" If one wanted the Turkish drink Racki, or the Pisco Punch of Chile, it could be had. Prunella, the French cordial and the Italian Fior d'Alpe were standing in bottles waiting to be asked for, as was the Swedish drink Aquavit and the Scotch Drambuie. They were all there in neatly pyramided bottles and as he walked past Mark felt a thrill of pride. It was, he reflected, the best equipped bar in the world. He shuddered at the thought of allowing Glen Ayr whisky back at that bar.

Mark walked to the back and then through the kitchen. He noted the orderly confusion and the activity of the kitchen help with satisfaction. He had picked every man there. He had the best chefs that money could buy. He nodded to each one. The head chef said: "Boss, we got an order to-night we couldn't fill."

Mark frowned. "What was it?"

"Stone crabs." The chef waved his hands despairingly. "You get stone crabs only in Florida. There are none in New York. No one serves them."

Chuck had been following Mark, a shadow waiting for Mark's word to bring him to life.

"Chuck," Mark called sharply. "Tell Miss Matthews to arrange for stone crabs to be flown up from Florida fresh every day. Tell the press agent and the advertising man about it. We'll give them stone crabs if they want them."

"Okay, boss." Chuck made a mental note. He never forgot things that Mark told him to do. Mark's words always burned into his consciousness and stayed there.

Mark walked up the one flight of stairs that led to his office. It was severely furnished. The walls were panelled and the huge desk behind which he sat was stern oak. On the desk were typewritten reports. The name of everyone who was downstairs at the moment was listed. The receipts from the luncheon business and the dinner business were there.

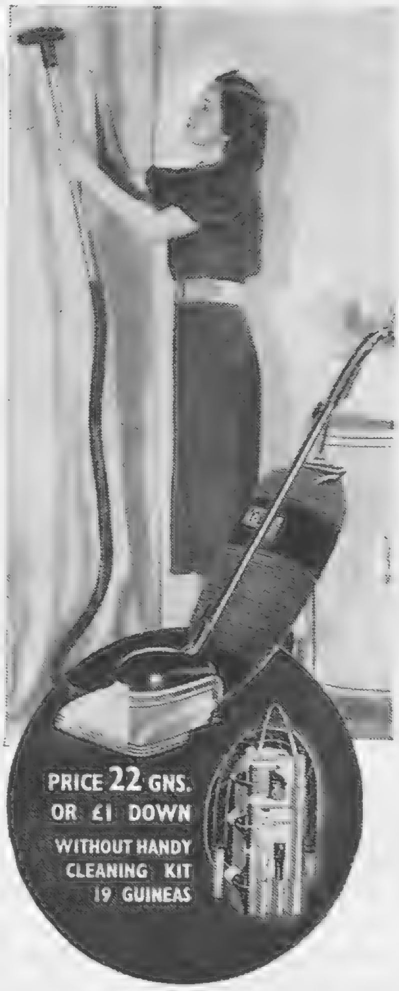
There were three phones on Mark's desk. One led directly to the lobby, another to the kitchen and the third to a central switchboard in an adjoining office. He picked up the third.

"Get me George Delaney who owned that place on 48th Street. Get me Raoul Lapiere who owned that *Club Français*. Try their places and their homes and the spots around town. Tell them to be here sharp at one. It's important tell them. I got a good proposition for them."

(*Continued on page* 118)

*From this — to this in a jiffy!*

**WITHOUT EVEN STOPPING THE MOTOR!**



**PRICE 22 GNS. OR £1 DOWN**
**WITHOUT HANDY CLEANING KIT 19 GUINEAS**

It's new—it's modern—it's by Hoover! The very latest development in electric cleaners—the Cleaning Ensemble! There are no two ways about it—it just makes electric cleaning twice as useful and helpful as before. It's the very first time that any electric cleaner has been able to *beat*, sweep and clean your carpets *and* then, in a jiffy, without even stopping the motor, do all your above-the-floor cleaning equally thoroughly. There are hosts of other practical and helpful improvements that are fully described and illustrated in the booklet which will be sent you free. It's especially important to read this booklet now, before you spring-clean. Send off the coupon now, before you forget, and read all the exciting news about this new Hoover "Cleaning Ensemble."

**THERE IS A HOOVER AT A PRICE FOR EVERY POCKET**

*The* **HOOVER**
REGISTERED TRADE MARK
*It* **BEATS** . . . *as it Sweeps* . . . *as it Cleans*

*By Appointment to the late King George V.*

TO HOOVER LIMITED, DEPT. B E.5, PERIVALE, GREENFORD, MIDDX.
*Please send me without obligation your illustrated booklet on the Hoover Cleaning "Ensemble."*

*NAME* ..................................................

*ADDRESS* ..................................................

..................................................

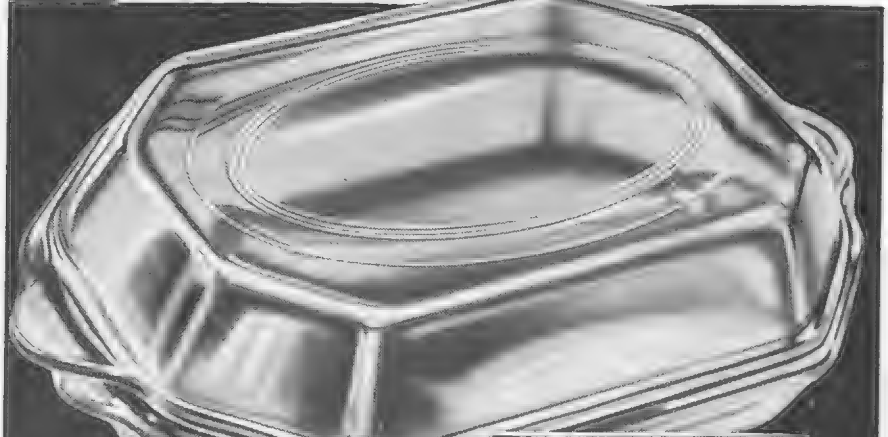
YOUR OLD CLEANER IN PART EXCHANGE

*By Appointment to the Prince of Wales* [illegible]

'Ah Madam!

THE OVEN-PROOF GLASS FOR COOKING WHICH IS CLEAR and STAYS CLEAR is called

PHOENIX'



CLEAR and stays CLEAR

IT'S MADE IN SUCH ATTRACTIVE NEW SHAPES TOO — PHOENIX IS LOVELY AND USEFUL

**PHOENIX** is the newest oven-proof glassware and embodies many improvements. It is absolutely clear glassware which remains clear. You can cook in Phoenix over and over again—casserole, bake, stew, etc.—without dulling or tarnishing it. Phoenix is exceptionally strong and is made in a variety of new shapes. Many dishes have covers and bases which, used separately, make two out of one.

*Phoenix glassware is moderately priced and guaranteed 12 months against oven breakage.*

PHOENIX

REGD. TRADE MARK

THE CLEAREST GLASS OVEN-WARE

*'That's what you want Madam!'*

***Write for attractive Recipe Book covering the whole art of cookery in glass and the serving of food straight from oven to table:*** The British Heat Resisting Glass Ltd., Lodge Road, Birmingham.

He hung up the phone confident that Miss Matilda Matthews would find both men. Plump, middle-aged, Matilda Matthews was, he reflected, the best secretary in the world. She was the only secretary in New York whose day began at ten in the evening and ended at five in the morning.

"Chuck, you listening?"

"I'm always listening, boss."

"Spivildi, Raiss and Calvo will be here at two. Before that have two bottles of champagne up here iced. Have some of those little sandwiches too."

"Are you going to feed these guys or slug them?" Chuck asked in dismay.

"Both," Mark said sharply. "But in a different way. After you bring them up here you breeze."

"I breeze," Chuck nodded.

"You and Big Mack stay outside of the door listening. When I call you bust in here. No rough stuff but maybe you better have a convincer in your hand, just in case."

Chuck nodded happily. This was language he understood. He'd been brought up on this kind of language.

"It's like old times, boss," he said ecstatically.

"Remember we're running a legitimate business," Mark said sharply. "There are four or five hundred nice people downstairs. Remember that."

Chuck left grinning. The boss was himself again. He wasn't a guy to let heels like Spivildi scare him. Life was good again to Chuck.

Mark opened the top drawer of his desk, and pulled out a large framed picture of Dora and the baby. It had been taken when the child was a year old. He looked at the picture and his lips moved wordlessly. Soon he'd get out of this business. Already he was worth more than a million dollars. It would be two million in another year. Then he and Dora and the youngster would travel. They'd see all of the places he had wanted to see when he was a kid.

His money was all in bonds that couldn't fail. Except, that is, for the cash he carried in his pocket. He always carried forty or fifty thousand dollars in cash with him in ten-thousand-dollar bills. No one could steal a ten-thousand-dollar bill. You couldn't walk in casually to a bank and ask for change for a ten-thousand-dollar bill. Not a race track or gambling house in the country would accept a ten-thousand-dollar bill without knowing from whom it came. Besides his initials in red ink were on every bill. Safe? Safer than putting it in a bank. Yes, a stolen ten-thousand-dollar bill was a very hot package. It was like a ferris wheel or a steam roller. Suppose you did steal one. What would you do with it? From downstairs the monotone of the rumba band playing *Mama Inez* drifted into the office.

He pressed the button for Miss Matthews. For an hour they worked together. He discovered that the club was selling fifty cases of one brand of Scotch whisky every week. "Tell those people we do a lot of business for them. Tell them to cut their price four dollars a case or we'll stop pushing their product." Miss Matthews handed him four menus from the only four night clubs and restaurants in New York which he considered as competition. "Anything new on any of them?"

She nodded. "The Savoy is featuring what they call veal birds. That's all in New York, but the Gladstone in Chicago is doing well with conch salad with a lime juice dressing. It's a great novelty. But you can only get those conchs in places like Miami and Key West and a few other parts of Florida."

"All right. When you arrange to have the stone crabs flown up, arrange to get the conchs too. That all?"

She nodded.

Now he had to mingle with the people downstairs. He wasn't conceited; he was slightly puzzled by the fact that people, big people, liked to have him sit with them. They liked to talk to him and to listen to him. The rumba orchestra had been replaced by a swing band. Mark looked around the room and answered a dozen greetings.

"The rope is up, boss," a captain told him.

"Only let the regulars in. Place doesn't look good too crowded."

He sat for a while with a Hollywood director; he chatted with the current ruling moving-picture queen; he bought a bottle of champagne for a Supreme Court judge. He talked easily and he had the knack of listening eagerly. He was thinking of how he would handle Spivildi but Mrs. Johnston Jackson, wealthy, social, thought that he was intent on hearing more about her daughter's progress in school. A senator said to him earnestly: "Of course, I usually support the administration but there are times when I find it difficult," and though his eyes seemed full of interest Mark was really seeing Dora as she had been when he had left her.

Finally he had stopped at every table at which he was expected to stop. A little weary he walked up to his office.

Chuck came in with a waiter and placed two buckets of ice with champagne imbedded in it on a table near the desk. The waiter put a large platter of small sandwiches, caviare, smoked turkey and Prague ham on the table. Finally, the phone rang.

"Mr. Delaney and Mr. Lapiere are here."

"Send them up." He turned to Miss Matthews. "One more thing. Spivildi, Raiss and Calvo will be here soon. I'll talk to them for maybe fifteen minutes. Then I'll call you. When I do that, come in and . . ."

Quickly, tersely, he talked and the pleasant face of the secretary never changed. "Got it?"

"Of course, Mr. King." She nodded and left.

Delaney was a tall, rawboned Irishman whom Mark had known in the old days. Lapiere had once worked as a captain in Mark's place. He had saved his money and had opened the *Club Français*, an expensive but excellent restaurant with a bar that had attained immediate popularity.

They stood in front of his desk, a little puzzled.

"I know both of you have had some tough breaks lately. Delaney, did they force you to close, because you wouldn't sell Glen Ayr?"

The Irishman flushed. "I wouldn't sell that rat poison they wanted me to sell. Yet, Mark, I can't prove it was them that closed me up. All I know is that a lot of things started to happen—all bad. I owed a few bills. They were called in and I had to pay quick. A couple of bombs—what the papers call stench bombs—dropped in the place one night. Then three customers got ptomaine poisoning bad and sued me. Even my own lawyer advised me to settle out of court. And so help me, I run the cleanest kitchen—beggin' your pardon, Mark—in New York. One thing happened after another and all of a sudden I'm in there at night feedin' the waiters. There's nobody else in the joint. If I could prove it was Spivildi I'd kill him."

"And I, Mr. King." Lapiere, slim, debonair. "Good food and good liquor to me are a religion. They told me to use Glen Ayr as my bar Scotch. I say: 'You are crazee,' and the next night I find my velvet hangings all over acid."

"They're after me now, too," Mark told them. "I don't like Spivildi. He and his two partners are coming here soon. You will be in the office next to this listening to what they say. When I call you, you'll come in here. You won't get rough. My men will take care of any rough stuff."

The Frenchman nodded gravely. Delaney growled. "I don't like it."

"Maybe you can open up again, Delaney. Maybe I can find the money to help you get started. That goes for you too, Lapiere—but remember I'm giving orders."

Mark was tight-lipped now and his face was bloodless. Dark, angry glints kept flashing in his eyes.

Delaney shrugged. "You're the boss, Mark."

The phone rang. (*Continued on page* 120)

What a lovely clear skin he has!

★ Yet a short while ago baby was tormented and disfigured by itching, scaly, ECZEMA

**Cuticura Ointment soothes the angriest rash—stops the itching of ECZEMA**

Mother, you long to see baby free from that terrible irritation; to see that disfiguring eruption heal and disappear. Start using Cuticura Brand Ointment and you will soon have visible proof of its amazing healing power. The moment Cuticura touches baby's tormented skin, irritation and itching stop.

Healing starts with the very first application of Cuticura Ointment, and soon the skin is clean and healthy. For clean, safe healing of all baby's skin troubles—for sure protection against septic germs—there's nothing more reliable than Cuticura Ointment.

Bath baby with *Cuticura Soap*. Its mildly antiseptic action keeps his tender skin thoroughly clean and healthy. After the bath, dust him all over with Cuticura Talcum. It prevents chafing and irritation, keeps him delightfully sweet and cool.

*Sold by all Chemists and Stores*

Cuticura BRAND OINTMENT FOR BABY

AUTOMATIC FOLDING

TO be able to fold and pack . . . in one operation . . . twelve dresses . . . in three minutes . . . into a case hardly larger than a hatbox . . . *What a perfectly marvellous idea!*

The
TRAVEL WARDROBE
HARDLY LARGER
THAN A HATBOX

REV-ROBE
LADIES' MODEL

12 DRESSES folded and packed IN 3 MINUTES

AT ALL STORES AND LUGGAGE DEALERS &

REVELATION SUITCASE Co. Ltd.,
170 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1
*(Agents for Revelation Supplies, Ltd.)*

NO CREASING

*a product of*

REVELATION

MAKERS OF THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS SUITCASE

"Mr. Spivildi and a party of gentlemen are here, Mr. King."

Mark smiled a little at that "party of gentlemen." He said: "Have Chuck bring them up." He turned to Delaney and Lapiere. "Go in there. You'll find chairs. You can hear everything we say, but don't come in until I give you the order."

They went into the next office and Miss Matthews looked up with mild interest. Mark shut the door, then tilted the transom open an inch.

Alone for a moment he considered how best to handle Spivildi. His mind raced quickly, efficiently; almost automatically he planned. Just before the door opened he snatched the picture of Dora and the baby from the desk and put it into a drawer.

"How are you Joe?" Mark's smile was full of friendliness. He stuck out his hand.

Spivildi was short and stocky and he had huge hands. His fat mouth smiled and his jowls shook a little but his eyes didn't smile. They were wary and they were quick and black. Joe Spivildi wasn't pretty to look at. His cheeks and chin looked as though they had been splattered slightly with ink. The darkness of his face was relieved by the vivid pinkness of his shirt and the bright green of his tie.

"It is good to see you, Mark. Say, I ain't seen you since the days of the Hush Club back in '30. You travel a long way since then, hey, Mark? From the west side to Park Avenue in one generation, hey?"

"Sure. It's just as easy to make it now as it was in those days, Joe."

"You know Mario Calvo?" Mark shook hands with Calvo. Calvo's eyes were two dull lustreless grapes set in a pasty face that looked dead. He nodded curtly to Mark.

"And my frien' Johnny Raiss," Mark smiled a greeting to Raiss. Raiss looked cold, bloodless as though years of dangerous living had sapped the warmth and emotion from his body. He had thin hands that were never still though the rest of him never seemed to move.

"What's on your mind, King?" His voice sounded as though he gargled with gravel.

"Nothing is ever on my mind until I have a drink on my stomach." Mark laughed. "Chuck, open a bottle and don't make too much noise."

"I love the grape." Spivildi's eyes glistened. He had a huge head and his shoulders seemed slightly stooped from carrying the weight of it.

Chuck filled the glasses and they all drank. "Chuck, breeze!" Mark said. "We want to be alone. Don't let anyone disturb us."

"Not bad." Spivildi smacked his lips appreciatively.

"I like wine," Mark said easily. "That Glen Ayr Scotch of yours may be good but for me, I like wine."

There was a silence for a moment. "What do you mean, Mark—'May be good'? It *is* good. It is good to sell. We can give you such a good price, Mark, and everyone in town is buying it." Spivildi's eyes hardened.

"If they all buy it, well that's good enough for me, Joe." Mark suddenly turned toward Spivildi. "You know how I operate. I never bother with someone else's racket. I have my own. Now, I don't care what you do with Glen Ayr as long as it don't bother my business. That's fair, hey Joe? But naturally, I want to know all about it first. Just for my own protection. Talk, Joe, and if it sounds good, there's no reason why I shouldn't do a lot of business with you."

Spivildi smiled and nodded. That sounded reasonable. "It's like this, Mark. I got the agency here for Glen Ayr Scotch. It's a good Scotch."

Mark nodded and refilled the glasses. "So listen, Mark, one Scotch is like another. People who drink these days don't know the difference. I pay twenty dollars a case for Glen Ayr in Scotland. All right, I sell it to you at twenty-two dollars a case. Now, maybe I do a little something to the Scotch. Maybe, I get a few bottles that look like Glen Ayr bottles and maybe I print a few labels like we used to. Maybe I cut the Scotch a little. Who knows the difference?" He shrugged his shoulders expansively. "Not the dopes who stand at a bar and say: 'Gimme a Scotch and soda.'"

"Get down to business," Raiss growled.

"You sell more Scotch whisky over your bar than any place in New York," Spivildi went on. "More I guess than any place in the country, hey Mark?"

Mark nodded.

"When people ask your bartenders for Scotch, what do you give them? You give them some very expensive whisky. So listen, Mark. They don't know the difference. Suppose when people say: 'Gimme a Scotch and soda,' your bartenders was always to give them Glen Ayr Scotch. At least fifty cases a week is sold at your bar—maybe more. In getting Glen Ayr from us cheap you could make a good profit on that. You pay thirty-six and thirty-eight dollars a case for that expensive Scotch you use as a bar whisky. So a drink is seventy-five cents at your bar. On a drink of that Scotch you make a profit of maybe fifty cents. On a drink of Glen Ayr you would make a profit of seventy cents."

Raiss looked up suddenly. "What is that noise?" His right hand travelled up to his left armpit.

Mark laughed. "That's my air cooling. It isn't working right. Sounds good, Joe. Now, between ourselves, how is the whisky?"

Joe spread out his palm upward. "Like I was talking to my own mother, Mark, I promise you it won't kill no one. It tastes like any Scotch. I learned some tricks, Mark, in them old days."

"We'd better put you down for seventy-five cases a week," Calvo broke in.

Calvo looked like a man who has just been embalmed and who isn't satisfied with the job.

"King runs the best bar in New York," Raiss's voice was toneless. "He should sell a hundred cases a week."

Spivildi's small eyes glistened. "It would help your business, Mark," he said softly.

Mark waved a careless hand. "I'll go along, boys. We can arrange the details later. I'll find out just how much whisky we sell over the bar and take that much a week from you. Is that fair enough?"

The long fingers of Johnny Raiss stopped fidgeting with the wine glass. A slight grimace that was almost a smile flitted across Calvo's face. Spivildi's whole body shook with friendliness.

"Fine," Spivildi rubbed his fat hands together. "We all make money now. And it's legal too—well, it's almost legal. It's like that gun Johnny Raiss always carries. Mark, this will hand you a laugh. Johnny has a permit to carry that gun. So we're all legal, hey Mark? Yeah he got it from Judge Minton. He told the judge that his mother was afraid of burglars so he wanted a gun."

Mark joined in the laughter. "But he doesn't need a gun these days. How about those little bombs and starting strikes in places and maybe having someone fake getting poisoned by food with a phoney doctor giving a certificate? That's much better than using guns, isn't it, Joe?"

Their laughter, as though cut by a knife, stopped. Johnny Raiss slipped his right hand under his coat.

"So—so Mark?" Spivildi spoke quietly, and his voice was heavy with menace.

Mark laughed. "Listen, Joe. I'm all for you. I hate to pay thirty-eight dollars a case for whisky. You're giving me a break letting me come in on this. I heard what happened to Delaney and to that frog who ran the *Club Français*. More power to you, Joe."

Spivildi relaxed. A gleam of pride came into his eye. "Okay, Mark. Yeah, we did a good job on those two places. Johnny Raiss and Calvo here are good at dropping those little bombs and it (*Continued on page 122*)

**dry skin *to***

*radiant beauty . . .*

**with this simple INNOXA home treatment**

Her skin was starved and lifeless. She had that drawn look characteristic of the very dry skin.

Now as she looks into her glass every day she sees reflected her own radiant beauty—all by the regular daily use of the easy home treatment for dry skins discovered through the researches of Dr. François Debat, the world-famous skin specialist, who is responsible for the purity and effectiveness of all Innoxa preparations.

Don't neglect a dry skin — one sees so many prematurely lined and wrinkled faces caused by dry skin, and yet it's so easy to give it the care and nourishment it needs.

**For skin health:** Innoxa Complexion Milk, Innoxa Tissue Cream, Innoxa Skin Tonic, Innoxa Cleansing Tissues.

**For make-up:** Innoxa Mousse Day Cream, Innoxa Ruby Cream, Innoxa No. 2 Face Powder, Innoxa Lip Rouge.

This and other simple Innoxa treatments for normal, greasy and ageing skins, together with a free copy of the booklet on Natural Loveliness by Innoxa, can be obtained from all high-class shops or from: Madam, Innoxa Salon, 37-38 Old Bond Street, London, W.1 — Telephone: Regent 3306-7 — where Innoxa Beauty Treatments are given daily. Advice on individual problems by letter or interview and consultations are free.

*..thanks to*

**Innoxa**

NATURAL LOVELINESS

Capping all Records!

Brit. Pat. No. 440327

Kleinert's **ROXY**
absolutely
**WATERTIGHT**

*"My daughter used the Cap in the National Diving Championships . . . and after this rigorous test her hair was as dry as though she had not been in the water"* . . . this is typical of the letters to be seen at Kleinerts.

Now into its third Season, the Roxy Bathing Cap has become "regulation" wear among Diving Champions and Lido Lovelies alike. Countless thousands have proved the Roxy 100% efficient and passed on the good news that hair is kept BONE DRY. No more damp curls or ruined 'sets' for you when you equip yourself with this fascinating cap . . . lovely moulded head-lines and colourings.

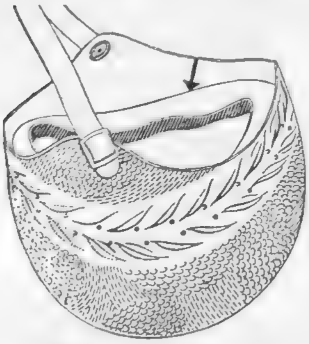
Made in 2 sizes: No. 4 and No. 5 in Red, Saxe, Navy, Green, Black, Yellow Turquoise, Flesh, Brown and White. Choose the smaller (size 4) if it is not too tight: *the closer the Fit the Better.*
*Note the New Patented Chin-strap which cannot come undone.*

**5/11**

*Obtainable from Stores, Sports Shops, Boots the Chemists, Timothy Whites, and Taylors.*

**Look inside**

*See the patent Flange—which in wear turns upward all round forming a watertight air pocket.*



**NEW.** The 'Roxy' **POLO FOR MEN** in plain moulded style—Black, White, Dark Navy, Brown. One size only—Men's 5/11

I. B. KLEINERT RUBBER CO. (DEPT B.E.82),
25, NEWGATE STREET, E.C.1.
Please send the free 1938 Booklet showing new Swim-Wear Accessories.

Name ..........................................................

Address ......................................................

......................................................................

royds

takes two days after to get the smell out of the place. Then we got a couple of little acid guns and, Mark, what that acid does to night club furnishings you have no idea." He chuckled.

"Good for you, Joe. By the way, aren't you afraid of Dewey? They tell me he's a hard prosecutor."

"What can he get on us?" Spivildi showed his white teeth. "If someone complains about the whisky we say: 'Too bad, but that's how it came here from Scotland to us. We don't make it, we only sell it.' Then my boys aren't going to get caught with their little acid guns."

"You still got that same old place on Mulberry Street, near Houston, you had in the old days?" Mark's tone was casual.

Joe looked at him sharply. "You got a long memory. Yeah, we still do our cutting there. Mark, it's a great racket. We can make two cases of Scotch out of every one case we have brought in. Not bad, is it, Mark?"

"How about those federal men, don't they bother you?"

"If they could find our place at Mulberry and Houston they would. So would Dewey. But no one squawks, Mark. Delaney and that frog didn't squawk. You see, Mark, if you line them up one by one they are afraid. They know that my boy, Johnny Raiss, always carries that little gun and they know sometimes if they have wives why their wives might wake up with maybe broken faces. Johnny Raiss is good at that, Mark."

"Looks fool-proof," Mark grinned.

"Sure it is." Spivildi smiled expansively. "You see, if three or four big night club men got together we would be licked. But they've all been legitimate for the last three or four years and they've forgotten how to be tough. They've forgotten how we used to work in the old days."

"I haven't forgotten," Mark said softly. "Miss Matthews"—he didn't raise his voice—"Chuck."

Two doors flew open at once. Miss Matthews walked into the room prim, unsmiling. Delaney and Lapiere were behind her, the Irishman's face red with rage. Chuck and Big Mack stood at the door leading to the stairs. There was a gun in Chuck's hand.

"What's this?" Spivildi rasped.

"A frame," Mark said softly. "A little frameroo."

Raiss's fingers were almost to his armpit when Chuck's fist crashed on his jaw. Chuck reached under the gunman's coat and took the ugly-looking weapon. Raiss kept his eyes on Mark. They were full of hate.

"You caught everything, Miss Matthews?" Mark's voice was almost casual.

She nodded. "Yes, Mr. King. The dictaphone caught every word that was said in the room. The records are being transcribed now in triplicate. If anything happens to you or to Mr. Delaney or to Mr. Lapiere the records sworn to by me and Mr. Delaney and Mr. Lapiere are to be forwarded to Prosecutor Dewey, Mr. John Edgar Hoover and to the police commissioner."

"You dirty rat," Spivildi cried, "I'll get you. . . ."

Big Mack's right hand closed on his throat, choking his words. Big Mack, grinning amiably, held Spivildi for a moment then flung him to the floor. Spivildi's head hit the edge of the desk. He sat up wiping a trickle of blood away from his chin.

"So you're taking the place of the Dutchman and of Lucky?" Mark's voice was soft but dangerous. "You're going to be the big racket guy? If you're not out of town in twenty-four hours those records go to Dewey and to the G-men and to the police commissioner. Johnny Raiss likes to muss up the faces of pretty girls? Raiss, you're dead and you haven't sense enough to know it. And you grease ball with your little acid gun. In my time we wouldn't hire a creep like you to draw beer. Now you're tough guys. Spivildi, you said if the big night club owners got together we could lick you. Well, we're getting together from now on, see heel?"

Big Mack jerked Spivildi to his feet.

"Rackets are dead in New York." Mark's words dropped into the room like hailstones on a roof. "We're legitimate now and make up your minds to it. You three are done—finished. Now get out. Don't let me ever see any one of you again or I'll turn you over to a policewoman. Help them down the stairs, Chuck."

Chuck still held his gun in his left hand, looking disappointed that none of them showed fight.

Mark was suddenly weary of it. "Get out, get them out of here." There was anger in his voice. At the door Raiss looked back. "I'll be seeing you," he said to Mark.

"You've been learning to talk from gangster movies," Mark said coldly. "Go back to them, sonny boy, but don't bother busy men."

They left and Mark poured himself a glass of wine. That conch salad with the lime juice dressing sounded like a good bet. It was spelled c-o-n-c-h. Why did they pronounce it as if it were spelled c-o-n-k? He'd have to find out who that Chicago man was. Sounded smart. Maybe he could use him.

He sat at the desk and took the picture of Dora and the baby out of the drawer. Then for a moment he lived and felt and breathed. He never felt in the club. He thought, he planned, he schemed. They were all creatures of another world, an interesting world, but not one of which he was a part. Oh sure, sometimes he was sorry for people. Sometimes anger gripped him as it had to-night when he found what Spivildi and his guerrillas were trying to do. But it was good business to get rid of them. Sure he'd framed them. What of it? You had to fight illegality with illegality. He met honest competition honestly.

The door opened and Chuck walked in. He looked like a cat that has swallowed two canaries.

"We helped them down the stairs, boss," he grinned.

"Okay, Chuck," Mark said absentmindedly.

"Listen, boss. I don't like the way Johnny Raiss looked at you."

Mark raised his head. "I don't like the way Johnny Raiss looked—period."

"He's bad, boss." Chuck was thoughtful. "That big grease ball will lam right out of town. I told him if we found him here to-morrow we'd work on him. I mean really work on him. Calvo is another lightweight who is scared. But not Johnny Raiss. He hasn't got sense enough to be scared."

"Forget about him, Chuck."

"I still don't like the way that guy looked at you."

"Chuck, calm down. Get that publicity man up here. Get me the chef too. I want to talk to them. And Chuck, tell them to buy a round of drinks at the bar."

"But boss—about Johnny Raiss," Chuck protested.

Mark said wearily: "I've had enough of Johnny Raiss. I have work to do."

He talked to the chef. He talked to the publicity man. He loaned a newspaper man five hundred dollars and told Miss Matthews to charge it to advertising. He dictated ten letters. He looked over receipts. It had been a five-thousand-dollar night, only ordinary, but then it was a Monday. Finally things seemed to be in order.

"It's after five, boss. Will I get the car?" Chuck had been sitting there for an hour waiting for Mark to finish.

Mark was suddenly tired. "All right, Chuck. We better go. I got a date for six anyhow."

Chuck held Mark's coat for him. The last thing Mark did was to take the picture from the desk and put it into the drawer. "I'll see you in a few minutes, darling," he whispered soundlessly.

He and Chuck walked through the deserted club. The orchestra pit looked like a forlorn group of toys deserted by children. Waiters were piling chairs on tables and the smell of disinfectant was heavy in the air. Two captains were counting empty bottles at the bar and checking against the receipts. They walked to the door. Mark now began to feel a sense of (*Continued on page 124*)

Clever "Coppers"

They're New! They're vibrant! They're glowing! They are the Stocking-Colours for the Spring—created by ballito of St. Albans for Mirrasilk and ballito stockings. In the best stocking displays all over the country you will find these seven spirited ballito shades: **EXOTIQUE, SUN NUDE, TROPIC TAN, COPPER BLUSH, CRUISE TAN, CEYLON, ALOHA TAN.**

**ballito**
**PURE SILK STOCKINGS**

Pure silk ankle-clinging stockings, in all weights, with all the 'luxury' points . . . the sandal sole, the reinforced toes and heels, the hair-fine seams and superb quality of silk.

2/11 to 8/11

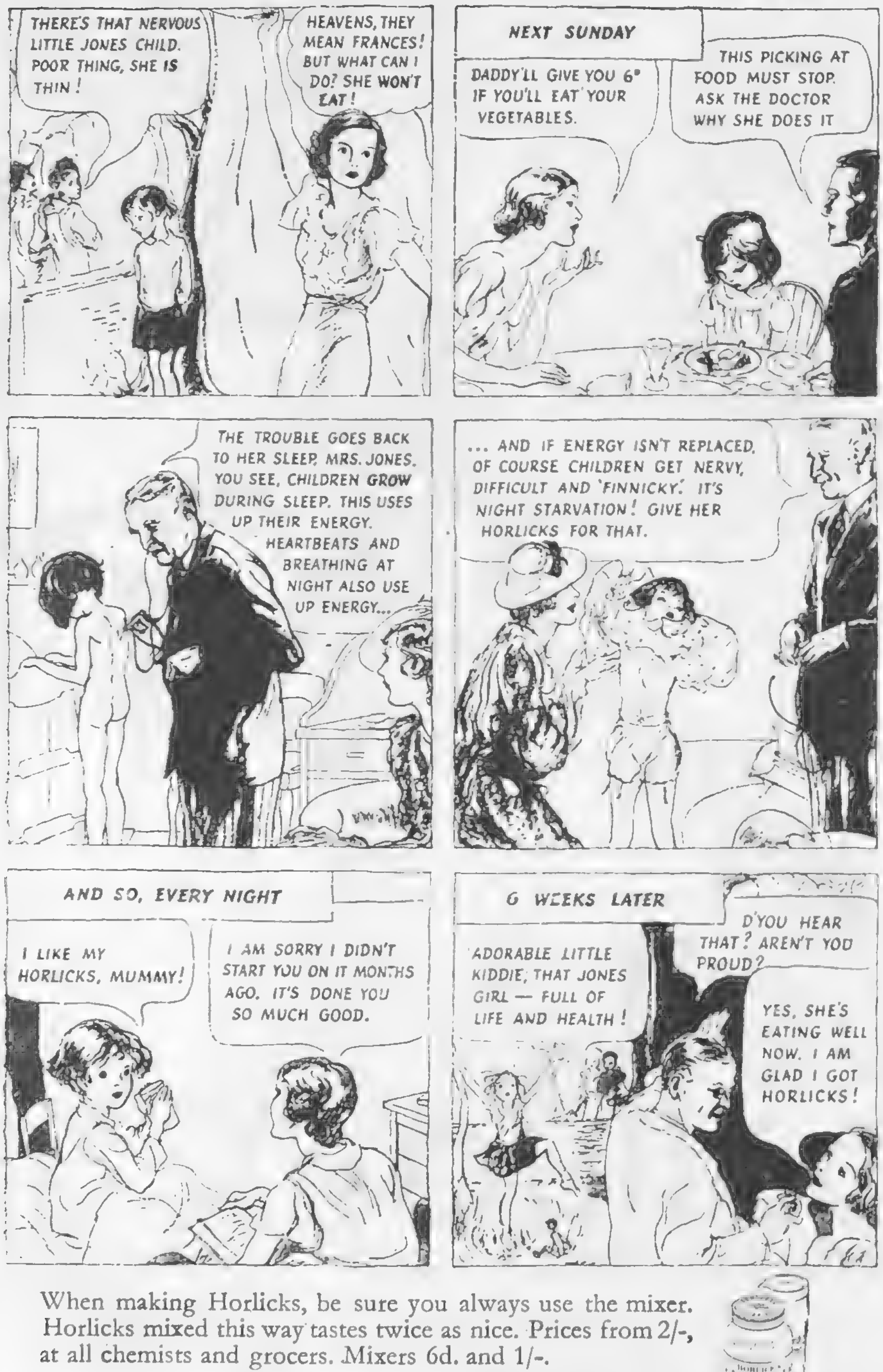
**mirrasilk**

Stockings of purest silk. Sheer as a shadow . . . crisp and clear in texture . . . made of a special high twist silk called Compenzine on wizard machines which achieve a miracle of fineness. 2-thread and 3-thread.

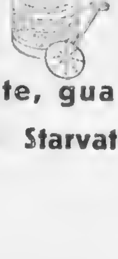
4/11 · 6/11 · 8/11

**Thin, Nervy Frances**

Frances was thin and nervy and wouldn't eat. Doctor traced the trouble back to her sleep.


THERE'S THAT NERVOUS LITTLE JONES CHILD. POOR THING, SHE IS THIN!
HEAVENS, THEY MEAN FRANCES! BUT WHAT CAN I DO? SHE WON'T EAT!
NEXT SUNDAY
DADDY'LL GIVE YOU 6d IF YOU'LL EAT YOUR VEGETABLES.
THIS PICKING AT FOOD MUST STOP. ASK THE DOCTOR WHY SHE DOES IT
THE TROUBLE GOES BACK TO HER SLEEP, MRS. JONES. YOU SEE, CHILDREN GROW DURING SLEEP. THIS USES UP THEIR ENERGY. HEARTBEATS AND BREATHING AT NIGHT ALSO USE UP ENERGY...
... AND IF ENERGY ISN'T REPLACED, OF COURSE CHILDREN GET NERVY, DIFFICULT AND 'FINNICKY.' IT'S NIGHT STARVATION! GIVE HER HORLICKS FOR THAT.
AND SO, EVERY NIGHT
I LIKE MY HORLICKS, MUMMY!
I AM SORRY I DIDN'T START YOU ON IT MONTHS AGO. IT'S DONE YOU SO MUCH GOOD.
6 WEEKS LATER
ADORABLE LITTLE KIDDIE, THAT JONES GIRL — FULL OF LIFE AND HEALTH!
D'YOU HEAR THAT? AREN'T YOU PROUD?
YES, SHE'S EATING WELL NOW. I AM GLAD I GOT HORLICKS!

When making Horlicks, be sure you always use the mixer. Horlicks mixed this way tastes twice as nice. Prices from 2/-, at all chemists and grocers. Mixers 6d. and 1/-.



**HORLICKS** at bedtime strengthens nerves, builds appetite, guards children against Night Starvation

happy anticipation. Within half an hour his life would start again. Within half an hour he'd be under the same roof as Dora. She'd be asleep and he knew just how she would look. The sleekness would all be gone from her hair now and it would be tumbled darkly about her face. She always smiled a little in her sleep and she slept quietly like a flower, hardly breathing. Then he'd go into the nursery and stand there looking down at . . .

"Car's ready, boss." Chuck led the way into the street. The car stood there at the curb. A soft dawn was nudging the darkness of the night aside and the faint sounds of the city coming to life after hours of sleep were in the air. Mark lifted his eyes. He breathed deeply, happily, and then stepped to the running-board.

He heard: "Double-crossing rat," and saw rather than heard the roar of the gun. Automatically he flung himself not away, but toward the flash and his fingers closed on flesh. The man had slipped from around the back of the car evidently. Now Chuck and Big Mack had flung themselves on that crouched figure. Chuck's right arm raised and hurled itself down. He could produce a gun more quickly than any one Mark had ever seen. He didn't shoot. He raised the gun again and brought it down and the impact was like that of a heavy stone falling on soft asphalt. Mark got up.

"It's Johnny Raiss, boss," Chuck panted. "Did he hurt you?"

Mark bent over and put his hand under Raiss's head. The back of his skull felt lumpy and when Mark took his hand away there was blood on it.

"You've killed him, Chuck," Mark said quietly.

"What do you think I was trying to do, love him up?" Chuck's voice was indignant.

Maloney, the cop on the beat, came running with his gun in hand. "What's up, Mr. King?" he panted.

"This is Johnny Raiss. He tried to stick me up." Mark took a roll of bills from his pocket. "I guess he heard I always travelled well heeled."

Maloney nodded. "Everybody knows about you and your ten-thousand-dollar bills."

"Chuck fought him and killed him," Mark said. Then he added: "But that's between you and me. Say you found him acting suspiciously. You went after him and he pulled his gun. You had to crack him on the head or he would have got you. That's the story, Maloney. I'll see the captain to-morrow and put in a word for you. Chuck, have you Officer Maloney's address?"

Chuck nodded.

"You'll be hearing from me to-morrow, too, Maloney," Mark added.

He got into the car and Chuck sat beside him. Chuck was filled with shame that he had let this thing happen. The car rolled quickly through the dawn.

"Stop at 89th Street." Mark's voice was a little unsteady. "Get Tisdale. Tell him to bring his bag. Hurry, Mack."

Chuck looked at Mark wide-eyed. "He got you, boss? What's wrong?"

"Nothing much, Chuck. Hurry though."

Chuck was out of the car running before it came to a full stop. In four minutes he was back with a tall, grey-haired man who was tucking his shirt into his trousers.

"To my apartment," Mark said. "How are you, doc.? Listen: I've paid you a yearly retainer now for six years. At last I'm going to get something for my money."

"Let me see it."

Mark pointed to his side.

The doctor's hands worked busily ripping away the shirt. "It hurts?"

"It hurts." Mark's teeth were clenched.

He rolled Mark's sleeve up and with deft, sure fingers pressed a needle home on its errand of mercy. In a moment Mark relaxed.

The car pulled up in front of his apartment. Mark stepped from it, waving aside Chuck's arm. Then he swayed a little and Chuck held him firmly. They got into the elevator, Chuck, the doctor and Mark.

"Got anything at Empire, to-day, Mr. King?" the elevator boy asked.

"Chuck, give him something at Empire," Mark said a little unsteadily.

"Take us upstairs quick," Chuck said, and when the boy, surprised, looked at Chuck his face too went a little white.

Mark opened the door with his latchkey. "Chuck," he whispered, "you beat it. The doc. and I want to be alone."

Mark and Mr. Tisdale walked through the spacious living-room. They walked past a bedroom door that was open.

"Wait here," Mark whispered. He walked into the room and the sun was pouring into it. He walked to the crib near the window and leaned over it. Then the baby opened her eyes. Mark solemnly looked at his watch. It was just six o'clock.

The child gurgled happily emerging from that half-world between sleep and wakefulness.

"Daddy said he'd be here when you opened your eyes," he whispered.

His daughter was suddenly wide awake. "Kiss Janie, daddy. Kiss Janie."

He bent and kissed her. "Daddy must go now, honey. You lie there until nurse comes. After . . . after, daddy will play with you."

He walked out of the room and went down the hall, the doctor following.

They reached another open door. This was Mark's room. He shut the door and sat on the edge of the bed. The doctor stripped off his clothes quickly.

"It's only a small bullet," Mark said quietly. "From the sound of it no bigger than a .22. It's bleeding a lot, isn't it?"

The doctor nodded grimly. He dipped cotton into antiseptics and washed the clotted blood away.

"Thank God for that," he finally said grimly.

"For what?"

"The bullet is in the side. It just missed everything vital. It hurts, I know, and it'll bleed, but I'll get it out in a few minutes and then with a week's rest you'll be all right."

Mark sighed deeply: "I am a fool, doctor. I thought this was it."

"No," the doctor said sharply. "This is bad enough and it missed by a hairbreadth but this isn't it. This . . ."

"Darling," a sleepy voice came through a half-open door which led into another room. "Is that you, darling?"

The doctor was just putting a cruel-looking steel probe into a small hole. He was murmuring: "This will hurt but I suppose you won't let me take you to a hospital. Just be quiet now."

Mark stirred just a little. "Yes, honey. Did you count those stars to-night, honey?"

"Every one, sweet. And did you think of me once for every star I counted?"

Mark gripped the coverlet hard so that his hands showed white. "I did, my darling," he said softly. "And you don't have to remind me to tell you how I love you."

"Were you busy to-night, darling?" Her voice was trying to survive against the sleep that was drowning it.

"Not very."

The doctor, with an exclamation of satisfaction, pulled out the probe and held a small leaden pellet between his fingers.

"Just another night, I suppose?" her voice came faintly.

"Just another night . . . another . . . dull night. But now I'm home . . . darling . . . now I'm home . . . and everything is all right." The doctor's hands were busy with dressings and tape.

"We're the only ones, darling." She was asleep but the words came from her heart and they cut through the sleep.

Mark smiled and even the pain felt exquisite because now he was at home again. He smiled and breathed happily and he repeated: "We're the only ones, darling. The only ones in the world."

END

eugène
Eugèneol
SACHET
WITH PERFORATED STEAM-TAB
PATENTED

**WARNING.** *Look for the Eugene Trade Mark printed boldly on each Sachet. Any Sachet which does* not *carry this Trade Mark is not genuine Eugene, and should be refused.*

# *Lovely hair styles— thanks to* EUGÈNE

*Dining and Dancing—Lovely Hair is so much a part of your charm.*

*Eugene Waves defy the most strenuous afternoon's Tennis.*

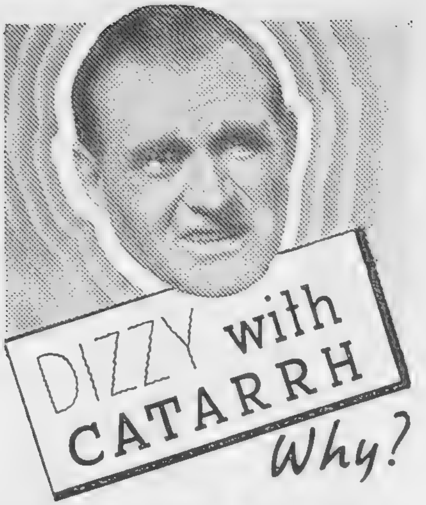
Your hair plays a vital part in the success of every social occasion. To insist on a Eugène Wave (with genuine Eugène Sachets) is to ensure success. To "take a chance" with an ordinary wave may mean months of disappointment. Beautiful Eugène Waves and curls provide a basis for easily setting your hair in any of the thrilling new styles especially adapted to suit your own personality—or to improve immeasurably your present style, making it lovelier still. So go to your Registered Eugène Waver—at the sign of the Little Green Goddess—and be sure to ask for a Eugène Permanent Wave. Then you will be sure that genuine Eugène Sachets are used. Only Eugène Sachets will ensure gracious, long-lasting waves, strong and springy, and adorably natural curls for which Eugène is famous.

## eugène

## PERMANENT WAVE

**Free Book of Hairstyles.** *Write for Specimen Sachet and Free Booklet, "Hairdressing Styles," written by the former Beauty Editor of Vogue, to: Eugene Ltd., Edgware Road, London, N.W.9*

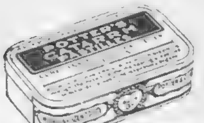
cvs—86



Why allow yourself to become "absolutely dizzy with catarrh"—you have then reached the danger-point. Many a dangerous illness has resulted from a neglected "simple-cold."

It's dangerous to neglect CATARRH . . . it is spelling for trouble later . . . deafness, head noises, loss of smell—and worse.

End this continuous Catarrh with Potter's Catarrh Pastilles. They instantly melt the phlegm, clear head and throat, and act as a powerful antiseptic (vital when travelling in trains, tubes, trams, 'buses or where infection is present).



*Buy a handy 1/3d. tin at any chemist, stores, or herbalists or 1/4½d. post free from makers.*

POTTER & CLARKE LTD.
61Q. Artillery Lane London, E.1
(*Makers of Potter's Asthma Cure*)

POTTER'S CATARRH PASTILLES

P 7

Smartness down to the ground

'Nugget' supplies everything that shoes need to keep them smart. It gives such a deep, brilliant gloss, makes the leather soft and keeps it in a well-preserved condition that ensures months of extra wear.

In Black, various Shades of Brown and White.
'Nugget' White does not mark silk stockings.
Tins 3d. & 6d. Large Household Tins 9d.

'NUGGET'

THE POLISH OF SUPREME QUALITY

N/AQ/29

# Here is an Ability Test for Home-Women

Ask yourself the questions below. If you can't trust yourself to answer them impartially get one of your candid relations to do it. If her replies are all in the negative, don't send her out of your life but thank your stars you've learnt of it in time. If the answers are all "yes," accept our congratulations—you are unique and deserve to be immortalized in a good museum.

Have you the trick of surrounding your visitors with informal comfort; of imparting that "you're-one-of-us" quality to your entertaining; whilst still giving the impression that they are worth taking trouble for. In short, is yours a studied formality or a "take-it-or-leave-it" technique . . .?

Can you face up to an unexpected visitation which finds the larder totally unprepared and gaily uncover your confusion without causing embarrassment to anybody. Can you dish up kippers and tea with the same *savoir-faire* as for cocktails and caviare . . .?

Can a person of quiet tastes with a literary appetite staying in your home, find a pleasant place to read in comfort. Can he sprawl in a chair and commune with a book for an hour without damaging his eyes or his reputation for sociability . . .?

Do you arrange so that smoking paraphernalia is within easy reach of your guests to that they can relax, or do you leave them to make frequent trips to distant ash-trays or perhaps stranded in their chairs, nervously wondering what to do . . .?

At meals, do you persist in offering a "second helping" when your guests have already firmly expressed themselves replete. Do you pile plates to capacity in the mistaken opinion that you are demonstrating your freeheartedness when, in fact, a full plate is frequently enough to put a fastidious person completely off their food . . .?

On the same subject, do you serve wishy-washy tea because *you* like it that way or are you perhaps a purveyor of "black treacle" to people whose mainstay is weak tea . . .?

Are the occasional tables in your reception rooms literally buried under books and photographs and a general assortment of maddening trifles that keep people in a twitter of anxiety lest a false move should bring them tumbling down . . .?

Do you switch on the radio at full pelt in a praiseworthy attempt to provide entertainment and then proceed to ignore it so that what was intended to please remains to aggravate . . .?

Have you provided a reasonable assortment of chairs in your home so that large men may not feel ridiculous on small chairs and small women need not feel engulfed in large ones . . .?

Does your dog rush, snarling, at callers' ankles whilst you, observing their terror, smile pityingly and say: "Fancy being afraid of Tiger." If the animal is friendly, on the other hand, do you restrain his overtures or permit him to climb all over your guests to the destruction of their patience and their clothes . . .?

When you introduce your guests to each other, is it done in a composed and articulate way so that each is perfectly clear as to the other's identity and is given some lead as to what manner of person they have to make themselves agreeable . . .?

In the same connection, do you, in the attempt to inform your guests—or to enjoy for yourself some reflected glory—expose their achievements to the spotlight of embarrassing publicity, like this: "This is Miss Scribe . . . she writes," or "This is Mr. Snooks . . . he's just won a medal for life-saving" . . .?

Can you swear that your guest room doesn't harbour any curtains that refuse to draw; any blinds that, once down are down for ever; any drawers that refuse to function. Are you positive the mattress isn't one you discarded from your own room on account of its craggy nature, or that the light switch is not a good day's journey from the bed . . .?

Are your cocktails cold and your coffee hot. May your guests drink lemonade if they prefer it without moving you to paroxysms of pity or persuasion . . .?

Do you, keen gardener that you are, persist in naming every blossom on your extensive estate for the benefit of people who can't distinguish between a pansy and a peony *and don't want to* . . .?

Having pressed Miss A or Mr. B with cordial enthusiasm to play the piano for you or to perform on the 'cello are you almost bound to discover that the moment has arrived to go out to the kitchen and make coffee . . .?

## LET "RANEE" READ YOUR CHARACTER FROM YOUR HANDWRITING

"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of "Britannia & Eve" in the belief that her character reading will be found instructive and entertaining.

All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting, (2) your name and address in full, (3) the day and month of your birth, (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee" c/o "Britannia & Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a *stamped addressed envelope for reply*.

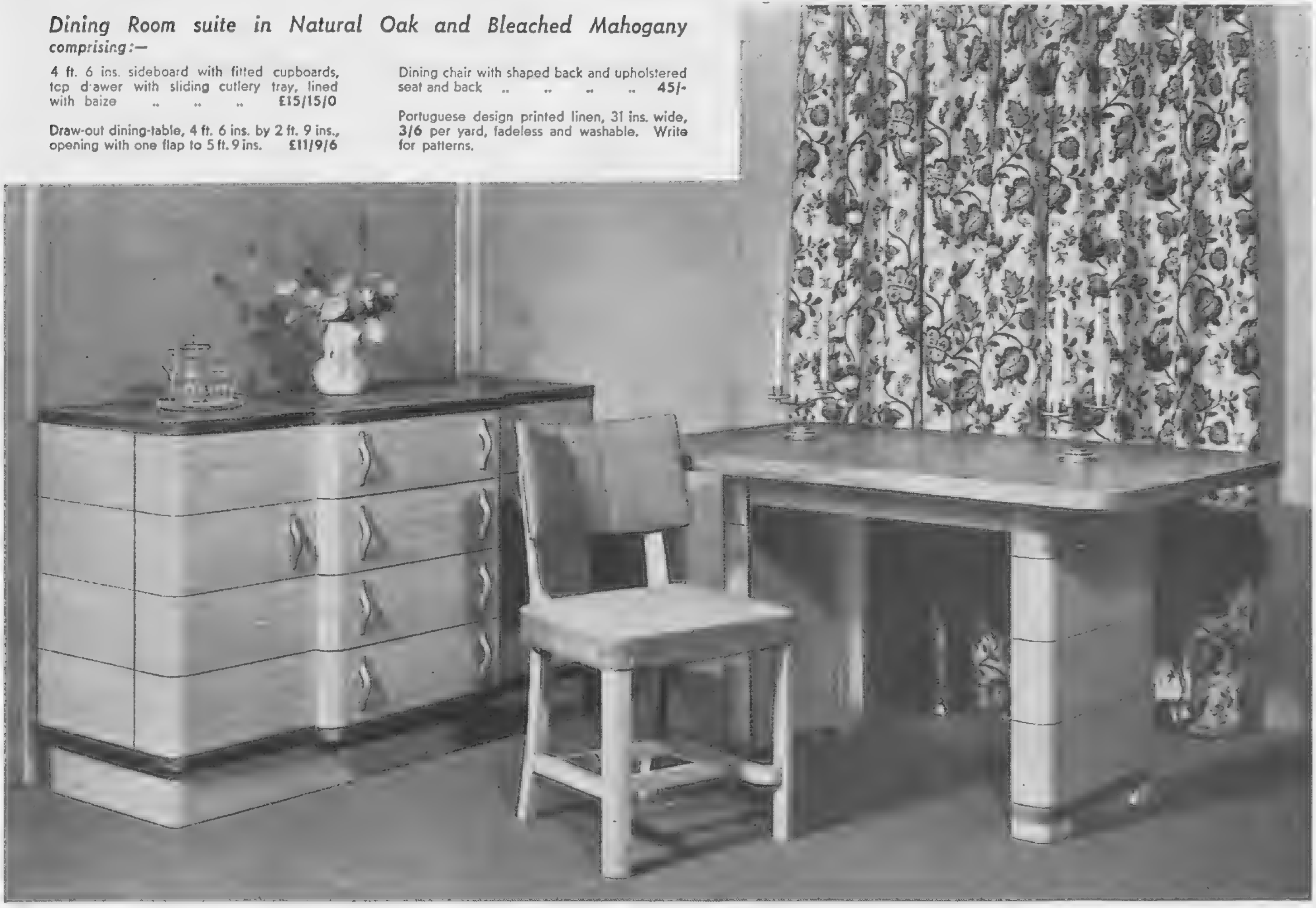
In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

# SPRIGGS *Inexpensive* FURNITURE

***Dining Room suite in Natural Oak and Bleached Mahogany***
***comprising:—***

| | |
|---|---|
| 4 ft. 6 ins. sideboard with fitted cupboards, top drawer with sliding cutlery tray, lined with baize .. .. .. | £15/15/0 |
| Draw-out dining-table, 4 ft. 6 ins. by 2 ft. 9 ins., opening with one flap to 5 ft. 9 ins. | £11/9/6 |
| Dining chair with shaped back and upholstered seat and back .. .. .. .. | 45/- |

Portuguese design printed linen, 31 ins. wide, 3/6 per yard, fadeless and washable. Write for patterns.



## An Invitation

is extended to you and your friends to visit SPRIGGS EXHIBITION of Inexpensive Furniture for the making of IDEAL HOMES, held at TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, 9 a.m. to 6.30 p.m. daily: Saturdays 9 a.m. to 1 p.m.

*If unable to call write for illustrated booklet "Inexpensive Furniture"*

**WM. SPRIGGS & CO. LTD., 238-241 TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.1**

---

# GLENEAGLES *Hotel*

**PERTHSHIRE** SCOTLAND

*Open Easter to November*

★ *Under the direction of*
ARTHUR TOWLE, Controller, L M S Hotel Services
St. Pancras Chambers, London, N.W.1
Restaurant and Sleeping Car Expresses from London

Model 470
8/11
Other
qualities
from
10/6 to 28/11

*Introducing*
KEMPLAS
PATENT No. 443498

...the *Brassière*
SENSATION
OF 1938!

PIVOTAL CONTROL IS THE SECRET OF KEMPLAS COMFORT

The diaphragm section of the brassière is provided with overlapping flaps sliding one over the other and joined by elastic bands (see illustration), giving much needed side-to-front expansion which greatly facilitates breathing and provides automatic self-adjustment to the wearer's individual measurements.

**Other styles and shapes to suit all figure types from 3/11 to 28/11**

The introduction of KEMPLAS, the new and patented brassière with Pivotal Control, marks the greatest step forward in modern brassière design. With KEMPLAS there is no sagging, no "riding-up," and there are no straps to cut into the flesh—yet the bust and diaphragm are always under perfect control. Look carefully at the models illustrated—note how skilfully the youthful "uplift" line and smooth streamlined effect have been achieved, and note particularly the cleverly-conceived Pivotal Control Device consisting of special flaps sliding one over the other and joined to the bust sections of the garment by elastic bands, which allow for expansion and contraction as you breathe and provide instantaneous self-adjustment with the slightest movement of the body. Enjoy new freedom—new comfort—with KEMPLAS, the ready-to-wear brassiere with the made-to-measure fit.

ASK FOR KEMPLAS AT ALL THE BEST DRAPERS AND STORES

Write for Style Brochure No. 20 to KEMPAT LTD., ALBANY HOUSE, EUSTON RD., LONDON, N.W.1

WHY REMAIN GREY?
FREE TREATISE

Nothing is more ageing than prematurely greyed hair, and until recently few things were more difficult to combat. The woman of taste disliked the idea of hair dyes because they were hard and artificial in effect, yet there was no other treatment available.

Now science has discovered a way to bring back the colour and gloss to faded hair by natural methods, that not only restores the colour, but tones up the scalp and promotes the growth of new hair—that re-creates naturally your hair's real colour and beauty from root to tip, no matter how long the greyness has existed.

*You'll find the secret of how to look five, ten, fifteen, years younger between the slim covers of the Boudoir Book*

It will be sent free on request. Write to the Facktative Co. (Suite 70), 66 Victoria Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1.

THE ONLY METHOD ENDORSED BY THE PRESS

## The Way to Perfect Relaxation

(*Continued from page 38*)

If, of course, you are one of those people who grow restless sitting on the grass, unless they are occupied, here is a relaxing exercise.

Take the little finger of your left hand and loosen it up muscle by muscle, the same with all fingers; then work the hand up and down at the wrist, at the elbow, and finally move the arm like a windmill round and round. Do this with both arms. Next, work your toes and your feet, bring the legs up sharply at the knees while lying on your back, swing your legs into the air and let them fall flat—relaxed.

Now, with your arms outstretched at right-angles and the palms of your hands facing upwards, umpty your lungs, breathe in—counting an equal four—hold your breath for the same four, breath out to that four, and keep the lungs empty for four. Continue in this pulse, and think of nothing else.

This rhythmic breathing will set you in harmony with yourself and your surroundings. To be in harmony is to function perfectly, and to function perfectly is to have perfect rest.

END

## Do You Want To Reduce?

(*Continued from page 39*)

is always the most invigorating, but the course of nine treatments fixes the first, and the outcome is simple, you lose weight.

### Double Chins

Blood vessels right down on the shoulder blade are emptied by massage, which develops into a sweeping movement from under the chin down the neck in a scimitar curve to the shoulder-blade.

This is to stimulate the muscle that upholds the column of the neck. It is on the turn of this muscle under the chin that weariness or bad head carriage tells, for it furls and forms a roll which is the beginning of a double chin.

(To prevent the formation of this roll, a good home exercise is to place a feather just above your nose and keep blowing it—maintaining it always above your head—round the room.)

Double chins are remorselessly kneaded by the masseuse until they seem to become plastered right upagainst a suddenly accessible jaw-bone. After this they are cupped in a holder, and an electric current is passed through them to re-firm the muscle ends. The final friction or slapping is given with a complexion astringent, and you go out walking in a dream, haughtily, but with a violent desire to sing. Odd, that few exhilarations can compare to the exhilaration of having flesh removed. The ultimate improvement to contour and acquisition of youth is beyond words.

### Fat Wrists

It is no more difficult to remove these than to remove a bracelet. Massage movements start in the upper arm, then the wrists are kneaded away, and the muscles up the forearm toned.

After clapping on the electricity, the final friction leaves the once fat-wristed person with an absence of superfluous wrist.

Fewer treatments are required in this part of the body than any other.

These things sound nothing in the telling, but go and experience the treatment, and you'll be telling others about it, far and away better than I can tell you.

You needn't even try the full number of treatments. Take half a course and judge for yourself whether it is worth going on. But don't continue to suffer from disfigurements when they can so easily be removed.

END

# Night Over The Atlantic

(*Continued from page 17*)

He straightened decisively. In the companion-way she stopped him.

Kel had passed her in the cabin without a glance, as he left. He was aware of her standing there, shoulders braced against the cabin wall, head up. He had thought: "At least, she's still got her courage." He saw plainly now in her eyes she had more than that. Those eyes looked up at him squarely, out of the past.

She said: "You might at least let me explain . . ."

"Why?" he cut her off shortly.

They stood there in the dipping companion-way, gripping the handrails, their looks trying to see into each other. The companion-way dropped, then lifted, lifted. It seemed to be hanging in uncertainty, stalled. Kel stiffened sharply. "Sorry," he said, in a crisp tone. "I've—work to do."

She let him go. He left her gripping the companion-way handrails. The companion-way tilted giddily. He tried to feel with his feet what the ship would do next. He did not want her to suspect his anxiety for the ship's safety in this hurricane.

The companion-way was pitching even more heavily when Kel came back down it. It was deserted and the door to cabin seven closed. Kel knocked. Waiting for Lilly Sutton to open it, he shuffled the small slips of paper in his hand, wireless communications.

"You'd better go in," she said, behind him. "He's worse."

Kel turned. He looked at her as if she might not be real. Maybe it was that trick of his nerves again. Under strain, he often saw her visually; saw her as she said: ". . . I could never be happy with a man who places no value on his neck." The vision always made him mad; made him fight harder to save his neck. For what, he did not know. Yet, when the vision faded, as it had a few minutes ago in the cockpit, it left him empty, and with the feeling that he couldn't blame her.

"You seem to be everywhere," he said to her; then he noticed the ice-bag she had brought from the cabin opposite. He opened the door to cabin seven and went in.

Herman Petree was rolling on the bed cramped and moaning. He did appear worse. Kel stood looking down at him, briefly, undecided. Herman Petree's agonized eyes, roving, found Kel, grew smaller.

"What took you so long?" he demanded vindictively. "That I'm not dead already is no credit to you. What did he say?"

Kel picked out one message. "Dr. Hoffmann says you ought to be operated upon immediately."

Herman Petree's eyes rounded in terror. "How could . . ." He sat up quickly. "What does that mean?"

"What Sidney Whitefield suggests . . ." Kel glanced at another wireless message ". . . that I transfer you to the *Britannia*, if it's humanly possible."

Herman Petree was trembling all over. "Is it?"

Kel shrugged. "I can only try." He glanced at another message. "But the *Britannia's* captain doesn't like to risk a boat crew—unless it's unavoidable."

"What's a boat crew's risk got to do with it when a human life is in danger?" snapped Herman Petree. "Of course it's unavoidable!"

Kel smiled. He turned to Lilly Sutton braced against the opposite wall. "What do you say?"

"What has she to say?" bellowed Herman Petree before she could answer. "It's my life that's at stake! You've got your instructions! If you're any kind of captain, you'll follow them! If you aren't, you'll be fired!"

Kel kept looking at her. "What do you say?" he repeated.

She gave him his

(*Continued on page 130*)

There's glamour and romance in the happy union of refreshing Eau de Cologne and thrilling, lasting 'Tosca' perfume.
By Appointment to The Prince of Wales 1933-1936
TOSCA
TOSCA
EAU DE COLOGNE
1/3 to 21/-
A product of No 4711 the famous House of Eau de Cologne
TROIKA
TRIAL COFFRET 1/6 POST FREE

*There are two other delightful Eau de Colognes with thrilling, lasting, modern perfumes — 'Rhinegold' and 'Troïka'. Prices range from 1/6 to 25/-. Send this coupon with P.O. for 1/6 to "4711," Dept. BE1, Slough, Buckinghamshire, for a dainty coffret containing three trial bottles of 'Tosca,' 'Rhinegold' and Troïka.'*

The **CONCENTRATED PERFUMES**, either 'Tosca' 'Rhinegold' or 'Troïka' can be bought at prices from 2/6 to 15/-

*Name* ........................................

*Address* ........................................

........................................

*(This offer applies in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland only).* GerP1a

"4711" Slough, Buckinghamshire

WE SIMPLY MUST HAVE MONEY!

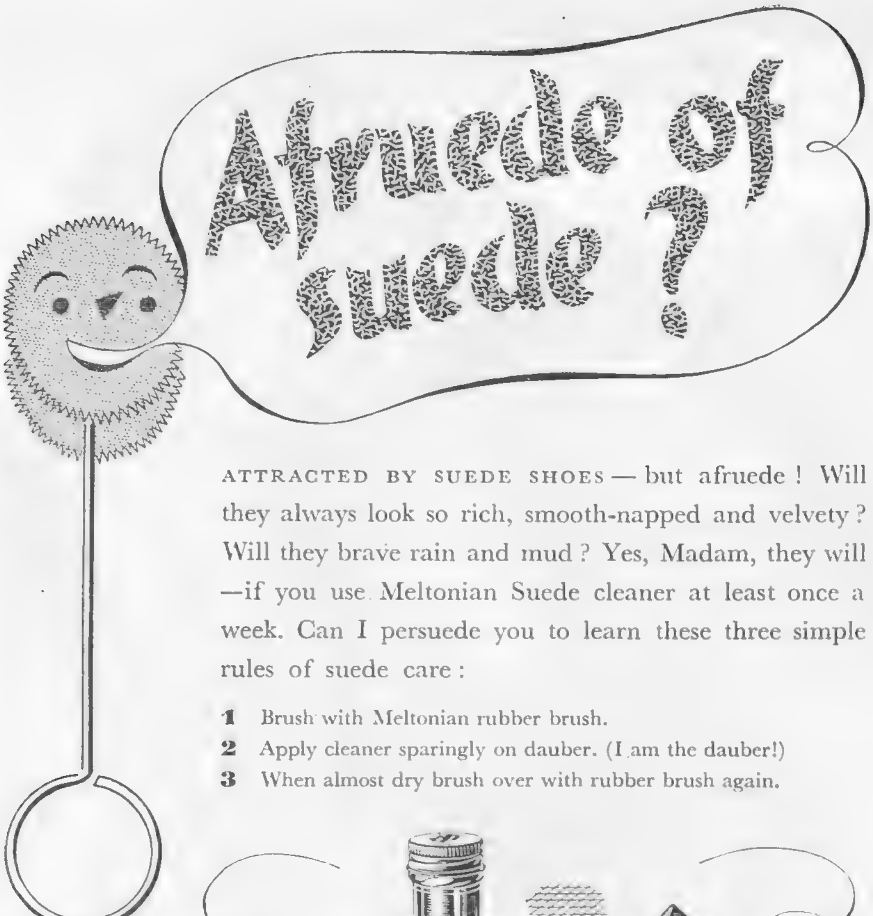
**Why? Because we're terribly hard up. Why? Because we've a very large family to support—over 600 Blind persons are in our care.**

From the year's beginning to its end there is no break in our work; consequently there is no break in our expenditure. At the present time there is a waiting list of urgent cases for whom training and employment must be provided.

**Will you help? Please be extravagant and send a little more than you can really afford. Our blind youngsters must be cared for.**

*The Chairman*

**SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND**
SWISS COTTAGE - LONDON, N.W.3


Afruede of suede?

ATTRACTED BY SUEDE SHOES — but afruede! Will they always look so rich, smooth-napped and velvety? Will they brave rain and mud? Yes, Madam, they will —if you use Meltonian Suede cleaner at least once a week. Can I persuede you to learn these three simple rules of suede care:

1 Brush with Meltonian rubber brush.
2 Apply cleaner sparingly on dauber. (I am the dauber!)
3 When almost dry brush over with rubber brush again.

Meltonian
for
SUEDE
NIGGER

**MELTONIAN** *suede cleaner*

*in bottles 6d. Black, Blue, Nigger, and 18 other fashionable colours*

THERE ARE MELTONIAN DRESSINGS FOR EVERY TYPE OF SHOE

**RED OR SHINY NOSE**
**Broken Veins, Flushing**
**SUPERFLUOUS HAIR**

*Latest scientific hair removing method by* **DIATHERMY**, *quick, no soreness, permanent.* Latest scientific treatments, personal diagnosis, guaranteed by the **32** years' experience of

Mme. **Bertha JACOBSON**
(The World-famous Beauty Specialist)

Her famous treatments: **Acne, Wrinkles, Dry or Greasy Skin, Red Veins, Red Nose, Chilblains, Coarse, Loose or Scraggy Skins, Puffiness under Eyes, Double Chins, Open Pores and Blackheads, Eyebrow Shaping, Eyelash Tinting, Manicure, etc.,** individual **Cosmetics** and **Skin Medicaments** are unrivalled. All consultations and Booklet free.

*Try the famous Pompadour Wonder Mask Rejuvenation in 20 minutes. Sample 2/6 12–15 Treatment 12/6 post free*

**Maison de Beauté POMPADOUR Ltd.**
11/12 DOVER ST., MAYFAIR, LONDON, W.1 Tel. Regent 7612

look back steadily. "Use your own judgment, Captain."

Kel slammed the door to the pilots' compartment. "I'll take over, Joe," he said brittlely. Then, to Barry Thorne: "Spot the *Britannia* for me."

Barry Thorne groaned and muttered something about a pointless end.

Kel took the controls and started the great ship downward.

Joe put a restraining hand on Kel's arm. "You're not really going to try it, Skipper?" He got no response. "It's not that I can't take it—we all gotta wash-out some time—but there are others back there besides that yellow-belly. Some good men in the air business. They're sleeping. If the *Britannia's* captain refuses to risk his men, you can imagine what the water is like! So, what chance have we got?"

"We'll see," said Kel cryptically.

"We'll crash surer than hell—or be smashed to bits if a sea breaks over us."

"My neck," said Kel coldly, "no matter who thinks to the contrary, is as valuable to me as anybody's aboard."

Joe sat silent after that, arms folded.

The great ship was in a sharp dive through blinding wet blackness that seemed to be cuffing at it with an elemental satisfaction as at a stricken albatross.

Kel kept watching the altimeter and trying to feel out the blasts. At three thousand feet the gale whipped them about almost out of control; at two thousand, it was worse. They battled down under a thousand feet. Suddenly the clouds were above them. They were in clarity, fierce black clarity, and below them, a few hundred feet, the wide, dark, treacherous Atlantic.

Kel switched on the nose lights. Mountains of water rushed up at them in the spread of those lights. Ahead, a quarter of a mile or so, a little to the left, a huge ocean liner lunged through the angry, white-crested sea. Kel eased in closer and flew low as he passed the great motor ship. He couldn't see her name but from her modern lines he knew she was the *Britannia*. He could see her passengers swarming to her glassed-in decks.

The searchlights of the *Britannia* had found *The New Yorker*, followed her, lost her again, as Kel dropped even lower into the trough between two great waves. Kel watched the rising slope of water coming at them, judged it. He gunned his throttle once, touched, and rode down the back of the swell. . . . A perfect landing.

From the crest of the next wave Kel caught a glimpse of the *Britannia's* boat headed for them. One of the *Britannia's* lights was following its floundering progress through that rough sea. The *Britannia* was coming along slowly with just enough speed to keep her head. Even she rolled and pitched heavily in the black gale.

"You go aft, Joe," Kel said. "I'll hang on to the controls. If one of these seas breaks . . ."

"We'll be canned fish-food," Joe finished it for him.

Kel kept one hand on the throttles, one on the wheel. He kept jockeying the great ship into position against each coming swell, scanning every fresh crest anxiously. *The New Yorker* took the immense swells well, like a giant gull resting mid-sea. But it might take only one of those seas, breaking over her, to crush her utterly. She might survive it, but if she did she'd probably be badly crippled. Kel hoped she wouldn't be put to the test.

Kel saw the *Britannia's* motor boat slip down the rear of a wave aft and come alongside. The motor boat stayed off a little, cautiously. He could see the crew's wet, taut faces in the light from *The New Yorker's* cabins. He knew that everybody aft was awake now, watching. He knew that Barry Thorne had gone aft of his own volition to help Joe.

Kel had to divide his attention fore and aft. Mostly fore. The swells seemed to be getting heavier, higher. Kel couldn't understand what was taking so long back there.

After all, it was only the transfer of two persons. The man might be sick but he didn't weigh much. There were enough men aft to hand him down to the boat crew. She—was even lighter.

In one quick glance aft, Kel glimpsed a figure being caught in the arms of the boat crew. Something followed, smaller, but Kel's attention was drawn forward quickly by the sharp rise of *The New Yorker's* prow. When next he had a chance to look back, the *Britannia's* boat had pulled away and was speeding for the big liner, now a little ahead of them coasting, lumberingly.

Joe came into the pilots' compartment, followed by Barry Thorne. Joe was flushed and angry. "Let's go, Skipper," he snorted disgustedly. "At the last minute, when he got a look at that sea, the yellow-belly tried to craw-fish. We had to practically throw him into the boat."

Kel watched the *Britannia's* boat top a particularly high crest off to the left. "How was—she?"

"She?" There was admiration in Joe's tone. "Gee, Skipper, that girl's there! Everything I expected her to be! She . . ." He looked forward. "Watch it!" he shouted in warning, pointing to the wave that was coming at them almost horizontally. "It's going to—break!"

Kel grabbed for the master throttle. He opened it faster than he wanted to. He opened it wide. The great ship lunged forward, ploughed upward toward that mounting crest that was already curling above, ahead of them. Kel felt the ship lift sharply, then thud, with a fierce impact. The ship shuddered all over. She seemed stopped, momentarily; seemed to start down. Then they came through the spray that had doused them. They came through in the air just above the wave as the real crest reached for them, tumbled, with a mad rush and an angry whiteness, below and behind them.

Kel listened to the motors anxiously and tested the controls. The spray was still spilling off the wings, making the ship a little loggy. *The New Yorker* had come through! She was in the air again, black, tempestuous air, with plenty of hazards, but—she was in her own element.

Kel settled back and said to Joe: "Now you go and have your coffee."

The skies were clear over Manhattan, sunny, as *The New Yorker* approached land. Kel sent Joe aft to see that everything was ready aboard for the landing. Barry Thorne had passed out, exhausted, the moment his job was done, and now lay back in his seat, snoring. Kel still sat in the pilot's seat but he was relaxed now, the robot control was flying the ship. The radio was still buzzing in Kel's earphones. He took them off. There had been hundreds of messages and instructions from Sidney Whitefield, mostly regarding the fanfare reception he was staging for *The New Yorker's* landing. Sidney Whitefield wanted no detail leading to publicity overlooked. In one of his messages he mentioned that Herman Petree had been operated on board the *Britannia* by Dr. Hoffmann and the operation had been successful. There had been no mention of Lilly Sutton.

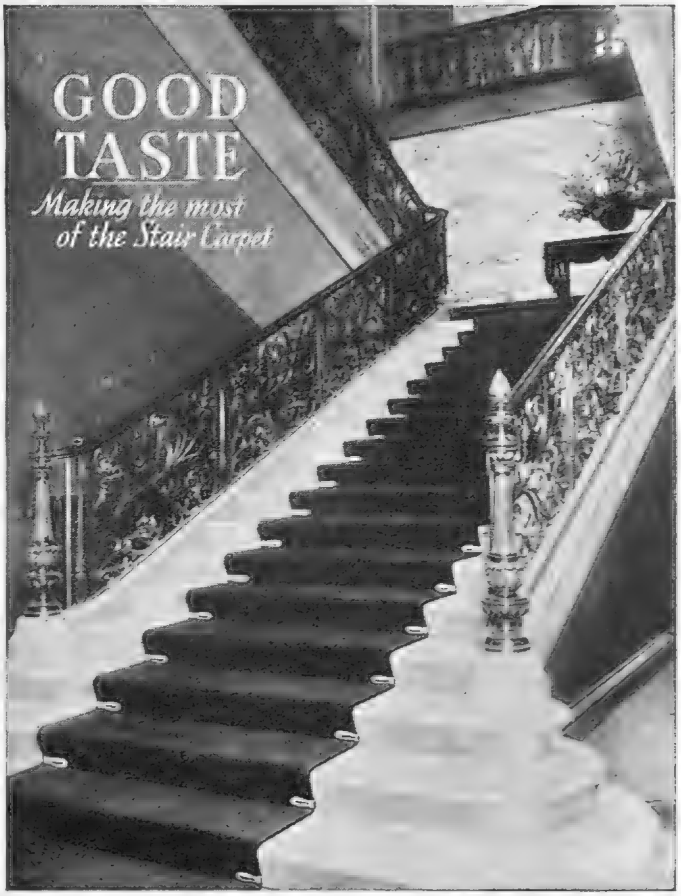
The door to the pilots' compartment opened and closed again. Kel didn't look around. He was annoyed that Joe should be back so soon, spoiling his empty solitude. He had been thinking of a girl, a lovely red-haired girl who had once said: "I love you, too, Kel. But I could never be happy with a man who didn't value his neck." When that empty feeling set in, Kel wanted to be alone until it was over. Now he must pretend to be interested in the panorama of Manhattan growing larger under his bow. He had been instructed to circle the metropolis once at high altitude, once at low. Already small specks in the sky converging suggested press ships with cameras. And there would be all that staged hullabaloo to go through when they got down. Well, it would keep his mind occupied, and off . . .

"It's a thrilling sight, isn't it?" he heard her almost breathless voice say over his shoulder.

He looked up,

(*Continued on page* 132)

IT'S strange that so many still prefer stair rods to modern labour-free stair carpet holders.


GOOD TASTE
Making the most of the Stair Carpet

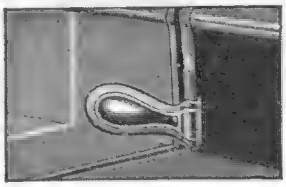
NOTE THE QUIET DIGNITY OF A STAIRCASE WITHOUT RODS

Artistically the stair rod is an atrocity with its broad line "cutting up" the carpet pattern. A similar line across one's curtains, wallpaper, or upholstery would be unthinkable—yet people suffer it on their stairs!

Rods are used to-day for no other reason than that one's parents or grandparents used them. One grows up with stair rods as a part of one's life and is never aware of their hideousness—we suffer the ugly lines and never complain, but are they not an offence to good taste?

In the past the only way to secure a stair carpet was by employing rods—unless one nailed it on every step—and as this was undesirable the stair rod lived on, but nowadays there is no need for them.

"CLIPPER" Stair Carpet Holders enable you to dispense with rods—they hold the carpet at the extreme edge, are away from the feet so never get kicked and never need cleaning, do not spoil the effect of a nice carpet and save time and labour not only in cleaning down the staircase, but in not requiring cleaning themselves.



"Clipper" Stair Carpet Holders are all one piece—no hinges, catches, springs, etc., to get strained. *Don't ask for carpet "clips" but insist on genuine "CLIPPER" Stair Carpet Holders.*

"CLIPPER" Stair Carpet Holders, unlike stair rods, fit flush to the edge of the carpet with no projections at sides to obstruct dusting operations.

PER PAIR IN COPPER BRONZE

| $7^{D}$ | $10^{D}$ Average Carpets | 1/2 |
|---|---|---|
| Narrow Carpets | THE POPULAR SIZE | For Wide Carpets |

Also in other finishes. At Furnishers and Ironmongers. In case of difficulty write for name of nearest Stockist to SMITH & DAVIS, LTD., Hospital Street, Birmingham.

REG TRADE MARK

**CLIPPER**

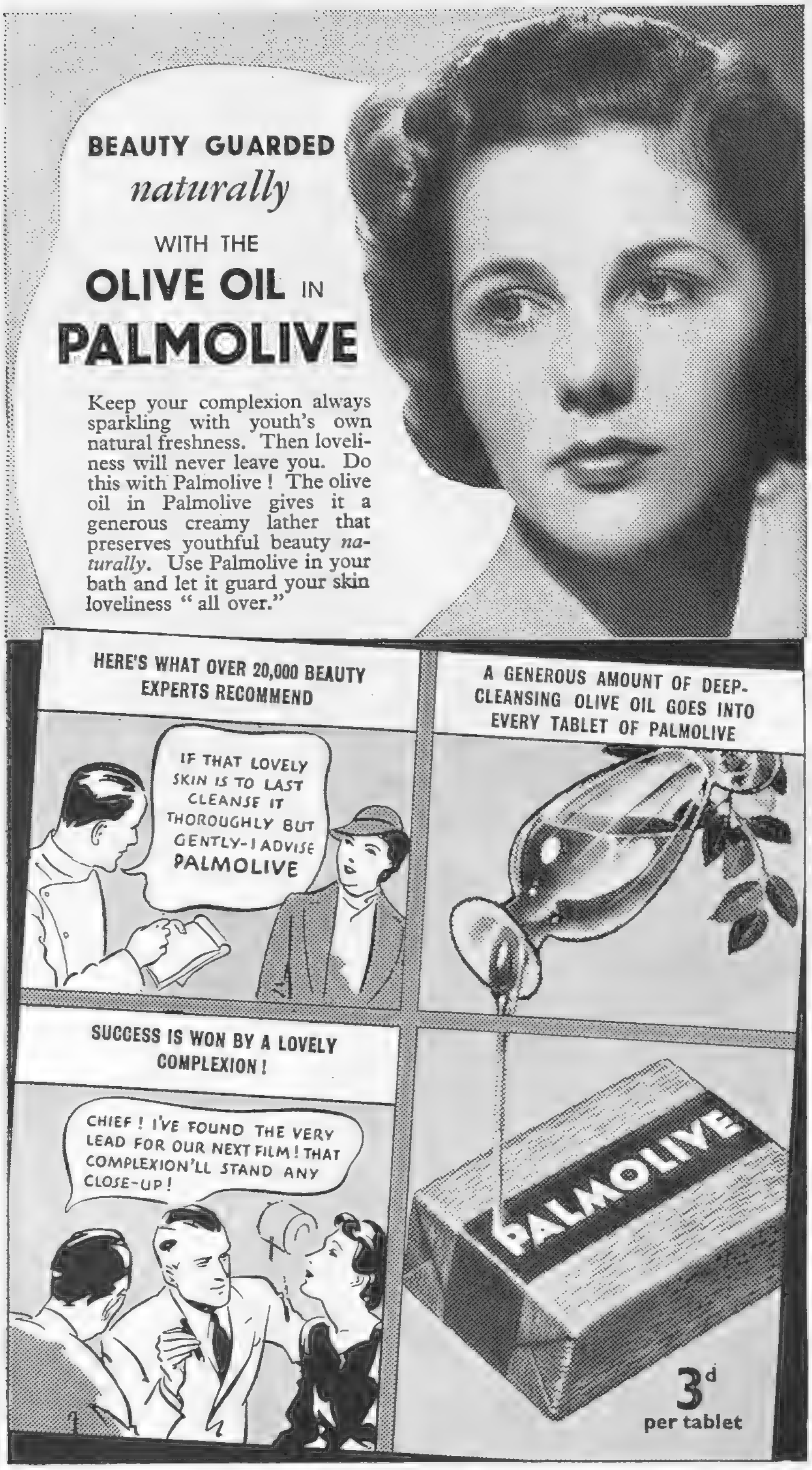
**STAIR CARPET HOLDERS**

Don't let **GREY HAIR** age you!

Grey hairs can be safely banished with NUCTONE, the safe hair dye. No risk, no danger—nothing that can harm the hair or the scalp—just a lotion that will bring back the natural colour of your hair. NUCTONE is "as safe as a shampoo."

It sells at 3/9 and 6/6—Ask your Chemist or Hairdresser about it.

**NUCTONE** SAFE FOR GREY HAIR


HERE'S WHAT OVER 20,000 BEAUTY EXPERTS RECOMMEND
IF THAT LOVELY SKIN IS TO LAST CLEANSE IT THOROUGHLY BUT GENTLY-I ADVISE PALMOLIVE
A GENEROUS AMOUNT OF DEEP-CLEANSING OLIVE OIL GOES INTO EVERY TABLET OF PALMOLIVE
SUCCESS IS WON BY A LOVELY COMPLEXION!
CHIEF! I'VE FOUND THE VERY LEAD FOR OUR NEXT FILM! THAT COMPLEXION'LL STAND ANY CLOSE-UP!
PALMOLIVE
3d per tablet

**BEAUTY GUARDED**
*naturally*
WITH THE
**OLIVE OIL** IN
**PALMOLIVE**

Keep your complexion always sparkling with youth's own natural freshness. Then loveliness will never leave you. Do this with Palmolive! The olive oil in Palmolive gives it a generous creamy lather that preserves youthful beauty *naturally*. Use Palmolive in your bath and let it guard your skin loveliness "all over."

**DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES**

**HAPPY CHILDREN**
**make**
**CONTENTED MEN and WOMEN**

8,200 children in Barnardo's
are receiving happiness
PLEASE HELP THIS WORK

**10/-**
**feeds one child for a fortnight**

*Cheques, etc., payable Dr. Barnardo's Homes and crossed: addressed Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 319, Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1*

directly into the warm, hazel eyes of Lilly Sutton. If he, instead of the robot, had been flying the ship, *The New Yorker* might have done strange things in the sky then.

She said: "I know passengers aren't allowed in the pilot's compartment except by invitation. I got your co-pilot to invite me."

Then Kel knew it was no vision.

"I—I thought I'd transferred you," he said, trying to get hold of himself. "I thought I'd transferred you—and Herman Petree . . ."

"I thought you thought that," she said. "It's a pity you've not outgrown that—suspiciousness. You've outgrown so much." Then her eyes left him and went to the continent of North America drifting nearer below them, and she spoke as if explaining some fundamental truth to a child. "Pictures have been my living. I hoped to give up making them, some time. I've never liked acting. But even a woman must live. I met Herman Petree in London in the midst of this attack which decided him to fly over, provided I'd come along as a sort of courage-builder-upper. That's all he asked."

Kel looked ahead steadily. "Seems to me you threw over a good bet. There was one guy valued his own neck."

"Necks, I have learned," she said, "are to balance heads on. Good heads."

Kel squinted at the shore line and adjusted instruments that didn't matter. Then he said: "Even red-heads? Even lovely red-heads who make you do screwy things?"

"Maybe it's not a very good head."

"Let's see," he said, rising.

"Kel, darling," she protested, trying to hold him off. "You've—work to do!" But there was that old twinkle in her eyes.

"You bet I have," he said, smiling down at her in his arms. "But robots fly ships, too, and they haven't any necks to worry about."

END

## Eve Goes Synthetic

(*Continued from page 23*)

insert under their heels a slender stilt, which is commonly three inches high, and may be four; and this alters their whole stance and poise. The very finger-nails are brought into the synthetic picture. Not only is the cuticle forced down and the tip shaped to a long fine point, but the whole surface is lacquered scarlet, or black, or green, or silver, or pink.

In brief, the women of this age—which conceivably historians may one day note as the age of our Second Punic War—are as much a product of the laboratory, the machine shop, and the chemical retort, as a high-speed aero engine. The first man of all, if he returned to earth, would not recognize his Garden of Eden mate in the highly artificial, and resolutely and scientifically beautified and "glamoured," latter-day female of the *homo sapiens* species.

But the important point that emerges is that all this artifice, this beautification, is increasingly directed—in cosmetics, hair-dressing, clothes styles, make-up aids and tricks—to making Eve conform more closely to some standard, tested, and admired model.

The Hollywood beauty creators and glamourisers have obligingly created a range of models. And the models are themselves synthetic, the elaborate and enormously costly products of the Hollywood dream factories. The standards of those factories, where the wish-thoughts of two hundred million people (a week's intake of the cinema theatres) are caught up and translated into fairy tales imprinted on celluloid strips, and distributed over the world in cans, are the standards of contemporary Eve. Even serious-minded, austere, or disdainful ladies, who ignore the vulgar movies (which the average woman visits twice a week, according to the statistics) are still influenced and affected, through the hairdresser, the milliner, the dressmaker, the magazines and newspapers.

The serious-minded, the austere and the

disdainful under-estimate the capacity of those film-factory technicians for creating lovely shapes and lines, movements, colours, expressions—bright and beautiful things to look at. The technicians work over the raw material, watch and handle it and test it all ways, with the patience and absorption of a biologist experimenting in his laboratory. The female goes in crude, and after handling by the highly skilled experts, emerges long, elegant, streamlined, swift, graceful and highly finished as a fine mechanism.

All our resources of machines, chemicals, brains, taste, skill, capital and industrial organisation, are concentrated with the single aim of beautifying that natural product—a woman. In the world of the films a woman must look a little smarter, prettier, better-proportioned, more graceful, more seductive, than even beautiful women normally appear in real life; or she will not return a profit to the film Frankensteins on their heavy investment.

It is an elaborate and expensive process, but worth while. It turned Greta Garbo from a freckled, over-weight and rather awkward Swedish girl into one of those marvellous creatures whose fabulous beauty dates an age and influences its external appearance. In the flesh, the girl did not impress anybody, agents or producers, when Stiller, her Swedish sponsor, took her with him to America. She could not get a chance, or a job. She hung around New York, and in despair thought of going home. But a famous photographer did some stills of her in a special way and was greatly impressed by the results. He urged her to get those photographs under the eye of some important producer. A group met in New York, and the photographer got Garbo's stills under their eye before they dispersed. They recognised her possibilities from the photos, not from the flesh-and-blood girl: and the Garbo career began.

There are two ways of looking at this general phenomenon of synthetic Eve. One begins and ends in fashions in women's clothes and make-up tricks. The other begins with the origin of life on our planet, and in the rise of man to overlordship of the earth; and its end is not remotely in sight, and is beyond contemporary powers of imagination.

For it is one thing to know that in 1938 a hundred thousand men will work a total of nearly two hundred million hours to provide women with a little bit of tinted stuff to accentuate the natural pink of their lips. It is another thing to guess why women do it, anyway.

Of course, gilding the lily, and improving on Nature (perhaps), are not new devices. Crude cosmetics were known and used by women in the old civilizations of Assyria and Egypt. The women of Greece curled their hair and ornamented their sandals. The women of Rome painted, curled, perfumed and dyed their dresses, and practised a primitive sort of beauty culture. If women in the social stratas below the wealthy patricians and rich merchants did not go in for these devices, it was merely because they had not the price; or, perhaps, the time. And if none used the elaborate aids of modern times, hitching electricity to the hair-dressing process, and a huge chemical industry to the beautifying business, it was merely because their menfolk had not then discovered these miracles, and made them available to their women—at a price. But fifteen centuries ago the women of Minoan Crete were achieving Mae West waists with corsets, usually of metal; and it was the Pompadour who popularized high heels.

The imitation of a fashionable beauty also is not new. But yesterday these imitations were confined to a small "high world," a patrician set or a royal court. The favourites of Louis XV, for instance, were imitated by the ladies of that most artificial and gregarious of all courts. But that was not exactly because the imitators sought to capture the king: the idea was that the fortunate favourite had something which "got" a man. Her "line" (as American college girls call it) was, therefore, worth (*Continued on page* 134)

MAKE YOUR Hot
CUP OF TEA
at your bedside
Electrical Appliances
SWAN BRAND
TRADE MARK
BRITISH MADE
MURRAY-WATSON

**Switch ON YOUR "SWAN BRAND" KETTLE**

. . . there are many occasions when a "SWAN BRAND" Electric Kettle in the home will make life easier, but for the millions of us who wake to a morning cup of tea the most important occasion is when that Kettle provides fresh hot water by our bedside . . . so make arrangements now to have a kettle there.

*Aluminium Domestic Ware made "SWAN BRAND" famous. We have a utensil for every kitchen use. Send for descriptive literature.*

**Bulpitt & Sons, Ltd., Dept. 6, Camden St., Birmingham, 1.**

*The "SWAN BRAND" Element is actually immersed in the water providing extremely speedy boiling. There is a "SWAN BRAND" Electrical Appliance guaranteed for two years for every domestic use. If you cannot obtain locally, write to us for name of nearest stockist.*

*such an easy name to remember . . . and so reliable too! . . .*

**Printers' Pension, Almshouse & Orphan Asylum Corporation**

**Offices: HANOVER HOUSE, 73-78, High Holborn, London, W.C.1**

*Telephone:* Chancery 8548 (2 lines). Robert H. Lucas, *Secretary.*

This great and useful Institution is now in pressing need of funds, in order that its assistance may be spread over as large a number of beneficiaries as possible. The extent of its usefulness may be gathered from the fact that it distributes no less than £51,000 a year amongst over 2,000 recipients, aged printers and widows, orphan children and almshouse residents. At the annual elections hundreds of necessitous candidates, both men and women, seek its help, all of them deserving because during their working life they subscribed to the funds, a principle of thrift which should commend the work to the generous consideration of everyone who believes in helping those who help themselves. No eligible orphan of a subscribing Printer has ever been refused assistance.

**500 Guineas creates a pension which can be named after the donor, a most suitable method of perpetuating a name or a memory.**

*Contributions gratefully received and further information gladly given by the Secretary.*

The "MERTON MAJOR"

This delightfully soft, luxuriously comfortable lounge has superb upholstery, all hair stuffed, with the new rubberised hair at the most important places. Patent suspended interlaced springing is fitted in both back and seat, which are instantly removable for cleaning and loose covers. Three lengths of seat to suit varying heights, prime seasoned birch frames to withstand rough usage, and large socket-type castors for easy moving.

CHAIR *from* £4.15.0 According to length of seat
SETTEE *from* £8.19.6 According to width of seat

AS SHOWN AT THE IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION
Write for Catalogue of the MINTY Club Chairs and patterns of Coverings
MINTY Ltd. (Dept. 86) 44/45 High St., Oxford
London Showrooms - - - 123, Victoria Street, WESTMINSTER, S.W.1
Manchester Showrooms - 5, Exchange Street, St. Ann's Square, MANCHESTER

MINTY
CLUB CHAIR
Patent No. 340743

SPORTING PRINTS

The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, The Late GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other famous sporting artists.

PRICES FROM ONE GUINEA

*Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended*

THE SPORTING GALLERY
70 Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1

studying, and following. Not only her dresses, her speech and manners, became the vogue. The back-stage procedure is interesting.

The king had a *valet de chambre*, one Lebel. Lebel was a connoisseur of women—or, at least, of women designed by Nature for a particular purpose. He sought for women capable of alluring, satisfying, amusing and distracting his exigent master. His search was naturally eased by the fact that any number of women, both patrician and plebian, sought to put themselves under his eyes, as a short-cut to inspection by the king. They even bribed him—the man died fat and rich.

When everything was arranged, the lady would be invited to a little dinner in a house in the Faubourg St. Germaine. Sometimes the king was there in disguise; more often he posted himself in the next room, listened, and peered through a spy hole. If the lady made the royal grade, she enjoyed Louis's favour for anything from a week to twenty years—Madame Pompadour, brought under the king's eye in that way, achieved the latter time record.

It is not on record whether the court ladies who imitated the young Pompadour, the du Barry, or another of the sirens successful with King Louis, thereby made more conquests and attracted more admirers. But it seems pretty certain that there is no special type of woman who fascinates all men. One has only to glance over a representative list to perceive that the diversification of Noah's pets in the ark was not greater than that of the types of women whose seductions have captivated kings and such in private, or the public through display on stage or film.

The actress Rachel charmed and bewitched; so did la Valliere. La Valliere was beautiful but stupid in conversation; with Rachel, it was the other way round. George Sand used to say to men she sought to attract, or whom she saw were attracted and whom she wished to encourage: "I am as ugly as sin, am I not? But so was Semiramis!" She was definitely ugly; but she had charm and wit and other qualities. She bewitched Chopin, a man of delicate sensibilities, although her habit of smoking pipes and cigars cannot have assured that her kisses were on all occasions rose-perfumed. She has the longest list of lovers of any woman on record—except possibly Messallina, and Catherine of Russia, but they were women who could command men.

The man with the longest list of mistresses on record is Napoleon. It is a list containing over a hundred names. But we know that Napoleon was in the habit of saying at the end of a long spell of work, or during a short break in a work spell: "Bring me a woman." He cannot therefore be considered a careful chooser; and his mistresses did not necessarily captivate him—they were not all hand-picked, pursued, woo'd and won. Madame Walewska pleased him, but portraits of this celebrated woman do not show a great beauty, nor do contemporary records indicate that she had any special qualities of allure which were immediately perceptible. She bore Napoleon a son—that was her link with him after the first passion. On the other hand, he did fall violently in love with Josephine. Josephine was a very pretty woman, with certain qualities of facile charm. She had bad teeth. But her voice was most attractive and may easily have helped to captivate the Corsican.

Sophie Arnould, who has inspired as many memoirs as Ninon, also owed much to her voice. It seems to have had a Garbo timbre, since a contemporary describes it as "The loveliest asthma ever heard." It was beautiful, even on her death-bed, when she murmured: "*Ah, les beaux jours, les beaux jours! J'etais si malheureuse.*"

The voice is an important part of a woman's attractions. There have been occasions when Garbo's rivals have borrowed the Garbo voice, evidently with the idea that by adding that husky Swedish accent to their own looks and mannerisms, they would "go over big." Joan Crawford tried it once, but as it was not repeated in her subsequent pictures, the result on her public must have been rather less than satisfactory. None of her rivals tried to poach any part of Sarah Bernhardt's golden voice. Possibly it was too difficult.

The tricks and mannerisms of Marlene Dietrich have been borrowed as freely as her hats and frocks have been copied. An excitant type, Marlene, the sort of woman who instantly attracts the male eye (incidentally she is the only film star I know who is as good-looking in private life as on the celluloid strip). Hitler has taken her up. The effect of this may well be pronounced.

Hitler's taste in women has been made the subject of more than one study in pathology. But that is by the way. The Reichsführer owes much to the fact that he remains unmarried and unattached. There is asceticism there (although Hitler is not so ascetic as his myth depicts him), attractive to male youth of the soldier type; and there is also that something which attracts the women of all ages to the unattached and famous male.

It is no less important for Hitler than for Garbo to dissociate himself from the ideas of domesticity and marriage.

Fascism starts off by wanting women to revert to the natural. Later, the economic motive forces a dictator to face up to facts and yield to women's desire to make the most of themselves. Mussolini had his ascetic phase. But it quickly passed, and the real Mussolini emerged, in time to ridicule the early Nazi proscription of cosmetics, and announce that any dictator who tries to ban fashion merely renders himself ridiculous —fashion and everything appertaining there— to riding an irresistible human tide of sex, and self and race survival.

In due course, the Nazis agreed. They had found out. Little Goebbels, propaganda minister, master of the German nation's cultural and artistic life, made his wife "minister of fashion" in the early days of the Nazi triumph. It was her job to lead German women away from athletic pastimes and French styles, fal-lals and fripperies, back to nursery ideals and vogues, presumably suited to Hitler's idea of the ideal woman as a child-bearer for the lusty soldier. The Goebbels fashion ministry lasted three months. Then it folded up.

Magda Goebbels herself is extremely decorative. Her combination of light gold hair and light grey eyes, in a pale face embellished by all the make-up arts known to the fashionable woman, is striking and effective. Hitler does not disapprove this official lead. If Germany's sex life is stimulated by colours and plumage, so much the better for Germany which needs more babies, a resurgence of fertility to make up for the war wastage and provide the fighting herds for new wars designed to carry the Germanic tribes ultimately along the path to world empire—or extinction.

Now, Germany has no native film star who invites imitation by her ravishing good looks. This is a distinct national loss. But Marlene Dietrich is German; and tens of thousands of women, especially those Balzacian "women of thirty," wish they looked like Marlene, and a horde of them study her and imitate her. For a time, after one of her films had been shown in town, one saw fashionable women who could not achieve the remotest likeness to the German ex-cabaret girl doing the next best thing: making Marlenish gestures, using the Marlene glance-up-under-lashes trick, and coming out in a rash of Marlene feather boas, used to draw attention to provocatively shrugging shoulders, and to suggest, faintly, but with distinct daring, at unsuspected capacities for indiscretions. . . .

Marlene was not one of the Nazis' original heroines. Indeed, they seemed to have about as much use for her as they had for Einstein and Bruening. She was selected for violent press attacks. But suddenly the official order went forth to cease criticism. A paper which commented on her adversely was reprimanded. In London, the ubiquitous Herr von Ribbentrop ostentatiously took a distinguished party along to see Marlene in a new film.

Hitler had seen the film in his Berchtesgaden private (*Continued on page* 136)

in brief..
perfection in protection

SILHOUETTE

Next to nothing completely protective. A handful of silkiness that gives to the figure like a second skin. Insert with Kleinerts 'Feathernap'—that protective texture like a peach-skin—soft, cool and completely moisture-proof.

**No. 1983. Silhouette in Crepe Locknit, Flesh only, Small, Medium or Large each 2/11**

SPORTEEZ

—adapted from the 'Silhouette' for wear over longer girdles and corselettes. Cut specially for 'easy' sportswear.

**No. 969. The latest Style in Suede Locknit with comfortable leg bands cut to fit snugly. RUBBER Protection. Flesh only, each 3/6**

*The New 'Tampantie'*

The briefest yet . . . for wear with either Tampons or Towels . . . . complete protection in an entirely new-style garment.

**TAMPANTIE No. 915. In Celanese Locknit with Feathernap Protection. Flesh only, Small, Medium or Large each 2/11**

I. B. KLEINERT RUBBER CO.
(DEPT. B.E.81
25, NEWGATE STREET, E.C.1.

Please send me FREE 1938 BOOKLET "**Perfection in Freshness,**" featuring Protective Comforts for every-daily needs.

NAME..............................................

ADDRESS ..........................................

Kleinert's

*Obtainable from all good Drapers & Stores.*

**71 DISPENSARIES, 9 ANIMAL HOSPITALS**
**AND**
**15 CARAVAN DISPENSARIES**

are devoted to the FREE treatment of poor people's sick and injured animals. More than ONE MILLION cases are being treated every year by

**THE PEOPLE'S DISPENSARY for SICK ANIMALS of the POOR, Inc.**

*The P.D.S.A. is entirely supported by voluntary contributions, and must depend upon public generosity for its maintenance and expansion. Contributions or donations should be sent to The Secretary, 14 Clifford Street, London, W.1.*

IRIUM'S THRILLING 'EM WITH DAZZLING TEETH!

and only
PEPSODENT
has it!

IRIUM is thrilling millions! Thrilling millions, morning after morning, by the new dazzling whiteness of their teeth! Never before has there been such radiance with a toothpaste so *utterly safe*. Yes, there's never a risk with IRIUM-containing Pepsodent . . . never a chance of harming your precious tooth enamel, which *never grows again* when once it has gone.

**WHAT IS IRIUM?** Irium—exclusive to Pepsodent—is a new detergent which research has shown can dissolve that unpleasant greasy coating on teeth better than the soap that's usually to be found in toothpastes—and without soap's alkaline drawbacks. That means it is far more efficient in removing unsightly film from teeth. In combination with Pepsodent's safe, non-scratching polishing agent, it makes teeth *brighter than ever before!*

PEPSODENT containing IRIUM

GRITLESS, SOAPLESS, CHALKLESS—
SAFE, THOROUGH and so REFRESHING!
6d, 1/- and 1/9 a tube
*from your chemist or stores*

Pepsodent
IRIUM

PEPSODENT TOOTH POWDER ALSO CONTAINS IRIUM

95-P-B

DO YOU EMBARRASS OTHERS AT CERTAIN TIMES?

In spite of the most scrupulous cleanliness, you may sometimes embarrass others. Fortunately it is very easy to avoid this by using Camelia "Vanderised" Towels—which *are positively Deodorising*. These Towels are treated by a special process discovered by Dr. Van de Velde, the world-famous gynæcologist, which not only neutralises the odour, but also prevents the towel from hardening at the edges—the most frequent cause of chafing. The medicaments used also have a pronounced healing action on the skin—thus preventing soreness and inflammation which might otherwise be caused by rubbing of a damp towel.

WRITE NOW FOR FREE SAMPLES

Four Free Sample Towels in plain wrapper will be sent in return for 1½d stamp to cover postage. Write to Nurse Ashby (Dept. 22 ), 14 Fore Street, E.C.2.

ENTIRELY BRITISH MADE Camelia de luxe VANDERISED TOWELS 6D. & 1/6 per packet

C.V.22

WEAK STOMACH

And how to Treat it

The path of those who have what is called "a weak stomach" is a hard one. To-day something you eat may bring on a Bilious attack or sick headache; to-morrow or the next day it may be sharp Indigestion or Flatulence. Never free from anxiety, you are ever in fear of what the next meal may bring. In addition there is real danger of serious stomach trouble eventually.

What is one to do? A treatment that has time and again proved completely successful in these cases is Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. This reputable stomachic, so widely used by doctors and hospitals, is absolutely safe. A dose after meals quickly ends pain and discomfort and, taken regularly, gradually restores full digestive health. Once that is accomplished, doctors recommend one dose always at bedtime to preserve this happy condition.

But be sure you get the *genuine* MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on bottle and carton. Powders or Tablets, 1/3, 2/- and 5/-; also pocket tins of tablets, 9d. Never sold loose.

cinema. Marlene, with her delectable and beautiful long legs and orchidageous clothes, her long lingering glances and suggestive silences, made a favourable impression on the forty-five-year-old ex-corporal who has driven his way to power by goading and kicking the fallen German giant to its feet again. Marlene, moreover, in that film tempts and is tempted, but in the end she abandons her lover and goes along the duty path with her husband.

If the Goebbels bureau manages to make the tie-up it wants, and Marlene manufactures films in Germany, the Third Reich is likely to spawn multitudes of synthetic Marlenes—a type the leader approves and perhaps admires.

Marlene, as a cabaret artiste, looked like an imitation of her later film self. She had not been "glamoured" by experts who knew how to make the most of her hair, eyes, nostrils, cheekbones and lips, and leave the rest a vague background. It was the same with Miss Gracie Fields, too.

About three years ago I sat opposite to her in a Pullman car on the Brighton line, and noted that she wore an undistinguished hat on dark hair and looked like the wife of a prosperous merchant returning home from a shopping trip to town. No attempt to do anything with, or to, herself. . . .

A year later, in a Palladium stall, my eye was diverted from the juggler on the stage to a female head and shoulders directly in front of me. A certain magnificence about them, although the shoulders were clad in plain cloth—the woman was not even in evening dress, or in any frock whose cut and colour would attract the eye—and the hair was innocent of the hairdresser's wiles. It was like a lion's mane, that hair—thick and tawny and strong. It fascinated me by its air of superb vigour. Only an exceptional and interesting woman could grow hair like that, and wear it with that careless abandon. Then she spoke—a strong north-country accent. I recognised Gracie Fields, taking a busman's holiday.

The other day I saw Miss Fields again. Her hair was shining gold, and as perfectly groomed as Virginia Bruce's. Her eyebrows, which I first saw thick and strong, were thinned and shaped. She was beautified. She had been "glamoured."

I have not asked Miss Fields why she has gone blonde and glamorous, but I would not hesitate to ask her—as I certainly would hesitate to ask sundry women I know why they have taken to shadowing their upper eyelids with mauve paint, or putting some dark stuff on their lower eyelashes which leaves a black smudge on the lower eyelid before the evening is out, or making their well-shaped finger-nails look like a vulture's talons after a meal of fresh-killed meat, or turning themselves, with ammonia and and peroxide, from natural brunettes into synthetic blondes.

And I can guess what she would say. "Ah, well, the public like it, what with the films and all. I'm in show business. I can't suit myself. What the public want is good enough for me, laad."

Lancashire must now be full of synthetic Gracie Fields.

I have enquired of those who should know why brunettes go blonde, while blondes do not turn themselves brunette; and I am told that one of the reasons is that a blonde can do things with her hair that a brunette cannot do. She can curl herself up in a way that a brunette could not do without looking over-elaborate or negroid. She looks fresh, clean, shampooed, gay. In winter she suggests sun and ripe corn, and in summer she looks cool and spring-like. It may be so.

Lately, having dined with an impresario, I went round with him to see a new dancer, an American importation, rehearsing her act. We climbed two flights in a dark building, and opened a door. In a brightly-lit, yellow-floored studio, a long, lean girl, with not much on besides her practice shorts, was making Nijinsky-leaps, between taps, while a pianist in the corner gave her the music.

She came over and shook hands, and then returned to her acrobatics. Apart from her eyes, which were abnormally clear and clean, and had a vigorous glance, one would not have noticed her face in a crowd. But commenting on that, as we left, the impresario said: "With that hair and those feet, nobody notices her face."

It was true. Her hair framed her face in gold. When you looked at her a little way away, all you saw was a girl in agile graceful motion, a girl with a pair of ardent, laughing eyes, and a mass of smooth gold hair that would be good to look at merely as a detached piece of decor.

The general opinion is that a blonde has a distinct advantage over a brunette, whether or not gentlemen prefer her. The films again, which prefer blondes for photographing purposes, have much to do with this opinion—which may be based on an illusion. The advent of colour photography has begun to make women envious of the allure of red hair. There is already a rise in the demand for hair-dye tints in the auburn range, and my impresario friend aforesaid tells me that cabaret producers and stage show casters feel they must include red-heads in their chorus line now, or date like last-year's hat.

Sarah Bernhardt, you may recall, was a red-head; and so was Nell Gwyn. Mary Queen of Scots, and the implacable Queen Elizabeth, were both auburn-haired: which may have something to do with their marked failure to appreciate one another. Miss Elinor Glyn, and Clara Bow, the first exponent of Miss Glyn's "IT," are red-heads. Diana Napier, the girl Tauber the tenor chose for his wife, has a dark-red head. But it may be that the secret of the growing vogue of red-heads is chiefly explained by the well-known young mannequin who, on this subject, said to me: "I've been white-gold so long, it's nice to be red for a change—especially as up to four years ago I was a mouse-brown anyway!"

As a tailpiece, I may observe that what has happened to the female of the species, may yet happen to the male. One has only to look in the men's magazines, both British and American, to see the "plugging" of a type. Women, at least, have a large and generous range of types to choose from; but unfortunate man has been reduced to a single type as definite as the Aberdeen terrier section in a dog show.

It is an elongated creature presented as our beau ideal, what-every-man-would-like-to-look-like. A male with a narrow inevitably tanned—usually a brown-brick-red tint—face and a taste in clothes which might be questioned even by a matinée idol picking his wardrobe for a light musical show. His colour scheme is more carefully thought out than any fashionable beauty's; and he carries more colours all at once in his hat, shirt, tie, handkerchief, jacket, trousers, greatcoat, shoes and socks than any woman except a comic would dare to flaunt.

His dressing-gowns are violet and violent. His suitcases, even, are colourful and always brand-new-looking, although labelled Mombasa, Madeira, Pitlochry, Cannes (the sort of places our ideal-man would go to). He seems to spend his life standing around places waiting for somebody to call him "Colonel" or "Captain," and being so frightfully correct that any good stage producer would find fault with his performance on the ground that he was over-acting. He has the look of an over-bred dog, and the same hint of weakness about the narrow-eyed, narrow-jawed face.

This is a ubiquitous type created, and plugged, for the male to adopt as his model; and presumably in the research shops of business, where these things are discussed analysed, decided upon, and paid for, the idea is that men *want* to look like this, just as girls want to look like Jean Arthur or Greta Garbo, or Joan Crawford—and if clothes will help them on the way, they will be induced to buy by seeing them hung on this standard model, whom less fortunate men must envy, and whom all women secretly admire or openly adore.

END

*Join*
THE NATIONAL SLIMMING CAMPAIGN
*and improve your Figure and your Vigour on the famous*
**BREAD *and* BUTTER DIET**

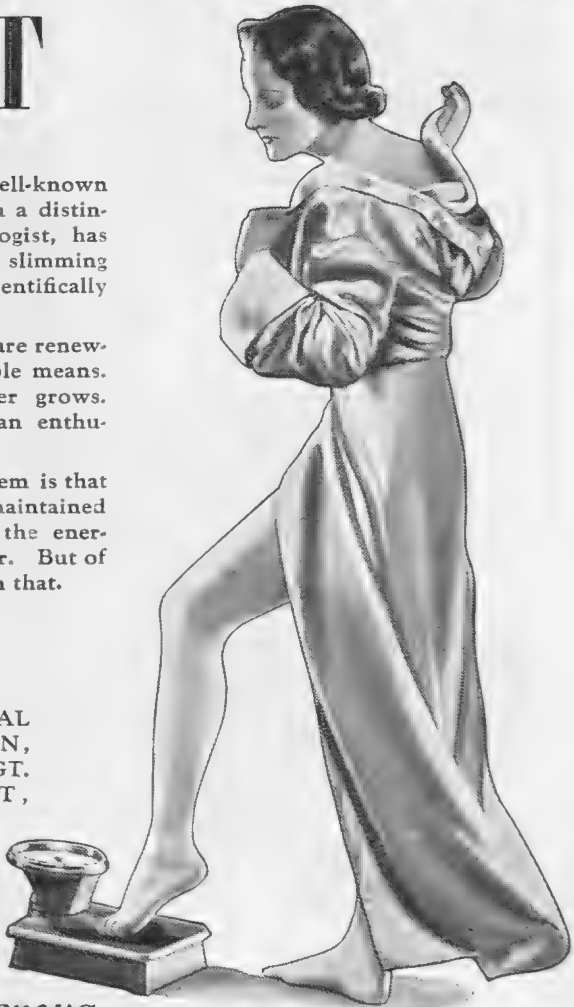
Elisabeth Ann Loring — the well-known specialist—in conjunction with a distinguished dietitian and a biologist, has worked out the most effective slimming system ever devised. It is scientifically sound. It is SAFE.

Women in their thousands are renewing their youth by this simple means. Week by week their number grows. Every new recruit becomes an enthusiastic advocate.

The central idea of the system is that health and vigour must be maintained while slimming by means of the energising value of bread and butter. But of course, there is more in it than that.

*Write for full particulars to:*
THE SECRETARY, NATIONAL
SLIMMING CAMPAIGN,
TRAFALGAR HOUSE, GT.
NEWPORT STREET,
LONDON, W.C.2.

**SLIM**
*the bread and butter way*



SUBSCRIPTION RATES "BRITANNIA & EVE"

| Published Monthly at 1/- | Three Months | Six Months | Twelve Months |
|---|---|---|---|
| Inland and Abroad | 4/6 | 8/9 | 17/6 |
| Canada | 3/6 | 7/- | 14/- |

ORDER FORM

To the Publisher, BRITANNIA & EVE, 32/34 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4 Please send me BRITANNIA & EVE Monthly for.................................months commencing with the.................................issue for which I enclose..........................

Name..........................................................................................

Address.......................................................................................

Date.................................................1938

EUCRYL TOOTH POWDER
WHITENS & PRESERVES THE TEETH
Fragrant · Antiseptic · Cleansing

**Smiles are Bright Teeth are White She uses Eucryl every Night**

If you wish your teeth always to be white and sparkling, brush them night and morning with EUCRYL TOOTH POWDER. You can never imagine the difference it will make till you try it.

The Lancet says, "*. . . a properly compounded powder is preferable as a cleansing agent to a paste.*"

**EUCRYL TOOTH POWDER**

Tins 3d., 7½d. & 1/-

*One end of Tweed Smartness*

*is to give elegance to informality. That is a matter, first, of quality in the cloth. And Frazers cloths are superb—Harris, Shetland, Cheviot, Orkney and Lovat of a colour richness and design brilliance which are irresistible to the discerning eye. But also there is the matter of cut and style in the finished garment. And Frazers' tweeds tailor admirably. They unite style, they display cut, and in the wearer they set off and add alluring charm to femininity.*

Write now for patterns to Mail Order Dept. "R"

**FRAZERS OF PERTH LTD PERTH**

# Can Women Be Funny?

(*Continued from page 49*)

Judy Canova, in a scene from her latest film *Thrill of a Lifetime*, with Ben Blue

powerful, and of great range. As her song she chose "My Hero" from *The Chocolate Soldier*. She was a big hit with audiences, right through the week. When Saturday night came the manager told her she had better change her song and suggested she should sing a well-known aria from *Carmen*. She knew it, and said she would; but when she stood in the wings waiting to go on, and heard the band playing the *Carmen* music, panic seized our Gracie.

Shaking from head to heels she got on the stage, somehow. Then opened her mouth, and sang—NOT the *Carmen* song, which the band was playing, but "My Hero" from *The Chocolate Soldier*! She got through quite a lot of the song, bawling out top notes against the music that was coming from the orchestra pit. The conductor looked as though he thought she had taken leave of her senses, while the audience, after a few seconds of paralysed silence, began to laugh, and went on laughing. Gracie Fields, terrified, made a dive for the shelter of the wings, and started to run to her dressing-room. The stage manager pulled her back. "Go on; go on again. They want you!" he said. Which marked the first time Gracie Fields made an audience almost hysterical with laughter.

Beatrice Lillie has a brand of humour gloriously her own. She became famous by burlesquing serious songs, in a perfectly serious manner. Her clipped, crystal-clear utterance, her small, half-finished, yet perfect gestures, her impertinent manner with its air of faintly pained surprise—all these characteristics are "Lillie-isms" we have grown to know and admire. She began as a serious singer of

Zasu Pitts, famous screen comedienne, of the fluttering hands and bewildered voice with George Shelley in a scene from *Forty Naughty Girls*, her latest film for R.K.O.

ordinary musical comedy or revue ballads and was literally laughed out of that branch of the business.

There was a revue at the now-defunct Alhambra called *5064 Gerrard* produced by André Charlot. Beatrice Lillie was not well known, then. But she had two numbers in the show; in the first half she sang "I am a Tommy Boy," dressed as a dapper young man, and in the second half she sang "I want to go back to Michigan," in a fetching country-girlish gown.

When she went on for her first number and started to sing it quite seriously and feelingly, she could not understand why the audience began to howl with mirth. They laughed so much that she left the stage burning with shame and misery. Then up came André Charlot, to congratulate her, wanting to know why she didn't tell him, in advance, that she was going to do it. "Going to do WHAT, André? In heaven's name, what *did* I do? What made them laugh like that?" demanded poor Miss Lillie, nearly in tears. He said, "Oh, you only went on without having buttoned up your trousers!" When the moment arrived for Miss Lillie to sing her "Michigan" number she was terrified; she didn't know how the audience would receive her. Once again, she panicked them! She says she has never been able to decide whether they were laughing at the memory of her previous appearance, or at the notion of anybody wanting to go back to Michigan! Whichever it was, her success as a comedienne dates from that night.

Broadway loves Beatrice Lillie; her dry, whimsical humour appeals to Americans, all the time. They have seen even more of her lately than we have; but now she has made a new film with Bing Crosby, called *Doctor Rhythm*, so England will have a chance to laugh at her again on the screen; while C. B. Cochran puts her back on the London stage in a new musical show with Flanagan and Allen.

A gift for putting over absurd dialogue with an air of complete earnestness is largely responsible for Gracie Allen's success, in films and on the music halls. Gracie began as "stooge" to George Burns, who became her husband not long after they embarked on their music hall career together. In those days, it was George who got the laughs, and said the funny lines; and it was Gracie who gave him the "leads" or cues that produced the laugh attached to his answers to her questions.

But there was something about the way Miss Allen spoke her questions, or how she looked at him, or something, that made people begin to laugh at *her*, long before George could plant his own joke. So one day he thought it might be quite an idea for them to change places. Let him be the stooge, and let Gracie give the final lines, with the laugh attached to them. They tried it out; and it went so well that they have never gone back to their original plan of campaign. Gracie is a very clever dancer, but says she has such a glorious time putting over gags about her imaginary brother—the one who is always causing her so much trouble—that she would rather forget about dancing, and stick to comedy. Her husband writes most of their material, calls her "Googy," while she calls him "Nat"; and between them they are two of the most universally popular people in the whole of Hollywood.

Martha Raye, the girl with the vast mouth, the acrobatic face, and a sense of humour that puts ordinary comedians to shame, has landed in the big money during the past twelve months. You like Martha, or you can't see her for dust. There are no half measures. I'm not going to say which camp is mine; but it would not be fair to discuss women who are proving that they can be funny without mentioning the dynamic Miss Raye.

She is twenty-one this year. She works harder than two other stars put together. In addition to her screen jobs she is heard over the air regularly and thinks nothing of working twelve to fifteen hours a day. During last year she lost eighteen pounds in weight, without any sort of dieting; simply through sheer hard work. She made six films in an incredibly short space of time,

(*Continued on page 140*)

. . . . WITH OF COURSE

Yardley Lavender
YARDLEY LAVENDER
YARDLEY LAVENDER SOAP

Cocktail time . . . when the cares of the day give place to relaxation and enjoyment . . . and when the lovable fragrance of Yardley Lavender harmonises perfectly with the mood and the moment; unassertive, yet inspiring a delightful sense of fragrant well-being. Yardley Lavender Soap — the luxury soap of the world—with the same beautiful fragrance, refines and beautifies the skin and is a beauty treatment in itself. Lavender from 2/6 to 42/-. Soap in boxes of 3 tablets 2/6. Lavender Face Powder 2/-. Talc 2/6. Lavendomeal 3/- and 9/6

YARDLEY 33 OLD BOND STREET LONDON W.1

AN OLD WATER-MILL

Spring calls you to
GERMANY
Come now!

Germany will give you a holiday you will remember always. Who could forget the legend haunted castles of the Rhine, the grandeur of the Bavarian Alps and the peace and quietude of the German forests? Entrancing old towns like Rothenburg-on-the-Tauber and Dinkelsbühl will make history live again for you. Bad Homburg, favoured resort of Edward VII, and other famous Spas will bring you renewed health and vitality, and the modern cities of Germany will offer you entertainment and diversion in plenty. Everywhere you will find a ready smile, an unaffected eagerness to please. And you won't be plundered. Living is very reasonable. Rail fares are reduced up to 60 per cent. and you get about 20 Travel Marks to your £ provided you buy them outside Germany.

For full information and illustrated literature apply:—

GERMAN RAILWAYS
INFORMATION BUREAU
19 REGENT STREET, LONDON, S.W.1

following the first glimpse filmgoers caught of her in Bing Crosby's *Rhythm on the Range.*

Martha has been a trouper since she was a child, when she appeared in vaudeville. At sixteen she was singing with an orchestra in Chicago; then came more vaudeville experience, and musical comedy, too. She developed her own special brand of reckless slapstick comedy; she discovered she could "clown" as well as any man, and went all out to make her name as a female laugh-raiser. She was clowning and singing in a famous Hollywood cabaret when a director spotted her, and within a week she was working in *Rhythm on the Range*, for Paramount. I have watched Martha at work, more than once; so I can bear witness to the fact that the girl simply cannot stop clowning. She does it all the time, all day long; it is just second nature.

If you like the kind of music to which we attach the label "Hillbilly" you will surely like Judy Canova. Judy, with her sister Anne, and her brother Zeke, starred at one of London's most celebrated night spots, for four weeks, in February of this year; and London night lifers certainly liked her. She isn't a hillbilly at all, really. She was born in the northern section of Florida, where there isn't a hill in sight! Moreover, she has the blood of Spanish grandees in her veins; which seems to knock the hillbilly notion right out of court.

But Judy, who was born to make the world smile, spent a lot of her childhood—along with Anne and Zeke—in a small town in Georgia, which is right in the hillbilly country, it would seem. These three kids became expert hillbilly performers; they knew all about harmonized hymn-singing, yodelling, and comedy of the hillbilly type. When they left Georgia for New York they made an instant hit as entertainers in a small café in Greenwich Village. That hit brought them a music-hall contract; and then they smashed into real fame in a Broadway show called *Calling All Stars.*

That play brought them a Hollywood contract; and now Judy Canova is going to be made a star by Paramount, if she is a good girl. They do a lot of work on radio programmes, too. It was Paul Whiteman who was tickled by Judy's unusual brand of comedy, and billed them as guest artists for one of his big shows. Letters came flooding in, and a regular radio contract followed, post haste. So watch Judy Canova; she's all set for a big career.

Nearer home, what about the long string of laughs that have been handed to us by our very own English team, Elsie and Doris Waters? The Misses Waters are a joy, both as themselves and as the characters they have made so popular in music halls and on the air—"Gert and Daisy." Here is something of their history. They were both students at the Guildhall School of Music. It was suggested that Doris should give up everything for two years, and study to become a solo concert pianist. We ought to be glad something caused her to turn down this idea.

When Doris Waters was allowed to sing a ballad at a G.S.M. concert she admits that she sang it as badly as she could, to avoid the horror of having to do an encore! She became very intrigued with Lancashire dialect, and was one of the many pupils launched from the G.S.M. by Mr. Cairns James. The lessons she had from him were the start of a repertoire that has grown and grown since the Misses Waters made their début in a concert party on the pier at Southwold, with Will Pepper's *White Coons.* The White Coons are part of our radio programme to-day; and Harry S. Pepper, who is responsible for so many of the musical items presented by the B.B.C., is the son of Will Pepper. So the Waters Sisters should feel quite at home at Broadcasting House.

For a time, Elsie and Doris earned an income by appearing at concerts, dinners, and "At Homes"; but never as duettists. Elsie played the violin; Doris told stories, and sang light comedy songs. They did their own turn; and then accompanied any artists on the bill who needed assistance in that direction. Their "Gert and Daisy" characters did not come nto their repertoire until 1931, and then by accident. They were making some records, and having made one side of a record found they had nothing to fill the other side. So at one o'clock on the morning for which their recording session was fixed, they decided to make a talking record, for a change.

They wrote a sketch about two Cockney women, watching a wedding. An hour or so after it was written they had recorded it; and then thought no more about it. A month passed; the record was released, and their Cockney sketch became an instantaneous hit. They were appearing on the music halls, and audiences began to yell for "Gert and Daisy." So they rehearsed in a corner, and borrowed two awful old hats which they wore back to front to make them look idiotic. Elsie Waters grabbed the silk scarf from her violin case, and tied it round her neck; and thus Gert and Daisy appeared in public for the first time. To-day, they are known to millions!

Cicely Courtneidge, like other actresses who have become famous as laugh-makers, began by playing straight rôles in musical comedy. She was the very ingenuous *ingénue* in a string of musical shows produced by her father, Mr. Robert Courtneidge; she sang, danced, and looked coyly innocent. It was during the run of one of these plays that she met Jack Hulbert, to whom she is married and has been for a number of years. I have an idea that it was association with Jack, who has a grand brand of humour of his own, that made Cicely think she would like to break away from the sweet honey-girls she had been portraying, and see what she could do to raise a couple of laughs. Laughs have always meant a lot to Cicely and Jack, both in private and on the stage.

When she found she could impersonate strange elderly ladies, with monumental "fronts" and high, acid voices, Miss Courtneidge was wise enough to break into the music hall end of the business, to gain experience, and develop her ability to burlesque every type of female. Cicely was born on April 1st, but says, with a wave of the hand: "Take NO notice of that, dear!" She has brought her gift for comedy to the screen, in many films, of which the latest is *Take My Tip*, in which she co-stars once more with her husband.

Cicely loves disguises; she digs odd clothes out of weird little shops, and wanders round markets trying to pick out some definite character she can reproduce. In *Take My Tip* she is a raven-haired adventuress Russian countess, part of the time, and a simple old lady with curly grey hair in certain scenes. Apart from her work, Cicely's hobby is collecting antique furniture; and how she has ever found time to become the expert she undoubtedly is, remains a mystery.

Considering the actresses whose names have been mentioned in this article—and it has not been possible to mention all those who qualify as comediennes, by any means—it becomes obvious that in the twentieth century women CAN, and SHOULD, be funny. Think how much fun we should be losing, if they did a right-about-face and marched back to the Swooning Era.

END

Let Ranee Read Your Handwriting

*—See Announcement on page 126*

She certainly has an eye for clothes . . .

*. . but* *she'll never have 'LINE' till she wears KESTOS*

Being able to pick the right ensemble is a gift.

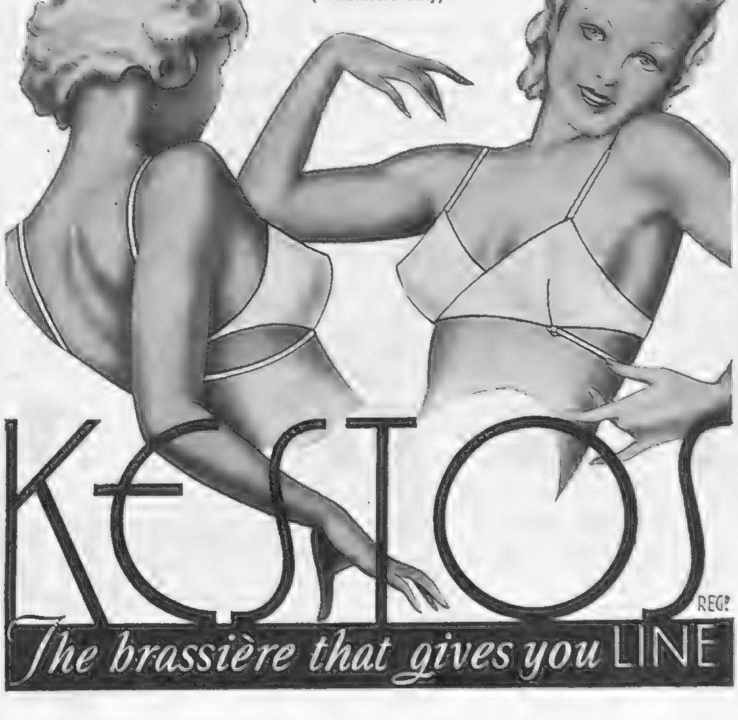
Being able to wear it so that it looks worth twice what you gave for it—that's another story.

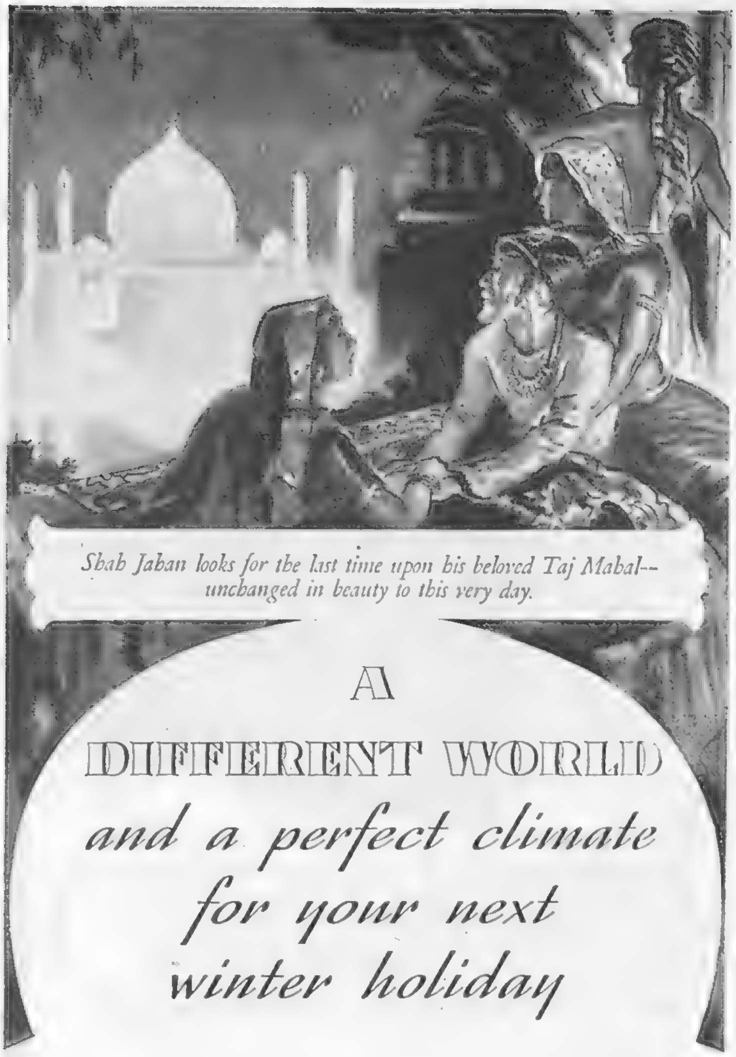
But—it's done every day. And the women who do it successfully wear Kestos.

They know that Kestos gives them that desirable, svelte 'line' which makes the most of any style.

*For tennis, a Kestos Brassière reduces fatigue and improves your figure. A standard 3/11 model is most suitable . . . but, after the game, change to the extra luxury of lace or fine net—either at 5/11.*

Write for illustrated leaflet to
Kestos Ltd., Maddox House,
Regent Street, W.1.
(Wholesale only)


KESTOS
REGD
The brassière that gives you LINE



*Shah Jahan looks for the last time upon his beloved Taj Mahal—unchanged in beauty to this very day.*

A DIFFERENT WORLD

*and a perfect climate for your next winter holiday*

**Break new ground in your trip abroad! India is perfect in December, January, February and March—the days are sunny, skies are of tropical blue yet nights are cool and fresh. And India will show you the East, not in dead pages of the past, but in throbbing life and beautiful pageantry. Ancient Delhi; Fatehpur Sikri, the Mogul Emperors' fairy city in red sandstone; the thronged bathing ghats of Benares, the ancient temples of Southern India and never-ceasing bustle of the bazaars . . . an old world that, to you, will be ever new.**

**The steamer journey to India is a holiday in itself. Indian trains are roomier than those in Europe, main line expresses are fast and compartments are fitted with every feature for your comfort. Let us plan you a tour at inclusive prices for your next winter holiday.**

**INDIA**

THE INDIAN
RAILWAYS BUREAU

57 HAYMARKET
LONDON, S.W.1
*Tel: Whitehall 1171*

Keymer

## Deportment

(*Continued from page* 53)

each you must move smoothly, with balance and control.

While you are acquiring the habit of moving, sitting and standing correctly you will need to be watchful. Later, if you persevere, the movements, the postures will come naturally.

Exercises will help to loosen limbs and increase your control of them. They need not be arduous, they need take up very little of your time. They must be regularly done and discreetly chosen. A lot of arm and leg swinging simply gets you nowhere if it is done at random.

Begin the day with breathing exercises. A few lungfuls of good fresh air send a stream of oxygen into your blood, and indirectly help to strengthen every function of the body.

Open your window wide. Breathe in through the nose, simultaneously raising the arms sideways and upwards to meet over the head. Breathe out through the mouth, regularly and slowly. Not in gasps. Pull the air in until your lungs feel bursting before you let it go. Drop the arms as you breathe out. Twelve times will do, twenty is better.

To assist you in cultivating an erect body (an erect spine means a pulled-in stomach) try this:

Stand with your feet a little apart. Balance evenly on both feet. Slacken the shoulders and arms. Breathe in and out. Now raise the arms horizontally, palms forward, breathe in and out while swinging the right leg well backward. Breathe in and out again and swing the right leg forward. Repeat this six times and then again with the left leg.

Afterwards to assist you further in flexing your spine, touch your toes six times. Relax your body and keep a rounded back as you bend. Your spine should describe a semi-circle, your head and arms should dangle loosely.

If you are really earnest about this, make a practice of walking round the room with a book balanced on your head and imagine you are on a tight-rope. Move the feet in a straight line. Throughout the day try to remember while you are walking to keep your chin up, your stomach in, your shoulders down.

It will be tiresome at first because you are so used to letting everything go. But remember that correct posture, when your body has grown to accept it and thrown off its bad habits, is comfortable and restful.

You will rest much better if you learn to sit without sprawling. To relax without flopping. Cramped and curled up positions in an armchair don't give the relaxation to your body that a controlled posture affords with muscles and limbs relaxed and straightened.

Start giving some thought to deportment. It is the secret of charm and partly of health, and there is nothing but your own indifference to prevent you from getting it.

END

## Harry Was a Friend

(*continued from page* 33)

for Pinder that I didn't know what I was doing."

"Did he want to borrow money?" Joe asked.

John nodded.

"How much?"

"Five hundred. You see, he'd got two children and another coming. . . ."

"Ah, a growing family," said Joe soberly

The little man looked at him rather blankly

"He showed me photos of them—a boy and a girl. Just the sweetest couple of kids you've ever seen."

"Was he in the photograph?"

"No, they were by themselves. What difference does it make?"

"Anyhow, they were his children," replied Joe soothingly

"And you know, Joe, although I try and keep it a secret, I'm just crazy about children.

Those photos just broke me up. If he hadn't shown them to me maybe I wouldn't have been so foolish. Anyhow, Pinder started to talk about security. He hadn't got any, he explained. He'd only got one asset—his job as manager of K. C. Laindons I mean. He was very frank with me; told me how much he owed, and I realized I'd never get five hundred back out of his pay. Well, here comes the really difficult part. He'd got an idea, he told me."

John's voice trailed away. He was trying to determine the best way of putting this rather shady incident. Wondering if there was anyway in which he could dress it up, so that it might be considered a credit to himself. He decided he could, and started again.

"Pinder was in a terrible state. He got me going. I've got the heart of a child," he added pathetically. "I offered to lend him the cash without security, but he wouldn't hear of it. I asked him right out what he'd got on his mind, and he told me. If I helped him with a temporary loan, he explained, I'd get all my money back within a fortnight with a nice little profit and, at the same time, he'd be able to put his own affairs straight."

"How?" asked Joe, very much intrigued by the transparent honesty of Mr. Pinder.

"Well, I didn't go into it very closely," replied John. "He said he'd got a system on the horses. All I'd got to do was to 'phone my bets to him, get my money back and make a profit."

"It seems a very pretty little system."

"You can imagine the state I was in, Joe. His two children going to starve, his wife going to have a baby. I just didn't ask him any questions. How could I know he was going to swindle Laindons?"

"Indeed," said Joe, "how could you?"

The little man hesitated perceptibly.

"Pinder was a friend of Harry's, and I *knew* Harry was straight. Of course, I knew Pinder was running a bit near the line, but I didn't think it had got anything to do with me. I know," he added defensively, "I should have asked more questions, but I haven't got this crazy habit of yours of thinking everybody is a liar."

"It can be useful."

"Occasionally," conceded John, "very occasionally. But it's not the way to make friends, going round not trusting anybody. Anyhow, I agreed. I was going to 'phone every day and he'd put the money on. I promised not to tell anyone, not even Harry."

"And I suppose you lost your shirt?"

"You're wrong!" cried the little man again. "I won! It went on for a fortnight, and I must have won nearly five hundred quid."

"Did they pay you?"

"Of course they paid me. How do you think I knew I'd won."

"They might just have told you."

"You seem to think I'm a fool, Joe. I tell you there's no confidence trick about this. I got five hundred pounds and paid them into my bank. The only mistake I made was not seeing what kind of feller Pinder was. I tell you everything was on the level, except what Pinder was doing—and how could I know that?"

"What *was* Pinder doing?"

"Well, I'll tell you. Everything went all right for a fortnight, and then one day I rang up his office and they told me he was home in bed with a chill. I didn't think anything of it. I mentioned it to Harry that time—and he told me there were a lot of colds going about. We had rather a thick night that night and I didn't get to bed till about three. Did you ever go to the Three Card Trick Club off Dean Street?"

"No."

"Some place," said the little man reminiscently, "some place. Well, next morning the telephone by my bed started ringing and woke me up. I had a terrible head. It was Harry. He was in the hell of a stew. Not for himself, you understand, but for me. It seemed that Pinder had disappeared."

"Who told him?" asked Joe.

"I didn't ask. At the time, I didn't see how the disappearance of Pinder could possibly affect me very much, so I didn't worry. I was sorry (*Continued on page* 144)

*"For goodness' sake, Nanny, take that pram into the garden before you put the children in it. I'm sure they'll fall out one of these days, leaning over like that to see themselves in my 'Mansion'-polished floor."*

"Mansion" is saving time and trouble in millions of homes. A single application of this fine wax polish keeps a floor looking bright for days, only a dust over being necessary to bring up the brightness as fresh as ever.

**Mansion WAX Polish**

**FOR FLOORS, FURNITURE & LINOLEUM**

TINS 3d., 6d. and larger sizes

MP/EV/3

IMPORTANT DEVELOPMENT IN

**NEW HEALTH PLAN**

Tens of thousands of women have already taken advantage of the New Health Plan—the method by which women's oldest handicap is being abolished. Hundreds of grateful letters have reached us. Some of these have contained very interesting questions. The answers to these questions have now been added to the Health Plan which in its enlarged form is yours for the asking.

As well as the famous booklet 'Women of To-day' you now receive a special 'at-a-glance' diet and exercise chart, designed to be hung up for reference. Always remember, though, that the ease of mind and body that the Health Plan brings would be impossible without modern sanitary protection (of which Lilia is the finest example). The New Health Plan enables you to work and play through the period because it helps to banish pain and 'off-colour' feeling, and *Lilia* gives you the absolute freedom from chafing, the cool comfort, that makes it possible for the few days of the period to merge *almost unnoticed* into the rest of the month. Take the first step to freedom *now*. Send *your* application and you will bless the day you read this advertisement.

SPECIAL HEALTH PLAN OFFER

| | |
|---|---|
| ★ | Please state that you require offer 1, 2 or 3. In the case of 1 and 2 enclose postal order. Address your request to Miss D. Downing (Dept. S.1), Sashena Ltd., Lilia Works, Bartholomew Road, London, N.W.5. All packages sent in plain wrapping. |
| 1 | New Health Plan Booklet, Diet and Exercise Chart, 6 assorted Lilia towels and a suspender belt, 1/-. |
| 2 | Booklets and double-chart, 12 towels, one pair two-purpose 'briefs' in luxury art. silk. (S.W., W. and W.X.—peach or white) and a suspender belt for 4/6. |
| 3 | Booklet and double-chart alone—please enclose 1½d. stamp for postage. |

**LILIA**

THE BRITISH SOLUBLE SANITARY TOWEL
STANDARD SIZE: 6 FOR 6d. 12 FOR 1/-
*(with or without loops)*
*Awarded the Certificate of the Institute of Hygiene*

**CHILD'S HAVOC WHILE FATHER SLEEPS**

Johnnie's mother wept as she told neighbours her sad story. She had left Johnnie in charge of his father while she helped the maid wash up after Sunday dinner; Father dozed. Johnnie "gardened just like Daddie" with soot which he scraped from the chimney and transferred to the potted plants—and to carpets, cushions and chair covers. "Slugs all die now Mummie," was Johnnie's remark as his horrified mother entered. "I nearly died, too," sobbed Mrs. Smith, "I can't afford new furnishings, and they're ruined." But Mrs. Brown had a word of comfort—"Vita-Cleaning," she said, " . . . *that'll* put new life into them. Send everything to Clark's. They won't cost much and they'll come back spick and span as new. Why you'll *thank* Johnnie when you see how nice and fresh your room looks for the summer!"

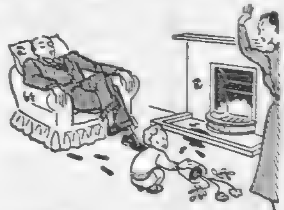
*N.B.—Plus-Dyeing doesn't cost much either, and* includes *Vita-Cleaning.*

*Here are some examples :—*

| | Vita-cleaned only | Plus-Dyed |
|---|---|---|
| Carpet (Axminster) per sq. yd. | 1/6 | 2/6 |
| Settee Cover .. .. | *from* 4/- | *from* 6/- |
| Chair Cover (large) .. | 3/- | *from* 4/6 |
| Curtains (Cotton) per sq. yd. | 6d. | 9d. |

**Clark's pay Return Carriage**

**FREE** **You Shall "Dye"!** A book full of ideas and facts about saving smartly with Vita-Cleaning and Plus-Dyeing. Also Price List and (if specially requested) Fashion Colour Guide in actual fabric. Send p.c. to Liaison Bureau **Clark's Dyeworks, Ltd., Retford.**



"Shall we join the Ladies?

—they've gone off with the Gold Flake!"

Women *have* got taking ways when it comes to a man's cigarettes—or rather, *the* man's cigarettes, Wills's Gold Flake. That's because, in these days, they want a cigarette really worth smoking. Men have always liked the flavour of really fine Virginia tobacco that is so distinctive in Wills's Gold Flake. So do women, now!

WILLS'S

GOLD FLAKE

*is the man's cigarette that women like*

**N.B.** You can get Wills's Gold Flake Cork-tipped as well as Plain. Ten for 6d. Twenty for 1/-

G.F.B. 416

I wasn't going to win any more, but that was all. That evening I had another date with Harry to meet him at the Troc—you remember, that was the place I'd met Pinder. Harry was nearly half an hour late and I began to worry about what had happened to him. When he did turn up he looked real scared. Oh, I forgot to tell you. I'd told Harry everything about Pinder and he wasn't very enthusiastic. Harry wouldn't talk there, so we went to his flat."

"His own?"

"No, rented," replied John irritably. "He travelled too much, he told me, to have a flat of his own. We got there, had a drink, and Harry started. He'd been looking everywhere for Pinder, but there wasn't a sign of him. Matter of fact, we never saw him again. . . ."

"Didn't Harry ever see him again?" asked Joe.

"I thought I saw him with Pinder one day on a bus, but it was obviously a mistake."

Joe being silent, John went on.

"I soon saw there was something else on Harry's mind, though he was trying to conceal it, so I asked him right out, point blank. He didn't want to tell me, but finally he did. The accountants were going through Pinder's books in Laindons. Joe, it was the greatest shock I've ever had in my life!"

"But you didn't know there was anything wrong, *then*," protested Joe.

The little man looked at him furiously.

"Of course I didn't, but as soon as I heard about the accountants I knew something was wrong. Harry asked me if I'd written anything to Pinder, but I told him the only thing I'd sent Pinder was the cheque for five hundred he'd asked for. When I saw Harry's face, my heart sank. We talked it over; Harry tried to be as encouraging as he could. There was always a chance, he said, that nothing would be found wrong with the books. Joe, you know, I'd have given a thousand right at that moment to get that cheque back. I suggested to Harry that the best thing to do was to pack up and come right back home, but Harry said no. If I've got nothing else to thank Harry for, I've got to be grateful to him for that bit of advice."

"What advice?"

"Not to run away. If I'd skipped then, I *would* have been in the dirt. There was nothing to do but wait. Harry went home and I went to bed. I didn't sleep a wink. Next morning Harry rang up and said there was a warrant out against Pinder. I nearly died of fright. Do you realize what it would have meant, Joe? If I'd been drawn into this, I'd have lost all my business, my position on the council, everything! Twenty years' work gone, and then there was Emma and the two kids, one of them still at school. I rang up a steamship office and booked a passage home."

"And here you are!" said Joe.

"No," replied John sadly. "That was three weeks ago. I didn't get away as early as that. I haven't finished yet. Harry came round and found me packing. He was very sympathetic and pointed out that if I ran away now I was admitting my guilt. That man was a real friend. He told me to hang on and said he might be able to fix it. . . ."

"I thought that was impossible with Scotland Yard?"

"Ah, you wait and see. Well, Harry had hardly gone when the telephone rang. The porter said there was a gentleman to see me. I asked who it was, but he wouldn't give his name."

"Strange," remarked Joe.

"Not at all. I knew who it was at once. It was the police."

"But if it was a policeman, why didn't he give his name?"

"He was a detective," said John, "and they never give their name. I thought of skipping down the back stairs, but I remembered what Harry had said and told them to send him up. It *was* the police—a Detective Sergeant Brown from New Scotland Yard."

"How did you know he was a policeman?"

"Because he said he was. Don't ask dam-fool questions, Joe. He was very pleasant. Said he was just making a routine inquiry. He knew I'd seen Pinder and wanted to know if I knew where he was—he didn't say a thing about my cheque. I gave him a drink and we got quite pally. He told me that Pinder had got away with nearly two thousand, but they thought he was just working on his own."

"In fact, he made you feel a little easier, so that you gave up the idea of running away?"

"Exactly," said John, surprised. "After he'd gone, I telephoned Harry, who was delighted."

"I bet he was," said Joe.

"I'm glad you're coming round to my way of thinking about Harry," said the little man.

"Yes," replied Joe, "I'm beginning to get his position a little clearer now."

"Well," continued John, "everything went all right for about a couple of days and I thought the whole thing had blown over."

"But you were wrong?"

"Yes—I was wrong. That Detective Sergeant Brown turned up again. The police had discovered my cheque. He was still very nice about it, just wanted to know, as a matter of routine, why I'd given the cheque to Pinder. I told him some story about a loan and he seemed satisfied, but just as he was going out of the door, he mentioned casually that I might have to come up to the Yard to make a statement. . . ."

"Did you go up to the Yard?"

"As it turned out, I didn't. I 'phoned Harry and he said sit tight while he got on the job."

"Doing what?"

"Getting me out of this, and I'll tell you how he did it. He rang me up the next day and asked me to come for a drive with him in his car. I asked him why, but he wouldn't say. We drove into the country and on the way he explained that we were going to meet a man called 'Smith.' Harry told me that 'Smith' wasn't his real name, and that actually he was a high official at Scotland Yard. I asked him what this 'Smith' was going to do, but Harry didn't know. We stopped finally at a little inn somewhere near Dorking. This man 'Smith' was waiting for us in the bar. He looked more like a crook than a policeman to me, but that's the funny thing about policemen, you never can tell 'em."

"Did he say he was a policeman?"

"Not straight out. He was very cagy; kept on talking about a friend of his who might be able to help me. One thing he *did* say. He told me I was under suspicion at the Yard. I asked him what he could do, and he said he might be able to straighten it all out. I asked him how, and he said 'Money.' I asked him how much, and he said not less than two thousand. Joe, I didn't know what to do; two thousand's a devil of a lot of money, so in the end I told him I'd wait a bit and see how things went on. He was quite annoyed."

"What did Harry say?"

"Harry was a bit hurt about it, too. You see, he'd brought me all the way down there and he seemed to think I was taking a big risk, but you can't hand over two thousand just like that. Anyhow, when I got home . . ."

"You found Mr. Brown waiting for you?" suggested Joe.

"Yes, how did you know that?"

"I just guessed. And he wasn't very pleasant?"

"You've hit it right on the head. He was damned unpleasant," said the little man with feeling. "He asked me a lot of questions and took all the answers down in a notebook. I began to sweat blood. He hinted pretty broadly that I was for it. As soon as he'd gone, I rang up Harry. Harry wasn't very surprised; he'd practically told me this was going to happen down at the pub. He promised, though, to try and get in touch with Smith again. He said it might take some time as Smith had been pretty annoyed with me doing nothing down at the pub."

"I'm sure he was." (*Continued on page 146*)

A remarkable new treatment for
"Acid Skin"

Are you one of the thousands of women who feel that "Acid Skin" causes all their beauty worries—blackheads, blemishes, oily shine, roughness and a general loss of fresh tone and fine texture? Here is new hope for you, a remarkable new beauty treatment for "Acid Skin" which has been acclaimed by leading American Beauty Specialists: Phillips' Magnesia Beauty Creams which contain 'MILK OF MAGNESIA.'*

Just as 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' counteracts internal acidity so these unique Phillips' Magnesia Beauty Creams soothe away acidity of the skin externally and restore flawless skin texture.

**PHILLIPS' MAGNESIA TEXTURE CREAM** Here at last is the perfect way to get all the beneficial, beauty-giving action of 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' for your skin! This delightful milky-white, greaseless cream smoothes away roughness, corrects oiliness and prepares your skin ideally for make-up and powder. And all the time the harsh, beauty-destroying effects of acid secretions are being soothed away by this remarkable cream, so that your skin is freed from blemishes, made velvety-smooth and delightfully clear in texture. You will be amazed at the way this new-type cream corrects those unsightly imperfections which cause so much worry and anxiety.

**PHILLIPS' MAGNESIA CLEANSING CREAM** liquefies instantly it touches the warm skin, seeping right into the pores. It cleanses more thoroughly because 'MILK OF MAGNESIA' not only removes acid waste but gathers up all impurities, including dust and make-up, in an emulsion which can be readily and easily wiped away.

Generous TRIAL JAR of both creams sent on receipt of 6d. in stamps. Address: Clare Fenton, Proprietary Agencies Ltd. (Dept. 14D4), 1, Warple Way, London, W.3.

From all Chemists and Stores

**PHILLIPS'**
*Magnesia*

3/- a Jar

**TEXTURE CREAM** **CLEANSING CREAM**

*'*Milk of Magnesia' is the registered trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.*

**THERE'S NO TONGUE SO GOOD!**

● Its pink freshness, lean tenderness and appetising flavour make Paysandu Ox Tongue the finest you can buy. Every Slice is appetising and nice. From all good grocers in large or small tins to suit all needs.

*McCall's*
**PAYSANDU OX-TONGUE**

McCALL & Co. Ltd., KING WILLIAM ST. HOUSE, LONDON, E.C.4

**Mothersills**

MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

STOPS TRAVEL SICKNESS *by* SEA, AIR *and* TRAIN 2

NOTE THE PATENTED HEEL

**VARICOSE VEINS**
**Quickly relieved**

by the world-renowned Academic Surgical Hose. Made in England with the famous "LASTEX" yarn, also rubberless. **Medically approved** as the most effective and modern treatment for all leg troubles. **Beauty of the legs restored and preserved.** Comfortable. Washable. Hygienic. Invisible under finest hose.

Sold by D. H. Evans, Army & Navy, Harrods, Selfridges, BOOTS, Lewis's (L'pool, M'chester, B'ham, Leeds), Surgical Stores, Chiropodists. Free booklet from makers—

*Academic Depot: 156-158 Oxford St., London, W.1.*

**ACADEMIC** *Surgical Hose*

"MORE! please" . . .

what an appetite for bread and butter!

Piece after piece . . . with such obvious relish . . . never seems to have had enough. Of course, it's New Zealand Butter and generously spread too.
But why have *anything* but the best. The natural vitamins from warm sunshine and fresh green pasturelands are the foundation of robust health and strength. You get them all in New Zealand Butter. Give your family plenty of it . . . butter at its very best.

**NEW ZEALAND BUTTER**

Ask for it by name

NZ60

When you go to

**PARIS** or **BERLIN**

You are invited to make use of the ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS reading rooms where current and back copies of these publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the dispatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

PARIS: 65-67 Avenue des Champs-Elysees. BERLIN: 32 Kurfurstendamm

"Well, Joe, I heard nothing for two days. I went through the worst time I've ever had in my life. In fact, after the second day, I decided to skip and to hell with the consequences. I rang up Harry and told him what I was doing, but he told me to wait a couple of hours as he'd just got in touch with Smith."

"Very providential," murmured Joe.

"What do you mean by that?" demanded John angrily.

"Nothing," replied Joe, "nothing."

"We met Smith in a little pub in East Ham. Smith was very gloomy; said things had gone a little far. I begged him to go on with it and he finally agreed. He then explained that because of the delay it was going to cost a little more—more people to be straightened. I asked him how much, and he said not less than five thousand. It was a shock, Joe, and I cursed myself for not accepting his first offer. At first I didn't think I could raise it without being known, but luckily Harry remembered some bearer bonds I'd told him I'd got in a safe deposit. There were ten thousand pounds of them, but I didn't tell Smith that. Anyhow, I agreed."

"And you paid him in notes?" suggested Joe.

"Yes. You're pretty good at guessing."

"Old notes?" asked Joe.

"Yes—you see, he obviously didn't want to have the money traced to him."

"I quite understand," agreed Joe. "What happened then?"

"I didn't see Smith again. Harry was a brick. He fixed a secret rendezvous with this man—to keep me out of it as much as possible. He used to bring messages from Smith, who seemed to be finding the going pretty heavy. One day Harry brought a message that he wanted a couple of thousand more. If Brown hadn't happened to call on me that very day I don't think I'd have given it to him."

"But he managed to clear it all up in the end?"

"Yes, one day Brown came round and apologised for troubling me. I gave him a drink."

"How much did it cost you?"

"Ten thousand," said the little man bitterly. "Luckily, it was just the amount I'd got in the safe-deposit, so it was all right."

"And then you came home?"

"Yes, Harry came down to see me off at the dock. He stuck to me through all of it. He was a real friend. Just as I was leaving, I gave him a gold cigarette case."

"I bet he liked that," said Joe.

"He was very touched," said the little man. "And a funny thing—he laughed and laughed and laughed. I've been wondering ever since what he was laughing about."

END

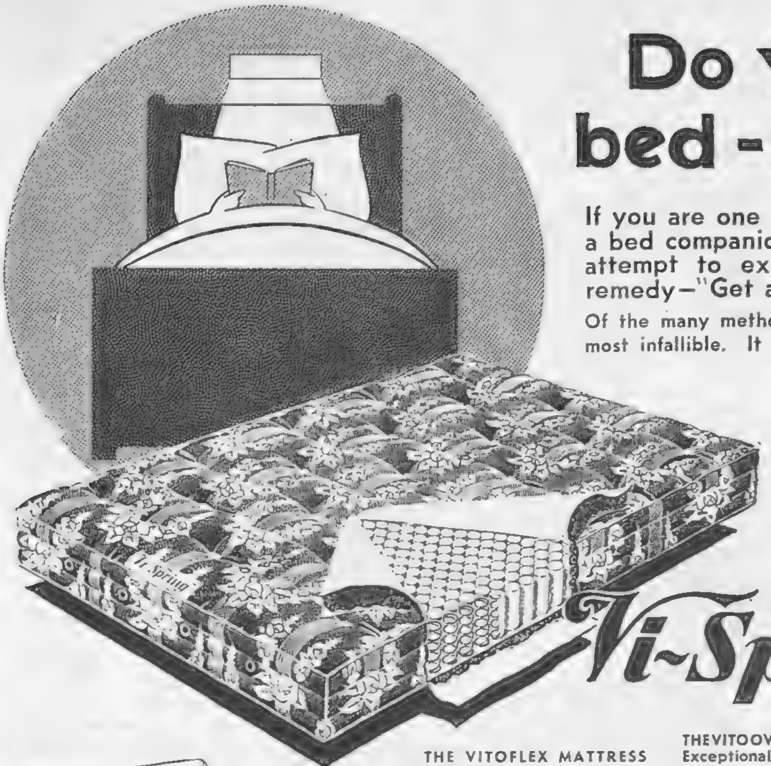
---

The splendid work done by The London Association for the Blind in their knitwear factory at 144a Warwick Street, London, S.W.1, is deserving of the warmest support. A recent display of their spring fashions was proof in itself that this address and their shop at Melbury Court, 260 Kensington High Street, W.8, are fashion centres which will repay a visit from those in search of really well-cut suits, cardigans and jumpers for sport, cruising, and everyday wear.

The weaving is done by the blind and the clothes are cut and finished by sighted workers. Prices are exceedingly reasonable and there is no extra charge for making them to measure.

Those who cannot pay a personal visit are invited to send for an illustrated catalogue, showing a comprehensive range of new styles.

The "St. Andrews," is a most practical suit for golfers. Jacket and skirt are both in double knit, and metal zipp fasteners are used to smart and practical effect. It is 3½ guineas and available in brown, green and navy.



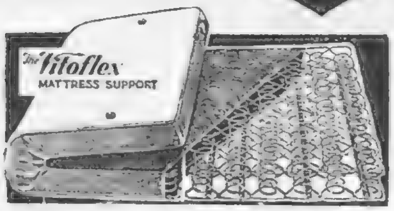
# Do you like reading in bed - or do you have to?

**If you are one of those who, to induce sleep, have to have a book for a bed companion, there is something wrong, somewhere. We will not attempt to explain the cause, but we can confidently suggest a remedy—"Get a Vi-Spring Overlay Mattress."**

Of the many methods of inducing sleep, time has proved that the 'Vi-Spring' way is the most infallible. It is the comfort of it. Tired nature simply cannot resist the luxurious softness of its hundreds of deep, resilient springs. Quickly—so quickly—you are lulled into deep sound sleep that refreshes and restores.

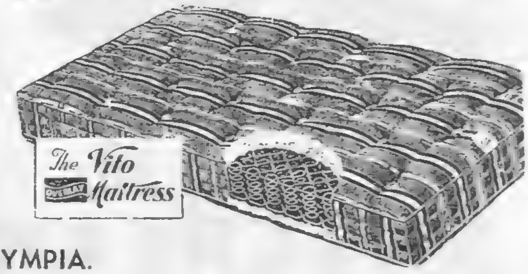
The 'Vi-Spring' is the mattress provided for the comfort of guests at the leading Hotels. It is also installed in the world's luxury liners and in the best appointed homes. Should you wisely decide to invest in a 'Vi-Spring' look for the label bearing the registered name 'Vi-Spring Mattress.' You can then be sure that you are buying the mattress which, for nearly 40 years, has been acknowledged as "The Best for Rest."

## *Vi-Spring* OVERLAY *Mattress*



THE VITOFLEX MATTRESS SUPPORT. On the 'Vitoflex' all springs in the 'Vi-Spring' or 'Vito' Mattresses are evenly sustained and uniform softness and resiliency ensured. The 'Vitoflex' eliminates sagging and adds a far greater degree of comfort than can be obtained from any other type of support.

THE VITO OVERLAY MATTRESS. Exceptional durability and moderate price make this non-pocketed spring overlay the cheapest spring-centred mattress obtainable. Its patent Vito springs are made from the finest British Steel Wire, and are uniquely shaped to permit an assemblage which prevents displacement. The Vito is extremely comfortable.



**SEE STAND No. 144, NATIONAL HALL, IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION, OLYMPIA.**

Sold by all Reliable House Furnishers

*Write for beautifully Illustrated Catalogue, sent post free on request, to Sole Manufacturers*

*Vi-Spring Products Ltd.* 97, Vi-Spring Works, Victoria Road, Willesden Junction, London, N.W.10

---

# *Easy as A.B.C.*

for FASHION'S LINE
AND PERFECT CONTROL
WITH SUPREME COMFORT
**WEAR "LE GANT" ALPHABET BRA'S**

"Le Gant" Alphabet Bra, of checkered satin incorporating "Lastex Yarn" and Lace. Maximum control with minimum weight.

1068 *Illustrated*—A
A. Small Fitting
32-38 .. 16/11
B. Average
32-38 .. 16/11
C. Full Average
32-40 .. 16/11

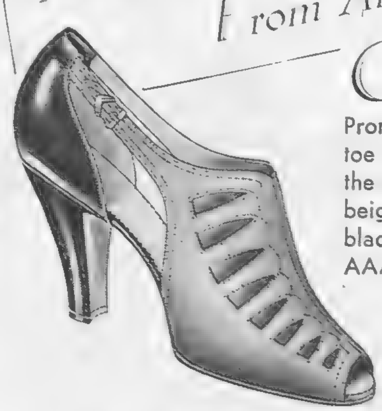
*Obtainable at all the best Stores and leading Corsetieres. Write for brochure "B.E," illustrating some of the newest "Le Gant" creations*

WARNER BROS. (CORSETS) LTD., 40/41 CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.1
*(Wholesale only)*

---

## A New Dorothy Dodd Model for Spring From America

Chez



Promenade Shoe, with open toe and slit high vamp in the new tan kid, also fawn, beige kid, blue kid and black patent.
AAAA to C widths **69/6**

*American Salon First Floor*

## *Charles H. Baber*

*(The Pioneer of Foot Comfort)*

Langham House,
Upper Regent Street, W.1
*(Near Queen's Hall)*

**Charles H. Baber Ltd.**

"I wish I could keep my white enamel paint as spotless as yours. How do you manage it?"

"It's just too easy with Min Cream."

'Min' is also splendid for giving a beautiful polish to all french polished furniture and to the bodywork of Motor Cars. Try it and see.

**MIN CREAM**

**FOR ALL HIGHLY POLISHED SURFACES**

TINS 6d. & 1/- OF ALL DEALERS

CHISWICK PRODUCTS, LTD., CHISWICK, LONDON, W.4.

M/BF/6

GO NORTH FOR THE SUN
SWEDEN

In Summer the sun shines for hours longer every day in the Northern Countries. In Northern Sweden and Swedish Lapland the sun, shining 24 hours a day, paints the beauties of Northern scenery—land and lake—in such a vivid purity of colour as cannot survive the fiercer Southern sun. The Midnight Sun will teach you an altogether new measure for sunshine and beauty when you spend a holiday in North Sweden. Sweden gives you also beautiful cities, ancient and modern, lovely Summer Resorts and a general standard of living and enjoyment (*and* cleanliness) so high—yet so cheap.

Write for brochure and full particulars to:—

THE SWEDISH TRAVEL BUREAU (DEPT. W.J./8)
21, COVENTRY STREET, LONDON, W.1

The British and Northern Shipping Agency,
5 Lloyds Avenue, E.C.3, and leading travel agencies.

## So Your Daughter is Going Feminine

(*Continued from page 51*)

the age of seventeen upwards, girls can learn the essentials of a profession that may eventually make them demonstrators, saleswomen or housekeepers at public institutions. The year's course of three terms costs 25 guineas. This covers tuition and certain expenses such as lunch on four days of the week at the London School of Electrical Domestic Science—the first and only school of its kind, which give a useful professional status.

Many mothers have wisely noted the increasing general interest in flower decoration and wondered what are the openings for girls there. The girl who qualifies in modern floristry has work ahead of her which, if it is not particularly well paid, *is* growing steadily. And there is increasing scope for modern floristry businesses in bigger provincial centres.

The Constance Spry Modern School of Flower Work teaches all that is necessary, including the rudiments of the business side, and gives a great deal of practical experience. The school, in South Audley Street, is attended by girls of the public school type and gives them a course of three terms for under fifty guineas. A hard but interesting profession with real possibilities.

For the girl who goes, as many do, into some branch of the "rag" trade—whether as a specially selected junior in a big store or into the highly specialized dress or hat business of a friend—there is the question of further classes that will enhance her value and her chances.

Altogether, the trend towards femininity in looks, in occupation and in general offers your daughter more scope than any generation of daughters have had ever since the emancipation of women was established.

End

## A Note for Motorists

### Shell First in Trend to Thinner Oils

The attention now being paid to thinner oils reminds me of some early experiments carried out by Ricardo, the well-known research engineer. It must have been about fifteen years ago that the Shell Company asked him to investigate the possibilities of saving fuel and increasing power output by using thinner lubricating oils. His tests proved that it was possible to get 10% more power with a thin oil.

In those days, however, engines were designed with large clearances and comparatively inefficient oil pumps, also crankcases were not really oil tight. Consequently oil consumption was a serious factor and really thin oils were too extravagant for general use. Nevertheless, Shell adhered to the lighter oil policy because it realized that as engine design and manufacture advanced, the demand for lighter oils would come.

To keep ahead of the improvements in engine design the petroleum technologist has discovered new ways of refining in order to produce a lubricating oil that is not only thin when cold but does not get too thin under the heat of severe running conditions—in other words, an oil with a flat viscosity curve. Shell chemists solved this problem with their improved solvent extraction process which is used in the new plant at Shell Haven, Essex. This plant came into operation last October, and during this winter a great many motorists have enjoyed much improved starting as a result.

Other things being equal the tendency of a thin oil is to give a lower consumption. In the new Shell oil, however, other things are not equal, with the result that the flood of enthusiastic comments about its quick-starting properties have been accompanied by such remarks as "50% more mileage" and "consumption improved considerably."

A. B.

caprice

THE FASHIONABLE FIGURE FOUNDATION

A delightful Step In created in exclusive Caprice elastic net, with original hemstitched crepe-de-chine front. Detachable suspenders.

Model No. 451 **23/11**

Appeal to the Appealing Sex

There is no substitute for CAPRICE quality foundations; they are foremost in STYLE APPEAL, SERVICE and VALUE

Caprice Step Ins, Panties, and Corselettes are obtainable at the best Stores and the leading Corsetieres; . . . . but let us tell you more about Caprice—Write for free illustrated booklet.

CAPRICE LTD., 14-18, HEDDON STREET, LONDON, W. 1
(Wholesale only)

**4 FIRST CLASS CRUISES**

BY THE 20,000 TON

**VICEROY OF INDIA**

JUNE 18 : Norway, Fjords : 13 DAYS
JULY 2 : Northern Cities : 13 DAYS
JULY 16 : Northern Cities : 13 DAYS
JULY 30 : Iceland, Fjords, Baltic : 23 DAYS

**FARES FROM 22 GNS. FOR 13 DAYS**

Write for illustrated book with details of these and eleven other cruises.

**P & O**

14 Cockspur Street, S.W.1 : 130 Leadenhall Street, E.C.3 : Australia House, Strand, W.C.2 or Local Agents.

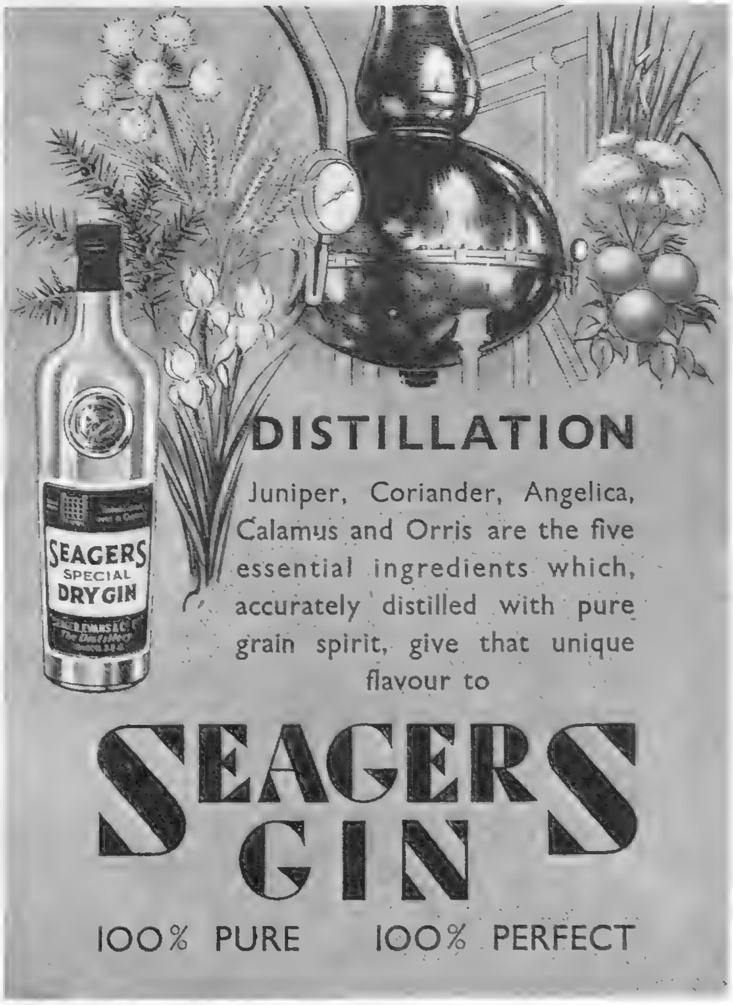
DEAUVILLE
BERKELEY SQUARE
HAMPTON COURT
PATRICIAN

*Start collecting Community Plate*

*Community Plate is supplied through all leading silversmiths in canteens for 6, 8 or 12, or in smaller units and presentation sets for all occasions. To those who have in mind obtaining one of these smaller units, may we suggest that you make it the first step towards building a complete service.*

The glow of candle light . . . the tableware, perfectly laid, reflects with every subtle flicker of the flame the infinite beauty of Community Plate. Four exquisite designs, patterns of true craftsmanship, await your choice. Write to Community, 264 (A C.) Regent Street, W. 1., for fully illustrated catalogue and Elizabeth Craig's interesting booklet on setting table.

**COMMUNITY PLATE**



DISTILLATION

Juniper, Coriander, Angelica, Calamus and Orris are the five essential ingredients which, accurately distilled with pure grain spirit, give that unique flavour to

SEAGERS GIN

100% PURE 100% PERFECT

TO ALL WOMEN WHOSE BEAUTY IS FADING

Regain · Retain the Youthful Beauty *of your skin*

If you feel that your natural beauty is on the wane you should try the famous W-5 treatment. It will do more for you than all the cosmetics and face-lifting in the world, for it truly rejuvenates the skin by rebuilding it from within in Nature's own way—the only way which restores the skin to the condition of youth, removing its defects and making it smooth again, clear and beautiful. By simply taking W-5 you will experience its wonderful rejuvenating effect on your own skin.

If you have not heard yet of Dr. Kapp's W-5 treatment you should read a most interesting and wonderfully illustrated book explaining everything about the skin and its rejuvenation with W-5. It will be sent gratis and post free.

TABLETS
21/- per box

● *Write at once for*
FREE W-5 BOOK
Gelty Distributing Co.
162, Oxford St., London, W.1

*Obtainable from all high-class chemists and stores or direct from distributors*

Gelty Distributing Co., 162, Oxford Street, London, W.1.
*Please send free W-5 book in plain sealed envelope.*
Name..........
Mr., Mrs., Miss
Address..........
.......... BE.5.38

*A Beautiful* **SKIN** *springs from within*

*Sections of skin highly magnified*

*Only scientific method of skin rejuvenation*

SECTION ON LEFT shows ageing skin: surface wrinkled and dry scales peeling off, poor layer of active tissue, cells shrunk to three rows.

SECTION ON RIGHT shows skin after treament with W-5: surface smooth and firm, rich active tissue; increased rows of cells, some of which are growing; improved nutrition and therefore skin fresh, clear and youthful.

LAMB
the most digestible of all meat and the best Lamb of all is New Zealand!
NEW ZEALAND
Look for this brand stamped on the joints. It's your guarantee of genuine New Zealand
Ask for
NEW ZEALAND LAMB
THE BEST IN THE WORLD!

## They're Young and Tender

(*Continued from page 66*)

consistency of thick cream. If you beat well there should be no lumps, but, in case of doubt, pass the sauce through a fine strainer into a clean saucepan. Put the carrots into the sauce for a minute or so, to make all thoroughly hot together, and serve.

*Sauce Poulette:*

Flour, butter, milk.
Salt, pepper, nutmeg.
One egg yolk, a little vinegar.

This excellent sauce can be used with all sorts of plainly boiled vegetables, such as carrots, beans, leeks, or even potatoes.

Mix the flour and butter (in equal proportions) well together and then add hot milk, little by little, to make a Béchamel sauce, seasoning with salt, pepper and nutmeg. Add the vegetables, very well drained, and a tablespoonful of vinegar.

Just before serving, put in a binding of yolk of egg, diluted in a little cream, after which, of course, the sauce must not boil.

END

## Tossed in a Pan

(*Continued from page 67*)

Melt two walnuts of butter in a perfectly dry frying pan which you have first warmed on the fire. When the butter foams, put in the pieces of rabbit and toss them over a quick fire until they brown, adding salt and pepper and letting them cook in this way for about fifteen minutes.

Now add a very small piece of sage, finely chopped (if you don't like the flavour this can be omitted), two or three shallots, finely chopped, a pinch of mixed spice, and stir well together. Put in the juice of half a lemon, also a coffee-cupful of stock. Bring to the boil and simmer very gently for ten minutes. Just before serving sprinkle with chopped parsley.

*Rognons Sautés:*

One veal kidney (for two people).
Butter, salt and pepper.
French mustard, a glass of brown sherry.
A little stock.

The veal kidney should have all the skin peeled off, even the last fine skin in which it is surrounded. This is quite easy to do and it is essential.

Now cut the kidney in small pieces until you get to the hard gristly centre which must *not* be used.

Melt a small piece of butter in the pan and, when it foams, put in the pieces of kidney and toss them until brown all over, but do not cook them for more than five minutes at this stage and, even so, they should be tossed constantly.

Add now a glass of brown sherry, twice that amount of brown stock, salt and pepper. Stir well and simmer gently for five minutes. While the last simmering is going on, mix in a little French mustard according to taste. Put into a hot serving dish and sprinkle with freshly chopped parsley.

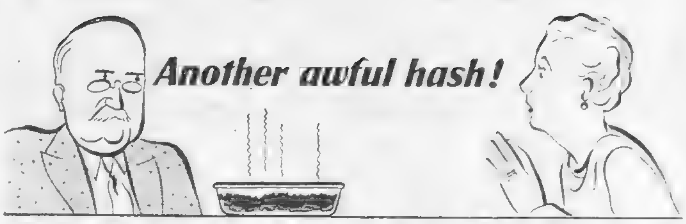
All sorts of other meats can be "sauté." In all cases trim the meat well and cut it in small pieces and proceed as I have described. You can add various flavourings and liquid, either stock or white wine or cream, which is particularly good with fillet of beef.

When the meat is about half cooked, add some fresh cream, bring it to the boil and let it boil fiercely until it reduces and thickens, and with a flavouring of paprika you have a really delicious, almost luxurious, entrée which takes only about ten minutes to cook.

END

Henry Heath Ld
105/9 Oxford Street
172 New Bond St. W.1. 456 Strand W.C.2

Model 9635. Plain linen hat, stitched, self and contrast in many pastel shades; also Brown and Navy. Price 21/-.


Another awful hash!

**It's time you had a Vulcan!**

It's easy enough to cook a hash, maybe! But "difficult" dishes beyond the scope of the average cook are just as easy if you have a VULCAN Gas Cooker. Its automatic oven-heat control keeps the temperature at the level you need; a door of double, unbreakable, non-steaming Armourplate glass gives a clear view of the interior. Every modern improvement is here — single back burner, covered griller, housewife-planned hotplate, and the Cooker finished inside and out in fine porcelain enamel, mottled grey or plain coloured. It's a joy to use a VULCAN!

**-you can**

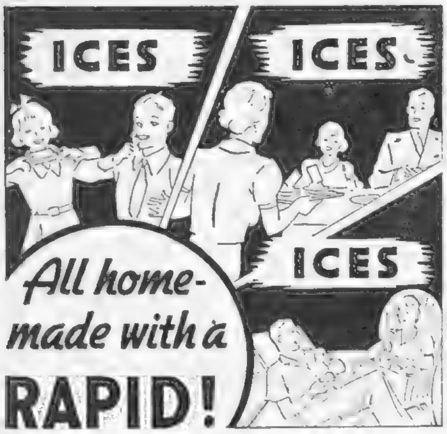
**how well it cooks!**

*If you have no gas supply, write for special list of Vulcan Cookers for use with Calor Gas, which can be installed in isolated homes, yachts, caravans, etc. Calor Gas cylinder service is available anywhere in the British Isles.*

**VULCAN**
STOVES

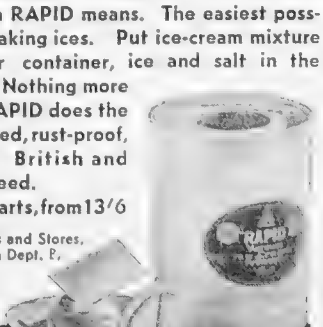
**Ask to see Vulcan Stoves at your local Gas Showrooms, or write for free list to The Vulcan Stove Co. Ltd. (Dept. BE17), Exeter.**

V17A



Delicious Ice-cream – whenever it's fancied. This is what a RAPID means. The easiest possible way of making ices. Put ice-cream mixture in the inner container, ice and salt in the outer space. Nothing more to do. The RAPID does the rest. Low-priced, rust-proof, non-leaking. British and fully guaranteed.
Sizes 1 to 4 quarts, from 13/6

Of all Ironmongers and Stores, or full details from Dept. P, CONDRUP LTD., 78 Fore Street, London, E.C.2



**BELDRAY 'RAPID' VACUUM ICE CREAM FREEZER**

Please mention "Britannia & Eve"—our advertisers would like to know you!

**He held her in his arms—**
**but only once...**

ONE EMBRACE, and only one. It might have carried them to the altar. . . . Instead, it parted them for ever.

You may be sure, if you perspire even a little under the arms, people notice the odour. The easiest and quickest way to guard against this is to use Arrid, the new cream deodorant. Because it's a *cream*, it's easier to use; no waiting for it to dry; just smooth it in and it vanishes; can't rot dresses. No stinging either, can be used straight after shaving. Stops perspiration instantly—removes odour completely for 1 to 3 days. Ask for Arrid, the new cream deodorant. At Boots, chemists and department stores.

**Arrid** *1/11 a jar*

*Dental Health & Fitness go hand-in-hand*

Grasp dental health with both hands—Guard your mouth at least twice daily. Sparkling teeth, sweet breath and firm gums are the rewards of using Euthymol, the antiseptic tooth paste that dentists have recommended for over forty years. Try it to-day—your chemist sells large tubes for 1s. 3d., or a 7-day free sample is yours for the asking. Write to Dept. 33/109 Euthymol, 50, Beak Street, London, W.1

Use **Euthymol** TOOTH PASTE

# INDEX TO ADVERTISERS MAY, 1938

All correspondence relating to the advertisements in "Britannia & Eve" should be addressed to: The General Manager, "Britannia & Eve," St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4

A

Academic Surgical Hose 145
Alvis, Ltd. 94
Ardath Cigarettes 83
Arden, Elizabeth 69
Aristoc Stockings 71
Arrid Cream 151
Austin Motor Co., Ltd. 90

B

Baber, Charles H. 147
Ballito Stockings 123
Barnardo's Homes 132
Bear Brand Stockings 75
Berlei Corsets 72
Boots "Number Seven" Beauty Preparations 101
Bread 137
British Electrical Development Association 116
"Buy a British Car" 84

C

Camelia 154
Camelia "Vanderised" 136
Caprice, Ltd. 149
Cardinal Polish 99
Car Mart, Ltd. 86
Cephos, Ltd. 154
Ciro Pearls 97
Clark's Dyeworks, Ltd. 143
"Clipper" Stair Carpet Holder 131
Community Plate 149
Condrup, Ltd. 151
Coty 109
Courtaulds, Ltd. 1
Cuticura 119

E

Eau de Cologne "4711" 74
Eccles Motor Caravans 84
Esse Cooker Co. 73
Eucryl Tooth Powder 138
Eugene, Ltd. 125
Euthymol Tooth Paste 151

F

Facktative Co. 128
Firth-Vickers Stainless Steels, Ltd. 81
Flavel, Sidney, & Co., Ltd. 111
Ford Motor Co., Ltd. 98
Forhans Dentifrice 99
Frazers of Perth, Ltd. 138

G

Gaymer's Cyder 105
German Railways Information Bureau 140
Gibbs "S.R." Tooth Paste 110
Gordon's Gin 103
Gorton, Lewis, & Son, Ltd. 154
Grant, Helen, Ltd. 102
Great Western Railway Cover ii

H

Hampton & Sons, Ltd. 5
Heath, Henry, Ltd. 151
Henlys, Ltd. 81
Hofels, J. A., Curative Foods 104
Hoover, Ltd. 117
Horlicks 124
Hudson Motors, Ltd. 92
Hurley Machine Co. (Eng.), Ltd. 114

I

Indian Railways Bureau 142
Innoxa 121

J

Jacobson, Mme. B. 130

K

Kempat, Ltd. 128
Kestos, Ltd. 141
Kleinert Rubber Co. 135

L

Lagonda Motors, Ltd. 86
Lanchester Motor Co., Ltd. 82
Lawrence, Helen 100
Larola 104
Leichner Hormone Cream 114
Lillywhites Cover ii
L.M.S. Gleneagles Hotel 127
L.M.S.-L.N.E.R. "Scotland" 4
Lodge Plugs, Ltd. 85

M

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder 136
Main, R. & A., Ltd. Cover iii
Mansion Polish 143
McCall's Paysandu Ox-Tongue 145
Meltonian Cream 130
Millott, F. 102
Milk of Magnesia 108
Min Cream 148
Minty Bookcases 94
Minty Chairs 134
Mothersills Seasick Remedy 145

N

Natex Tonic Slimming Food 112
National Benzole 80
New Zealand Butter 146
New Zealand Lamb 150
Norwegian State Railways 5
Norwich Union Insurance Societies 106
Nuctone 131
Nugget Polish 126

O

Optrex Eye Lotion 91
Orkney & Shetland Steam Navigation Co., Ltd. 106

P

Palmolive Soap 132
P.D.S.A. 135
Pepsodent Tooth Paste 136
Phargene, Ltd. 79
Phillips' Beauty Cream 145
Phoenix Glass Oven-Ware 118
Phosferine 87
Potter & Clarke Catarrh Pastilles 126
P. & O. Line 149
Player's Cigarettes 113
Printers' Pensions Corporation 133

Q

Queens Studio 114

R

Radiation, Ltd. 107
Revelation Suitcases 120
Rolls-Royce, Ltd. 88
Ronuk Floor Polish 100
Roxy Bathing Cap 122
Rubinstein, Helena 76

S

Sashena, Ltd. 143
Scandale Corsets 4
Scholl, Dr. 110
School for the Blind 129
Schweppes 74
Seagers Gin 149
Seymour, Jane, Ltd. 73
Shackleton, Mrs. 108
Shell 6
Sporting Gallery 134
Spriggs, Wm., & Co., Ltd. 127
S. Smith & Sons "Jackall" 84
Studebaker Distributors, Ltd. 88
"Swan" Brand Aluminium Ware 133
Swedish Travel Bureau 148

T

Tangee Lipstick 89
Tattoo Lipstick Cover iv
Tek Toothbrushes 93
"The Tatler" 153
Tosca Eau de Cologne 129
Triplex Cooker 115

V

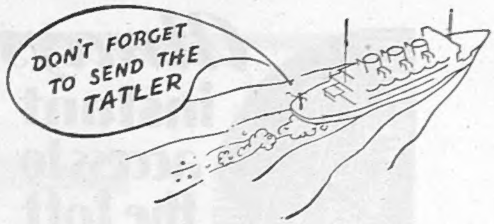
Vandre, Ltd. 112
Vauxhall Motors, Ltd. 2
Vi-Spring Mattresses 147
Vulcan Stoves 151

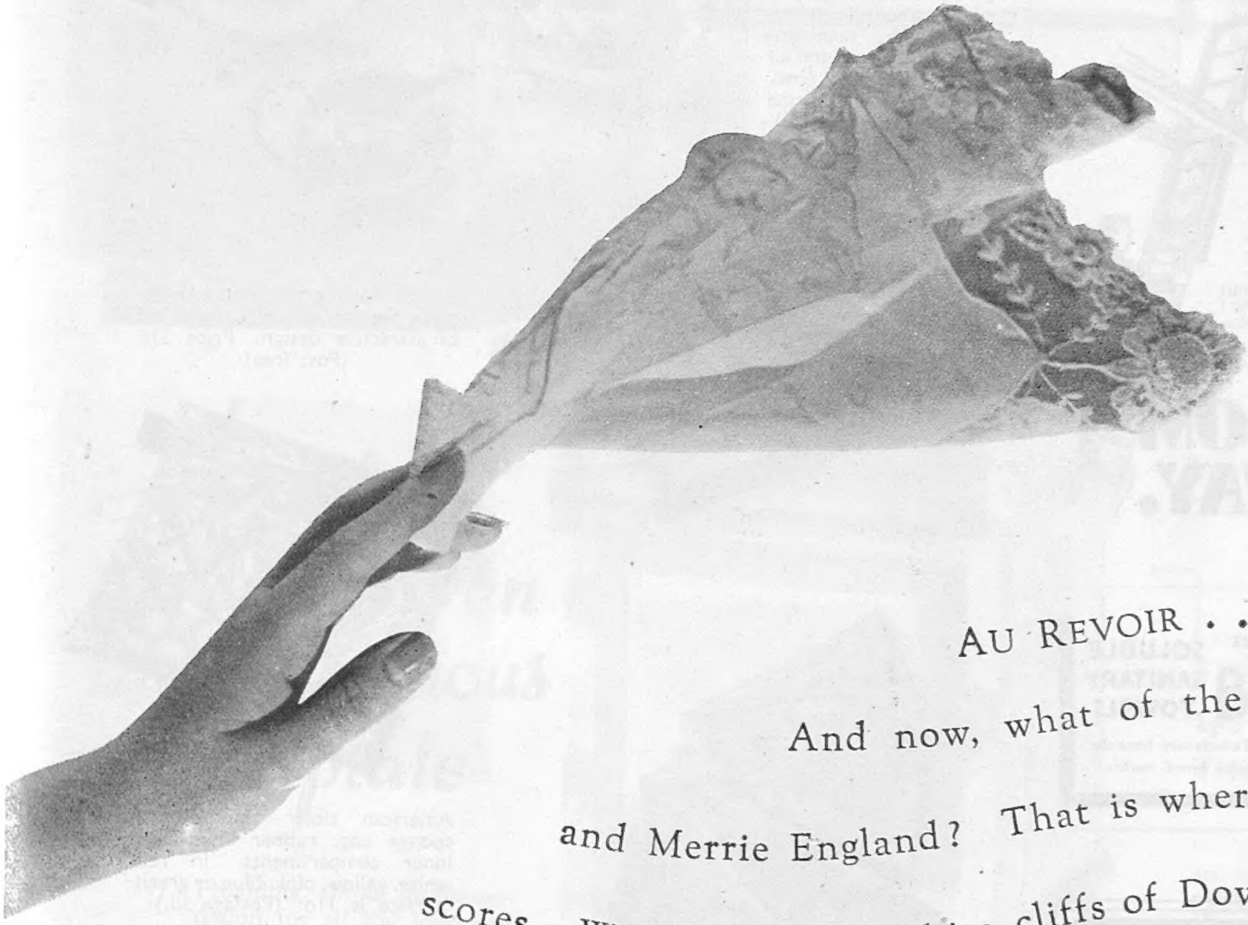
W

Wakefield Patent Castrol 96
Warner (Bros.) Corsets, Ltd. 147
Wills's Gold Flake Cigarettes 144
Woodrow Hats 5
Wright's Coal Tar Soap 95
W-5 Tablets 150

Y

Yardley Lavender Water 139


DON'T FORGET TO SEND THE TATLER



AU REVOIR . . . Bon Voyage!

And now, what of the world at large and Merrie England? That is where The TATLER scores. Welcome as the white cliffs of Dover, it comes as a breath of fresh air from home. It shows what everybody is doing, where they are, what they are wearing, people at their sport, the shows that are on . . . every page irresistibly entertaining to one far overseas. If you arrange to send The TATLER, every letter coming home will bear the postscript "Thanks for The TATLER." For £1.17.2 (Canada £1.11.5) our Publisher will dispatch for you each week for six months—no worry, no wrapper writing, no fuss. £3.11.9 (Canada £3.0.8) sends it for a year. Just write The Publisher, THE TATLER, 32 St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4—he will gladly do the rest. Deal with it now, whilst it's in your mind.

*Always* instant access to the loft

Easily fixed by any handyman. Opens and closes at a touch. Completely self-balanced in all positions. A strong, permanent full-size loft stepway, not just a folding ladder. Gives instant access to the loft. When closed is invisible from below.

See it at the BUILDING CENTRE 158 New Bond St. London, W.1. Write us for full particulars

**LEWIS GORTON & SON, Ltd.**
63, ALFRED STREET, SPARKBROOK
BIRMINGHAM.

**EXTROOM STEPWAY.**

ENTIRELY BRITISH MADE

**Camelia**

**SOLUBLE SANITARY TOWELS**

**6d., 1/-, 1/6** per packet

All Camelia Towels now have the super moisture - proof backing

**A Boon to Women who suffer**

**Cephos** Pronounced See-foss REGD

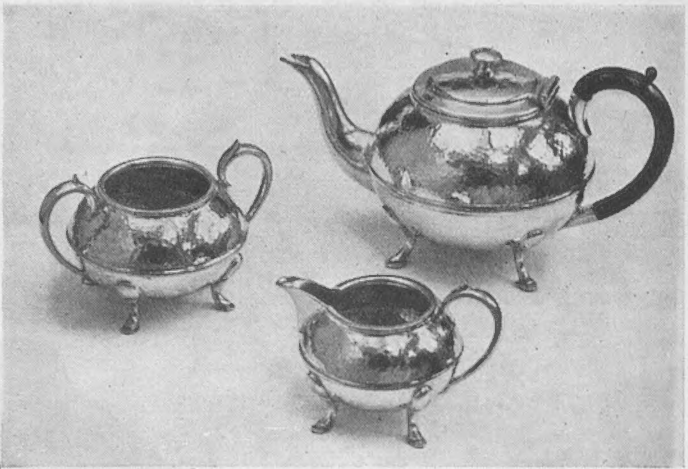
THE PHYSICIAN'S REMEDY

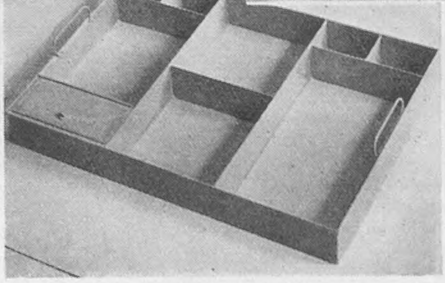
From all Chemists & Stores in powder or tablet form 1/3 & 3/-. Single Dose 2d.

Free Sample from the Lady Supervisor, Cephos Ltd., Dept. 52W, Blackburn.

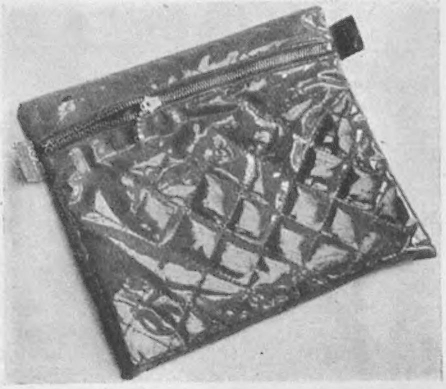
# Good Buys of *the* Month

Useful enamelled toilet tidy tray for dressing table drawer, size 15 in. by 11 in., with separate compartments for brush and comb, manicure set, cotton wool and all toilet aids. In pink, blue or green. Price 12s. 6d. (Postage 9d.)

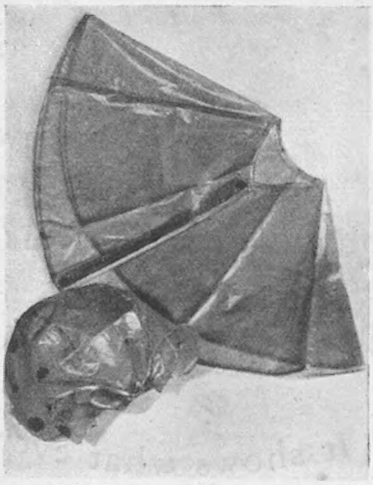




English hammered pewter three-piece tea set, strongly made and of attractive design. Price 21s. (Post free)

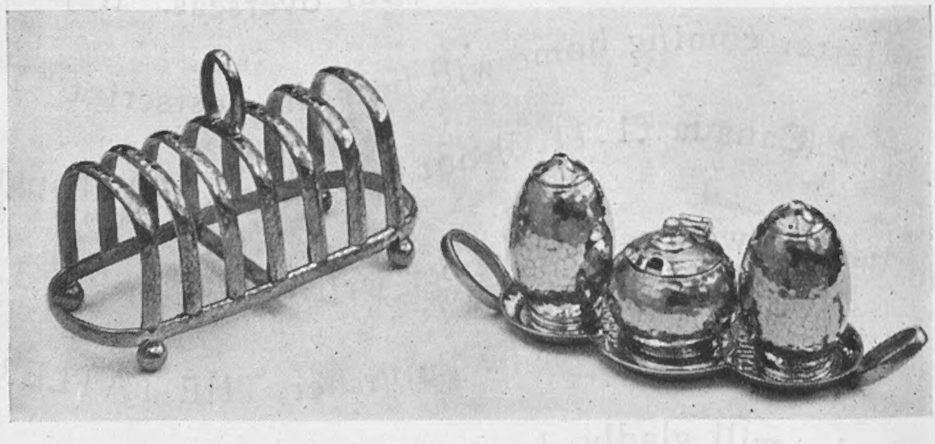


American cloth zipp-fastening sponge bag, rubber lined with inner compartments. In red, white, yellow, pink, blue or green. Price 3s. 11d. (Postage 3d.)



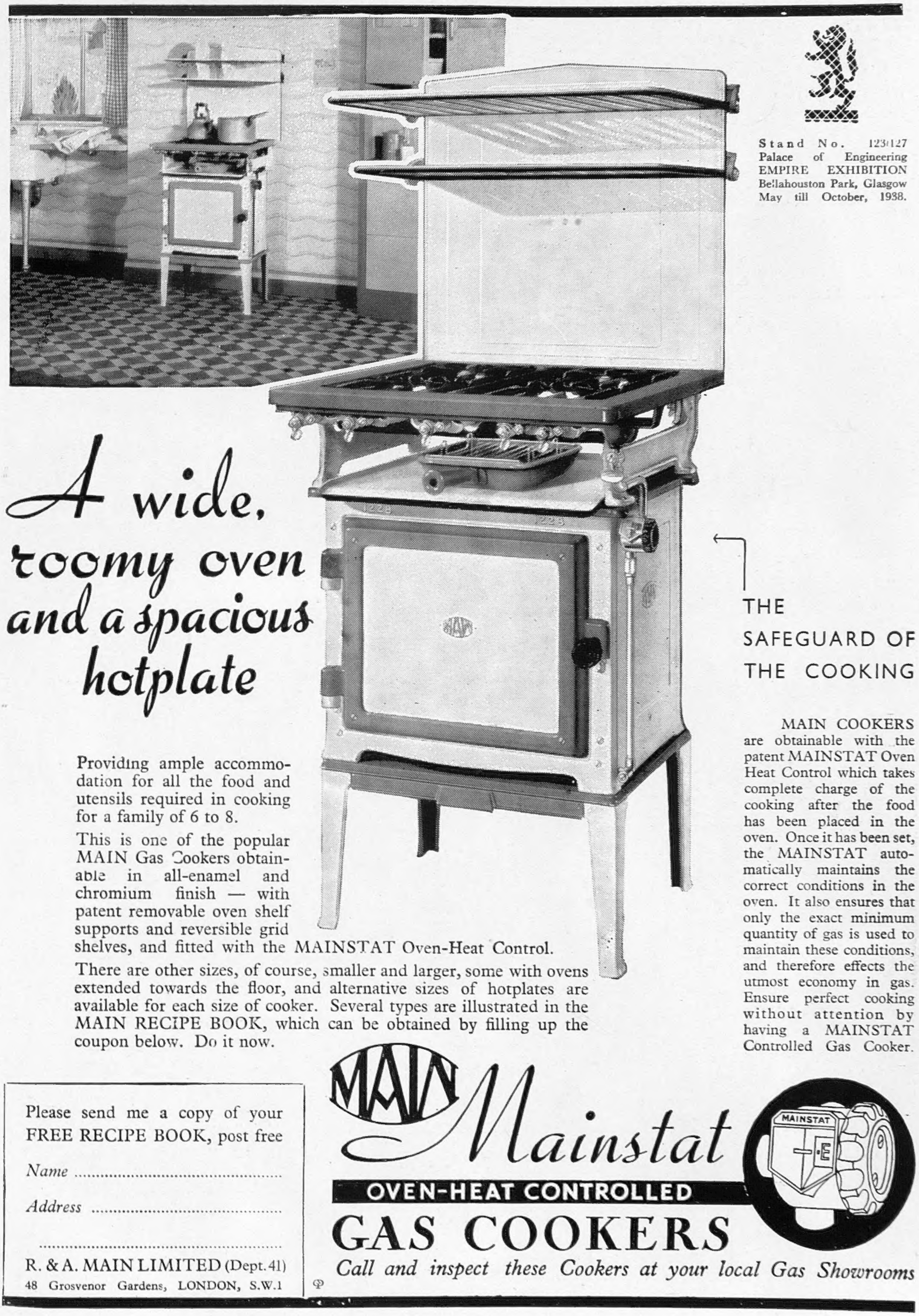
Oiled silk make-up cape with press stud fasteners, price 2s. 6d. (8 in. length) and 3s. 6d. (12 in. length), with matching cap, 1s. 6d. plain, 2s. 6d. spotted. In various attractive colours. (Postage 3d.)

**Write to the Editor, Women's Department, "Britannia & Eve," 32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4, for addresses from which these articles can be obtained. If you would like us to buy, send an open postal order (no cheques, please) and we will see that the goods are dispatched. Postal orders from abroad should include cost of foreign postage and insurance.**



Toast rack, 5s. 11d. (postage 4d.) and cruet, 12s. 6d. (postage 6d.) of English hammered pewter

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by ODHAMS (WATFORD) LTD., St. Albans Road, Watford, Herts., and published monthly by the Proprietors, BRITISH NATIONAL NEWSPAPERS, LTD., 32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Advertisement Offices, 32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Entered as second-class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Sec. 397, P.L. & R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Subscription rates: Inland and abroad, 17s. 6d. per annum; 8s 9d. for six months, single copies, 1s. 6d., and for Canada 14s. per annum, 7s. for six months. Sole agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America: The International News Co., Ltd.



Stand No. 123/127
Palace of Engineering
EMPIRE EXHIBITION
Bellahouston Park, Glasgow
May till October, 1938.

# A wide, roomy oven and a spacious hotplate

Providing ample accommodation for all the food and utensils required in cooking for a family of 6 to 8.

This is one of the popular MAIN Gas Cookers obtainable in all-enamel and chromium finish — with patent removable oven shelf supports and reversible grid shelves, and fitted with the MAINSTAT Oven-Heat Control.

There are other sizes, of course, smaller and larger, some with ovens extended towards the floor, and alternative sizes of hotplates are available for each size of cooker. Several types are illustrated in the MAIN RECIPE BOOK, which can be obtained by filling up the coupon below. Do it now.

## THE SAFEGUARD OF THE COOKING

MAIN COOKERS are obtainable with the patent MAINSTAT Oven Heat Control which takes complete charge of the cooking after the food has been placed in the oven. Once it has been set, the MAINSTAT automatically maintains the correct conditions in the oven. It also ensures that only the exact minimum quantity of gas is used to maintain these conditions, and therefore effects the utmost economy in gas. Ensure perfect cooking without attention by having a MAINSTAT Controlled Gas Cooker.

Please send me a copy of your FREE RECIPE BOOK, post free

*Name* ..........................................

*Address* ......................................

..........................................................

R. & A. MAIN LIMITED (Dept. 41)
48 Grosvenor Gardens, LONDON, S.W.1

MAIN Mainstat

**OVEN-HEAT CONTROLLED**

# GAS COOKERS

*Call and inspect these Cookers at your local Gas Showrooms*

# Only Tattoo knows the answer...

JOHN LAGATTA

Why do the smartest women use Tattoo? Is it because fashion says Tattoo is the tops — because smartness says 'Tattoo-and-no-other'? Or is it because Tattoo and Tattoo only has that South Seas secret of dewy stain instead of greasy coating? (Put it on, rub it off, only the colour remains!) Perhaps it's because only Tattoo has that romantic, youthful, escape-me-never redness? Or because Tattoo lipstick stays and stays and stays? (Yes — from A.M. to P.M. Never lets you down!) Or because only Tattoo has that irresistible love-at-a-glance lure? It's *all* these things that make Tattoo the one and only lipstick for the woman who's as smart as she's lovely!

***So lovely are lips by TATTOO!***

*4/6 (refills 3/6)*

*Tattoo Ltd.*

*Five rapturous shades* . CORAL . EXOTIC . NATURAL . PASTEL . HAWAIIAN